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# THE HESPERIAN



VOL.

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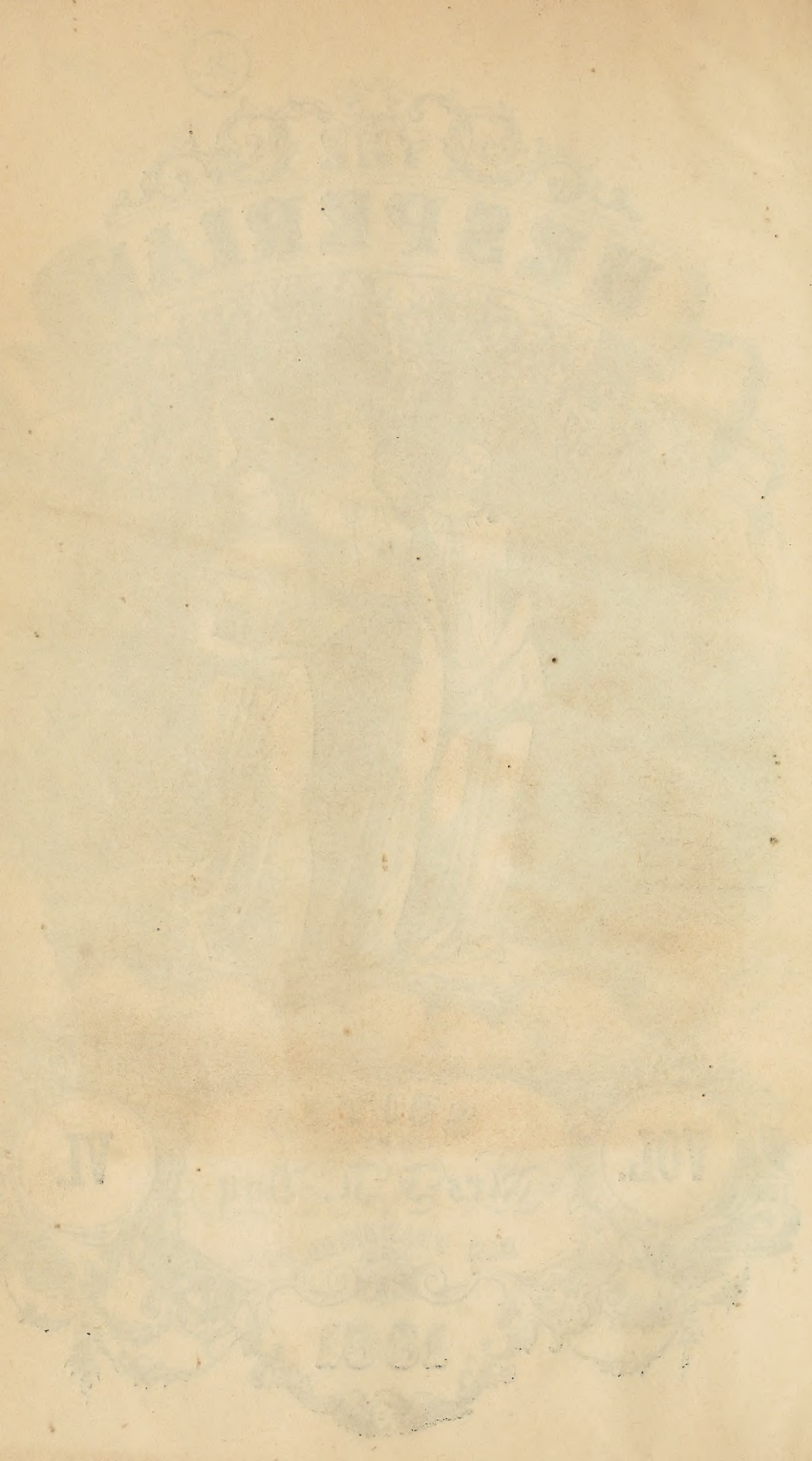
Mrs J. H. Day

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

VI.

1861











A MOTHER'S DEFENCE.





EVENING OR PARTY DRESS.



# PATTERNS.



## BROIDERY BANDS.





PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

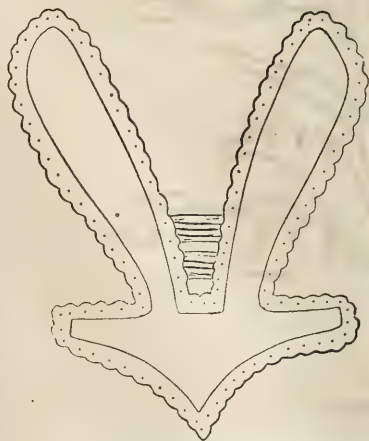




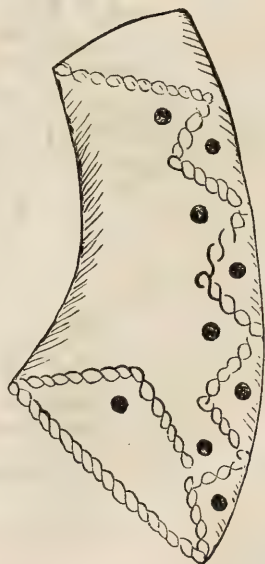
PATTERN FOR SMOKING CAP.



BOY'S STREET DRESS.



BRETELLE. (See full sized Paper Pattern.)



CENNELLA SLEEVE.

# THE HESPERIAN.

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VOL. VI. MARCH, 1861. No. 1.

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PHILIP WARREN;  
OR,  
MY LADY'S GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

## CHAPTER III.

### *Iris and Leonora.*

THE first use which I made of my liberty was to pay a visit to Pine Hill. Without ceremony I had myself admitted to the presence of the family as they were assembled in the breakfast room. The consternation my sudden apparition occasioned was not altogether unlooked for by me, though certainly it was greater than I had foreseen. Col. Morrison started to his feet in amazement; while his daughter gave such unmistakable signs of being on the point of fainting, that Mr. Caruthers made all haste to open the window and bring a glass of water. As soon as decency would permit me to overlook this latter object of sympathy, I began somewhat bitterly:

"I am sorry to have interrupted you all so unpleasantly; but my object in coming here this morning is to have a little conversation with Col. Morrison, and I beg also that his daughter and this gentleman may remain to take part in it, if need be"—seeing that Iris had made a movement to retire.

"It very ill befits you to come here, sir," said the Colonel, stiffly; "or us to listen to what you may have to say. I beg you sir to excuse us."

"That I cannot do without a hearing. Will you answer me some few questions, Col. Morrison, which I have a right as a man to ask,

though as plaintiff in a criminal cause you can use your right to remain silent? What coat did you have on when the carpenter called you away to the stables?" For a moment there was no answer. The Colonel sat silent and flushed, as if struggling with himself between his rights as my prosecutor, and his natural impulses as a good-mannered gentleman. At length Mr. Caruthers, who was eagerly watching the struggle, spoke out.

"I should advise you, Colonel, to hold no communication with this young man until after his trial, as it might go to prejudice your suit."

"You are quite right, Mr. Caruthers. Mr. Warren, I can not answer your questions," said the old man, loftily.

"Did you have on your ordinary coat or a wide-sleeved dressing-gown?" I continued, without heeding this declaration.

"You have heard the Colonel's decision," again interrupted Mr. Caruthers.

"I have heard *your* decision, you mean, sir! Please be so kind as to be silent until I question *you*." My temper had rather put me off my guard, and I had immediate cause to regret it.

"Mr. Warren, be so good as to take leave of us," said the Colonel, rising, and showing his occasional haughty bearing.

"I beg your pardon, Col. Morrison; I had no intention to be rude to your guest; but you must acknowledge the provocation. The questions which I shall ask cannot prejudice your suit if I am guilty; and if I am innocent, you are not the man to withhold my only chance of proving myself so?"

"I trust I am not, Mr. Warren."

"Then did you, or did you not have on your dressing-gown on that afternoon when your money was lost or stolen?"

"I did have it on, sir."

"And you recollect distinctly that you left that package lying on your table when you went out? You remember just where it laid, and how it looked?"

"No; certainly not so distinctly as that. But I know that I prepared it to be put away in my safe, and that I laid it one side, just as the man came to call me."

"Thank you. You will say as much in court?"

"Undoubtedly, if it is asked."

I glanced toward Iris. She was reclining in one corner of an



old-fashioned sofa, looking ill and nervous. The blood mounted impetuously to my face as I addressed her: for who can put hard, business-like questions to the woman he has once adored, by whom he has been rejected, yet to whom he is unwillingly indebted.

"Miss Morrison, can you recall the time when you returned from your ride on that afternoon when you met me in the grounds?"

"I should say it was about the hour of five," she answered, faintly and with increasing pallor.

"Was the handkerchief found by you or by Mr. Caruthers?"

"By Mr. Caruthers," she replied, with a gasp.

"Forgive me, Miss Morrison for distressing you with questions, but my need is most urgent, as you know. Can you tell me whether Mr. Caruthers walked in the grounds on that evening, after your return?" A slight cry escaped the pale lips of Iris, as without answering my last question, she precipitately fled from the apartment. The action caused a general movement to follow her; but finally no one went out but Col. Morrison, who soon returned and resealed himself, though looking more pained and uneasy than I had imagined it possible for him to look.

"I have one more question to ask, if this gentleman can be prevailed upon to answer it," I said, after a moment of silence. "Mr. Caruthers, did you find the handkerchief and memorandum in the morning or evening?"

"In the morning, sir," answered Mr. C., shortly, at the same moment taking up his hat to go out, in order, as I knew, to avoid doing what his host had set the example for — answering my questions.

Thus far nothing was elicited which could serve me in establishing my innocence. Yet, without hardly knowing why, I was confirmed in my first suspicions that the plot to ruin me had originated in that house. Naturally I fixed my suspicion on the evil-faced stranger, who, though not occupying the position of a rival, must still have perceived that there was some bond of intimacy between Iris and myself sufficient to excite his jealousy. However, to give expression to my suspicion would not serve, and might possibly injure me in the eyes of my prosecutor. I therefore rose to thank him, and take my leave, feeling almost more perplexed than before I came, because more hopeless of getting to the bottom of the mystery. The

Colonel received my acknowledgements and adieux with frigid courtesy, and I withdrew.

As I walked slowly and dis-spiritedly down the gravelled road, avoiding the sight of anything which could recall more vividly a happier time, I was suddenly joined by Iris. It was one of her old, fond ways of surprising me on the road, to walk a few steps with me, and take a second adieu. So startling was the vision, and so suggestive of the old intimacy, that I obeyed the quick-springing impulse, and reached out my hand to draw hers within my arm. She yielded shyly, and I saw how the color came into her pale cheeks. The hand, too, that rested on my arm, shook visibly. I touched it with my own, but only with the desire to soothe her agitation, which I judged proceeded from a fear of being thought forward and indelicate.

"Iris," I said, breaking the silence, "you have done me a great favor; yet I cannot help telling you that if it had not been absolutely necessary that I should be at liberty, I could not have accepted it; certainly not to secure this winter's freedom only, would I have taken this obligation."

"Do not say so Philip;" and the pretty color, so becoming on her pearly complexion, quite faded out again as she spoke. "I came out to meet you on purpose to tell you how firmly I believe in your innocence, and that nothing can ever make me doubt it. I hope you will not think me bold; and I know I do not deserve to be your friend; but now that you have so few friends, if you will allow me, I shall be glad and happy to be among the number."

Her voice trembled pitifully as she uttered all this, so evidently painful to her; and I should have been less than man not to have been somewhat softened by it; but there was still enough of the angry and resentful leaven of old recollections left in my heart to inspire my answer with its gall and vinegar.

"Do not fear that I shall not appreciate your magnanimity in bestowing your friendship on one so cast out as I am, even though I might go back to first causes and remind you of how, and by whom I was first found undeserving. Had I remained my uncle's heir, and Miss Morrison's betrothed lover, no one would ever have dreamed of arresting me on suspicion. I could have returned your father's money *which some one had placed upon my person* while I was asleep

in these grounds, and all would have been understood. I have many things to thank you and your father for, beside this last favor of your friendship."

The moan which escaped her lips, low, smothered, full of anguish, cut me to the heart; for I am not naturally vindictive. She was leaning forward with her hand pressed to her side, as I had once before seen her when under excitement. That exceeding whiteness and hardness of the features, as if they were petrified in agony, was another phase of her emotion, and rather an alarming one.

"Iris! Iris! forgive me for my wickedness. You did but that which most others would have done under similar circumstances. I beg of you not to look so terribly, or I shall go wild."

"Oh my God!" she cried — and then after a moment more, during which she leaned heavily on my arm — "It is not you, Philip; it is the pain; this terrible, terrible pain."

I lifted her up easily, and carried her a short distance to a seat under the trees. "Tell me about this pain, Iris. You did not use to have it?"

"No, not much, nor often; but more lately, since — since —."

I knew as well as if she had said it, that she wanted to say "since you went away;" but I was not willing to have her make the confession; at least not now: therefore I prevented it with asking if she had taken medical advice.

"My father did for me, and the physician sent me south; but I was no better there, only rather worse."

"But you met with some one there who could make you happy, Iris."

"You mean Mr. Caruthers? Happy! Do not think so, Philip. I shall never marry Mr. Caruthers — never! never! It was he who first opened my eyes to what I have done, in taking the advice of my friends on an occasion to which you have already referred. Those same friends advise me to marry him. A happy exchange they have made for me!"

Something of the old girlish spirit flashed in her eyes as she uttered the last remark, gazing at me unconsciously as if to strengthen the comparison.

"Do you regret the exchange, then?" I could not help asking.

"I have not accepted any," she answered, gravely. "If I



threw away that which was worth, it does not make it true that I took that which was not worth in its place."

"Why then did you refuse to answer, when you saw that I suspected Mr. Caruthers of being the conspirator?"

She was silent; and again that startling paleness. "Do not answer if you have anything to conceal," I said at last. "Keep your secret; but remember your *friend* must go the penitentiary.

She burst into tears, and sobbed heartily for a little while.

"No, you shall *not* go to the penitentiary!" she broke out, passionately. "I will compel my father to withdraw the suit."

"And leave me with this suspicion fixed upon me? No, a thousand times no! The case must come to trial."

"But if you are tried you will be found guilty."

"Very probably: and for all this I may thank my friends of Pine Hill."

"If you will trust me, Philip — if you will confide in me a little as you did before I lost your respect — I can and I *will* free you. What if my father makes public amends by renewing the old family intimacy?"

"If your *father* should do it, Iris, I might accept the atonement: but if it came through you, as a favor to me, granted for your sake, I would not have it. I can abide my fate, even though it be a youth or manhood wasted in a prison. "But see!" I ejaculated; "there comes Mr. Caruthers; he seems to be omnipresent."

"Promise me then," she whispered eagerly, "to let me help you if worst comes to worst. I can do it. My entreaties *shall* prevail with my father."

"It is as I said," I replied. "I hope you will not be disgraced in Mr. Caruthers' eyes by having been discovered in such bad company;" and I waved my hand in a gay, defiant farewell, very much at variance with my real feelings. I was looking back and smiling, when I was struck by the expression of her face; so hopeless, so dreadfully despairing in its stony rigidity. Yet she looked beautiful — like a well-draped, exquisite statue of fairest alabaster. Those despairing eyes were blue as sapphire, and glowing like burning gems. The wavy, golden brown hair from her temples was drooping low against the white cheeks, and fastened up with the shining coil on the back of the feminine head. The graceful, girlish figure,



*almost* too tall and slender, was draped in lovely blue, with straw-colored facings, and with elegant embroidery showing beneath the flowing sleeves, and over the snowy petticoat. Truly, this was the Iris Morrison of my boyish love — herself, yet how different. For the old Iris was glad, gay, proud and wilful: this one was spiritless, dumb, frozen in some unnatural horror. I half paused to gaze at her; and as I did so, observed her suddenly start and pass Mr. Caruthers quickly, with an impatient gesture, leaving him to follow at his leisure, while she sped onward toward the house. As for myself, I went home to take counsel with my mother.

There was little left for me to do in it, though I used all my sagacity in the case. All which I could discover, was the absence of any clue, even to a suspicion of a motive for the conspiracy, away from Pine Hill. My thoughts traveled in a circle, always coming back to the same point — Mr. Caruthers. For, from the first moment I had looked upon this man, I had known from a spiritual repulsion, strong and mighty, that he was a villain; one of the natural order, who had rather than not be engaged in a devilish plot for another's destruction. I talked this all over with my counsel, avoiding, from motives of delicacy, all reference to Iris. Thus the connecting link was lost to him; and he could see no reason for my unexplained suspicions. After a few days spent in this way I returned to New York to resume my duties with Miss Caruthers; if, after an explanation of my position, she should find it prudent to retain me in her service.

New York had on its holiday dress, decked out for the commencement of the season. Elegant and costly Christmas gifts were temptingly displayed in the windows along Broadway. Men seemed to pass on with more buoyant steps than usual, as if their hearts were lighter by the weight of the Christmas bills all paid. Ladies stepped out of handsome carriages in front of splendid marble palaces of trade, their beautiful or happy faces full of the business of the season, as their purses were filled with the yellow gold which doting fathers, brothers and husbands had lavishly contributed for the occasion. Children in beautiful raiment, crowded around the toy-shops, already beginning to speculate in the *bijouterie* of holiday seasons; while other children, in rags and filth, looked on with eager, longing eyes. Here and there along the street, a woman sat upon the

stone steps of some public resort, half naked in the cold, holding a baby to her shrunken breast, and begging alms of the happy crowd of Christmas-seeking passers-by. Over all a bright winter sunshine was falling, that made the very paving-stones look gay and jubilant; and no stranger seeing Broadway on the day before Christmas as I saw it that day, but would conclude that the proportion of happiness was far greater than of misery in New York. And so perhaps it is.

But one heavy heart, which not even the prospect of so soon meeting its bright particular star could animate with pleasure, throbbed with no responsive gladness. Slowly the carriage made its way through the crush of vehicles that filled the great thoroughfare for miles, until at last a quieter neighborhood was reached, and the coachman set me down at my mistress' door.

It was already late in the afternoon when I arrived, and I made my return known at once to Miss Caruthers, with my intention of joining her at dinner. Such had been the whirl of my emotions since the day when Iris Morrison had set me free, that I had not contemplated the immensity of my task in encountering the unavoidable explanation which must be made to Miss Caruthers. But now, while arranging my toilette for the first meeting, the full force of the misfortunes which had befallen me in every way, threatened to overcome my fortitude in advance. I was even so womanly-weak as to have to lie down before completing my preparations, to rest my overtaxed body and mind.

Having thus refreshed myself, I descended to the parlor just before the hour for dinner, to find my mistress dressed and waiting for me. I had always thought Leonora Caruthers the most beautiful of women; but never had she shone on my vision so perfect in splendor as she appeared to me that Christmas eve. I had an opportunity to observe her as she stood, quite unconscious of my presence, before the well-filled, glowing grate, the firelight flashing over her elegant dress, and lighting up her features with a rosy glow. The amber-colored satin, chastened with an over dress of lace, furnished the most exquisite harmony of coloring with the delicate, creamy white complexion, and the "bronze-brown hair," wreathed with pearls. The round and dimpled shoulders betrayed their polish even beneath the dainty *fischu* of airy illusion. The smooth and

well-modeled arms were drooping in an attitude of perfect grace, the slender white hands clasped in a thoughtful, dreamy sort of passion, as if her feelings needed this slight check to their quiet impetuosity. A little cloud of dainty lace half veiled each arm so unintentionally expressive, and heightened with a transparent doubt their unadorned beauty; for a bracelet would have interrupted the symmetry of their shape too much to be admitted. The glow on cheek and lip, the warm light in the large brown eyes — I had time to notice all these things before my footfall on the thick carpeting arrested her attention. Then she turned towards me a face so radiant, a smile so bright with welcome, that I was half delirious with pleasure. I do not think she was conscious of it, but she gave me just such a first look as a happy bride might give her lord after one day of absence. It infused life and happiness into my veins such as they had not known of late. After asking about my visit, and inquiring kindly concerning my mother and sisters, she rang for dinner, and we sat down to a costly repast, served as she always had everything done, in the most perfect taste and style.

By this time the flush of excitement had somewhat passed off from my face, and she remarked upon what I had feared she would see immediately, that I looked pale and care-worn.

“They have not used you well up at ———, I fear,” she said. “They have made you go to balls and parties incessantly, until you are grown quite old with fatigue. Is it not so?”

The consciousness of what was really the truth tied my tongue. I could only stammer something about not having been well of late.

“Ah, that I am sorry for, because I was promising myself a very gay season; and I find you are not fit for the service.”

“You make my case out too bad a one. I trust I am fit for any service you wish to put me in; and my only wish,” I added in a whisper, “is to live and die in it.”

Miss Caruthers gave one quick glance at my face, her own suffused with crimson, and replied in the same low tone:

“You are in danger.”

“I know it,” I answered; “but this is Christmas eve, and I ought to be allowed a liberty so natural, a right so inalienable, as the worship of woman and beauty.”

“Not another word was spoken at dinner. I felt as a drunken



man arousing to a sense of his late intoxication must feel — self-condemned and ashamed. Miss Caruthers had gained somewhat of her serenity, and I somewhat of my sober sense, when we once more found ourselves beside the parlor fire. Still the silence remained for some time unbroken. At length she conquered her evident repugnance to the trial before her, and addressed me.

“I can dispense with your attendance this evening, Mr. Warren. Be so kind as to ring for the maid.”

“I thought you were dressed to go out,” I humbly suggested.

“I have altered my mind.”

“You have resolved to punish me for my folly! *That* is why you have altered your mind. I beg of you to reconsider the decision, and not let me cause you this disappointment. Any other punishment but this I will consent to.”

“You are too impulsive in your assertions, as I might prove to you,” she said, with something like a smile. “But I never change my resolve you know, except for good cause, and I have resolved to stay at home to-night.”

“As the greatest clemency then, allow me to spend the evening with you; for truly I have something very important to communicate.” She searched my eyes for the truth, as if she feared what that something important might be, and hesitated to give her consent. “I am not going to lose my place,” I ventured in answer to that look; “at least not in the way you fear. I may stay, may I not?—though I shall give you but a poor entertainment for Christmas eve.”

She nodded assent, and allowed me to place the most comfortable seat for her, with a cushion for her feet. Half reclining in a huge, wide-armed chair on the other side of the hearth-rug, I summoned resolution by gazing in her sympathetic face, to relate all the leading events of my life, concealing only names, until she was possessed of the history of my engagements with Iris Morrison, my late misfortune which were consequent upon it, and my dreary prospects for the future. Of my love for her I said nothing. How much she guessed I could not tell. But it was joy to me to watch the color come and go, to see the glistening tears, and note the down-cast eyes.

When I had concluded, we sat in a mutual silence for several minutes — an age to me. At last she arose and stood beside my chair, putting her beautiful hand in mine.

"We can be strangers no longer," she said, in a quivering voice. "The ties mutual sorrow knits are often stronger than those of blood or relationship. We will be *friends* henceforth."

The kiss pressed on that soft, fair hand, was a lover's kiss. I could not tell if she felt it, her manner was so sisterly and serene. At the least, it was much to be friends with such a woman, and I felt happier than I could have believed possible under my embarrassments.

"You will not dismiss me?" I asked.

"No; but we will talk about that after a time. I must have a little opportunity to think what is best to be done."

"I ought to have gone out and got a gift for your maid to put in your stocking," I said, attempting a little gayety.

"True, we have quite forgotten gifts," she replied, smiling dreamily.

"Well, I see a little plain ring on your smallest finger; let me have that for a friendship's offering, and here is one not much different which I will give in exchange for it. I like rings of this sort, plain and durable, like a true regard."

After this, with a good night, we parted: she, I truly believe, to her sweet and holy slumber; and I to think, think madly, through the remaining hours of that restless night.

[To be Continued.]

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"GOOD-morning, Pompey," said the lawyer. "Good-morning, massa."—"What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you walk with your head erect, like me?" Massa, you ever been tro' a field of wheat when he ripe?" "Yes, Pompey." "Well, you take notice some of the heads stand up, and some hang down; dem dat stand up got no grain in 'em."



TO CLARA.—A WISH.

---

BY PHOSPHOR.

---

What shall I wish thee, maiden sweet;  
A life of joy and gladness,  
A cheerful heart that e'er may beat  
Unchilled by woe or sadness?

And shall I wish thy fair young face  
Where happiness reposes  
May never lose its brilliant hue  
Of lilies and of roses?

And shall I wish thy bark as now  
May smoothly stem life's river,—  
A treacherous friend, a broken vow  
May rend thy heart strings never?

Ah no; it were in vain to wish  
A life exempt from sorrow;  
The brilliant sunshine of to-day  
Brings weeping clouds to-morrow.

Thy griefs will come; how dark, how deep  
No mortal being knoweth;  
Alas! we're born to smile and weep,  
Each day's experience showeth.

But I will wish that thou, my friend,  
May taste of sorrow lightly;  
That as thine earthly lamp burns dim,  
Thy heavenly lamp may brightly

Irradiate thine onward way;  
For unto all 'tis given—  
The oil with which to trim those lamps  
That light our paths to heaven.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM MRS. E. W. FARNHAM'S FORTHCOMING  
VOLUME ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMAN.

[Continued from page 451.]

II.

THE person who has followed the line of distinction thus far drawn between *Woman* and *Women* is by this time prepared to accept the assertion that our sentiment toward them is quite the opposite of theirs toward each other, in all that indicates the quality of her personal attributes. From her exalted stand-point *Woman* looks over the checkered fields of life and intently perceiving, when her reason is not equal to searching them out, the causes of false sentiment, ill-behavior and unfriendly eagerness in behalf of self among her sex, she sees them as features of perverted conditions which her sympathies treat tenderly. She reverses the latent *Woman* even in the *Women* who repel her reverence by the lack of fitness and beauty in their lives. *Womanhood*, however divinely it may shine out of *women* she sees and knows, has in it a divine appeal to her inmost soul which gives a certain gladness and joy to her thought of them as its representatives. She looks for the days of their enlargement and ascent into their own world, where a more heavenly light will fall around them; divine airs purify and stir their souls, and *truer* motives, because their own instead of *Man's* and *Society's* will move them.

Her faith in herself gives her faith in others even at their worst. However depraved, she finds them *Women* still, and some deep chords in each soul vibrate in unison to certain sensations, hidden hopes, trusts, sympathies, and yearnings which are common to their natures,—*and only to theirs*. She may be central in this high realm, and her unhappy, undeveloped sister may but touch its circumference, with eyes blind to its unmatched beauties, with ears deaf to its pure, sweet harmonies — with sense and faculty dulled by disuse or so warped by perversion that truth has never been, or possibly, and this is more lamentable, is no longer their chosen pabulum; yet in this poor, dumb, distorted soul; this truant, it may be, of an ulcerous, blotched, bleared and trembling body, she hails a being kindred to her own, in its separating attributes. The same mysteries, the same pains, the same pleasures;—like desires, like aversions, like attractions, like vague, suspensive, delightful; or instant, defined, firm, pain-

ful repulsions, possible to each : theirs and theirs only — impossible for ever, through experience or speculation to man. Every *Woman*, I suppose, can imagine the hour and the circumstances in which she, from pure joy at meeting one of her own sex, would clasp in her arms the most despised harlot. Let her fancy that she has journeyed or lived for months, or if that be not sufficient, years, in the society and presence of men only—I care not that she has been treated with the utmost reverence and the tenderest consideration by them,—there will come a time when the sound of a Woman's voice, and the sight of her person, and the words of her blessed, intente, deep-searching speech will seem, for a moment, like the opening of the gate of heaven to her weary, yearning, unsatisfied soul.

Whatever education may have done for a true Woman to mislead her intellect as to the destiny of Women, she cherishes a deep, silent faith and consciousness that, given right circumstances, and time to heal wounds and correct perversions, they *will* turn out lovable and worthy, and vindicate her trust and pride in them. This trust and pride confirm to her the reasonableness of man's worship, however absurdly, ridiculously or painfully she may see it misplaced upon individuals; for in heart and brain she knows that there is in the Woman-nature the true actual basis for the sentiment of which the special recipient only is unworthy.

She rejoices silently if not with demonstration at every step taken in the development of new conditions for her sex; for beside that, she naturally and spontaneously believes in good, in its increase and nearer approach to us through all changes; she longs for the hastening of the day that shall prove before the world, the being in whom she trusts;—the divinity which she feels, sees and knows in a thousand unstateable ways, and unfold its latent untried powers to bless mankind and purify life of its selfishness and foulness.

WOMAN is ever ready with the open ear and the tender heart, which alone a living faith in any high being or truth can inhabit, to receive the experiences, hear of, and believe in the sufferings of WOMEN :—to forgive their errors, both of intellect and feeling, their blindness and short-comings, and to pour the healing oil of a tender, reverential sympathy over the wounded self-respect which underlies their moral hurt, whatever its degree.

But she is equally ready to demand of those whom she treats thus,



the faithfulness to Womanhood in themselves and others, which she exercises. She exacts the seeking of light, not darkness and content therein. She requires courage to face, for the truths of her sex and its freedom and glory, the irritating blasts of public opinion, the sneers of wordly men and parasitic Women; the grim displeasure of the argus-eyed beast, society; the scornful rejection, the proscription, the venom of the bigoted, the floods of low abuse, and the thinner, colder currents which polite life is ever ready to let loose, from its boreal hights, upon those who threaten the solidity of its gelid structure with their thermal sympathies. A WOMAN exacts, in short, from one of her sex the exercise, in the degree that they are present, of those moral attributes, the culture of those high aims and living aspirations which make her life and power what they are, and she can rebate nothing from these demands without apostatising from her own measure of truth and faithfulness. To require less than the most that is attainable—lower than the highest that can be reached—*good* merely instead of the *best*, is not in the nature of WOMAN, except as each is a means, a step towards its next greater, higher and better. Compromise is for man:—long stages, slow progress, ethically—frequent halting-places and mistaking them for the goal, (witness his nameless and numberless systems of metaphysics, slowly and laboriously dismissed one after another, and his many theologies which have shared and are sharing the same fate), faith in the lower as the practicable, sensual, tangible—and infidelity to the highest as the impracticable, intangible and UNREAL—these are features of his era; measures in his system of action; colors thrown from the prism of his perception, which seem to him primary and imperishable.

But from this creed WOMAN, (not always or often WOMEN), is ever a dissenter; a provoking and irritating one sometimes, it may be from lack of fine, sensitive judgment, or of taste, or of genuine womanly tact; or from a stubborn, because unconquerable earnestness of soul that will be subordinated to no thing or quality inferior to itself. But with the reverence and tenderness which we find in the sentiment of WOMAN toward WOMEN these demands upon them, more or less expressed, more or less dearly felt, always co-exist, and are to be weighed in estimating WOMAN's appreciation of her sex. For a nature is as clearly defined in what we do habitually

and calmly require of it, as in what we acknowledge analytically in it; and WOMAN differs from WOMEN in nothing more broadly than in this one expression of herself, the expectations she entertains of Womankind, and her persistent adherence to them in the face of repeated, mortifying and painful disappointment in individuals, and in defiance of the wise admonishings of worldly, *prudent*, *practical* people, backed by that awful mount of human experience, against which they calmly lean in uttering them.

With our present false ideas it takes often many years to make a Woman out of her who will finally arrive at that high estate. The girl-children who are born intuitive, brave, clear-headed and tender enough to take from the first their place in the ranks of this small exalted company are few. A few more escape after a brief season of cloudy, dim wandering among the quagmires and quicksands of public opinion, custom, and conventional order, and come up, while yet in youth, to their places; but in these days the larger number, I think, of those who are true representatives of Womanhood reach that position after much struggle; laborious thinking and resolving; and, when the worldly condition is one of dependence on man, or of self-dependence, it must needs be, in general, after much courageous renunciation of shallow peace in the daily life, perhaps of comforts, perhaps of friends, and of the cordial respect which is so welcome and dear to all good females, because they feel instinctively it is their due, and are wounded both in their self-love and their love of harmony when it is withheld.

Need I add to the foregoing, that the being therein sketched is not a distruster of Womanhood, however she may be called on to lament the perversions, follies and selfishness of her sex; or to admonish, reprove, rebuke and even judge numbers of its faithless representatives? I feel it cannot be necessary, yet I will appeal to every WOMAN who reads these pages to confirm their truth to cavillers, if she meet with such, by an unshrinking statement of her individual self-knowledge, a candid utterance of her unquenchable yearnings for the pure, the unselfish, the best—to furnish the test of her own faithfulness by confessing the pain with which she detects any self-wavering in her devotion to truth—to declare if her aspiration does not always live in an ardent desire for true growth, and if her consciousness does not report the high origin, capacity and des-



tiny of her nature in *steadfast leaning toward the divine unseen as the real good*, in opposition to the *earthly and seen*?

I know that I address a small audience in these words, but I know also that it grows from year to year, and proves itself thus, no less than in its opinions and positions, the party to which we are to look for the affirmation of Womanhood before itself and the world. May the few speak the Truth, in fear of nothing but Falsehood.

### III.

VERY little need be added, I apprehend, to illustrate to the attentive reader, if she or he has not already considered it, what must be the sentiment of both the parties defined in the preceding pages toward the smaller of them, either individually or collectively. We have by this time become acquainted with too many of the truths underlying long familiar outward signs in human life; and have seen too much of their coherent harmonious relation to each other not to be prepared before all statement and illustration to affirm that WOMAN — the Representative of Womanhood must be universally revered, trusted and beloved by her sex as the purest exemplar on Earth of the Divine, the true, possible, if not always the actual, practical, working source of highest good to humanity.

That her sex should so revere and repose in her for the good which man cannot give to his race, is as natural and necessary as that flowers should bloom where the South wind blows, or stars shine when the sun is in the Nadir. The moral attraction of the one to the other is, by a law of their natures, as universal and invariable as that by which the aroma rises from the rose or the apple, or the spirit of calm and content is exhaled from a cultured, varied, and peaceful landscape.

But it is needful, perhaps, that something be said of the sentiment of the larger party of her sex, which I have designated as WOMEN — something of it as a fact in social conditions — something of its expression and suppression, and the causes that favor each. WOMEN reverence and admire Woman invariably, if their distance from her in time or space be sufficient to preserve them against annoyance from the exercise of the qualities that make her WOMAN instead of one of themselves. They are often capable of revering and loving her as a neighbor and friend; even as a critic and judge, though

her criticism and judgment be upon themselves. But these are exceptions rather than the rule toward WOMAN, the cotemporary, the country-woman, or neighbor. We like that she should do her work and let the pleasant, peaceful creditable report of it, so comforting to our self-love as WOMEN, come to us from another Continent or a preceding generation ; and thus, when we have been spared the soil and dust of her conflicts — their trials and humiliations — the slander, abuse and misunderstanding they have provoked — when only the sweet pæans of praise and the honoring songs of victory come to us, we too wreath the laurel and chant the hymn, and praise the victor — praising ourselves the while in claiming her, whom, had she prayed our help in her work, we might have denied, and so we accord what cannot be withheld from her high command — our love and admiration.

There is no failure of the reverence of Women toward Woman under such circumstances ; of their pride in her and their grateful acceptance of their personal share of the credit she may have won. Let the most radical and troublesome *genuine* woman of any day or community be transported to another country, or put a generation away from those who sneer at her and her labors, and let her life be honestly reported to them, exhibiting fairly its love of the Good and the True ; its delicate and unfailing recognition of the *rights of life*, its tenderness to the suffering, its earnest aspiration and helpfulness to the needy, either in soul or body—above all, if it be understood that she added these good works to the natural affections and cares of a woman's life ; to the household relations, the attentions due to her family, or as many have done to her labors of self-support, and there would unfailingly be secured to her a place high in the honoring sentiment of Womankind. The dead and the alive will agree in giving her praise, the latter because they would do it as the true and just thing in any case, the former because she is at a safe distance and neither disturbs their ease nor urges any present and annoying trial of the standards of their community, especially those of its grand tribunal, the masculine judgment.

From all slavery there must come, according to its character and duration, a more or less painful, disproportionate development of certain attributes in the nature of the enslaved. In our sex, whose

bondage in one form or another has been from the beginning of human existence to this day, the most manifest fruit of the condition has been what it always is, in some measure, an overgrown, overruling desire to please those who dispose their fortunes and dispense comforts or privations, pleasures or pains to them. So that we now witness an absolutely absurd, grotesque education of this sentiment—nay its actual transformation in the practical lives of millions of civilized Women, into a passion, whose reckless selfishness converts its possessors from Women into human apes, and the society to which they belong, into a wide menagerie, where she is most conspicuous and pleasing to the assembled spectators, who most despises nature's laws in herself, and builds, moulds, and fashions on the original foundation an artificial creature for their pleasing—making them first and nature second; the compliment the more to be appreciated as the latter is more effectually put out of sight in the result.

The evils which spring from such distortion of the affectional nature are numerous, and some of them press with an inflexible and mournfully destructive weight upon the personal and social character of Women. A female who is determined to be admired even though admiration be won at the cost of self-respect, of social, intellectual and moral faithfulness; and be paid for by the concealment or sacrifice of real opinions as to measures, or as to persons who may be unpopular with the admirers; by the suppression of growing convictions and honestly entertained views, and the utterance, in their stead, of rude, idle speech, despised formulæ, or open though perhaps bleached falsehood; by various affectations of sentiment which never existed save in their most latent form in her mind,—such a person lives in the daily prostitution of the best and loveliest attributes which the wisdom and love of God could bestow on her. She hourly tramples under her feet the noblest opportunities that life can afford to an immortal soul, opportunities of truthfulness, faithfulness, and high triumphs through them, which, once touched and tasted, would fill her bosom with shame at the bare memory of what she had been seeking and craving in their stead. She is in a dangerous way for the attainment of growth and the unfolding of the real worth whose germs are in her: grapes may be gathered of thorns and figs of thistles as soon as true sentiments towards those of her sex whose lives and theories visibly and practically rebuke



the weakness, folly or wickedness of hers. Her social creed is a jumble of inconsistencies and even of open contradictions of which, in her anxiety to secure its acceptance by those who are to judge her ; to admire or criticise her by it, she is often ludicrously unconscious.

These motives acting with the intensity which a narrow thin life allows them in such natures, often lead Women of any age to violate in expression their genuine sentiment toward Woman. They may dispraise in their speech, while in their hearts they pay the homage which nature will not suffer them to withhold. Or perhaps, disturbed by her demands upon them and upon the society out of whose superficial lustre they have no hope of shining, they utter sneers in the drawingroom which they may sigh or weep over in the unreserved self-communion of the chamber. But beyond and above these false conditions, and that other deplorable one of sheer, stolid ignorance, WOMAN is uniformly revered by WOMEN. Is there, for example, any worldly, shallow, flippant girl so worldly, shallow and flippant that she would dare to utter a sneer or smile in sympathy with one, at Elizabeth Fry, Madam Roland, Margaret Fuller, Miss Dix, May Somerville or Florence Nightingale, provided that she knew the actual facts of their lives and labors ? Not unless she is also an imbecile.

Is there one of the many, many worldly selfish women, however eager for her fill of admiration and applause, who would venture anywhere but in the company of fools, to speak light or derogatory words of the obscurest or the most brilliant Woman, whose history fairly stated before her auditory, had shown a life of earnest, helpful activities ; sympathy for the unfortunate ; wise guidance to the bewildered ; reverence for the rights of all, the lowly as well as the exalted, the depraved as well as the innocent ; and ever abiding faithfulness to the truth ? If there be I have never met her. If you believe otherwise, prove my statement by taking up the cause of any such Woman, in the most exterior circle where you find her name introduced ; state it with entire fairness but earnestness, and watch the vanishing complacency of the shallow faces as it grows before them through your speech ; see the careless eyes droop, and here and there grow dim with the dew of appreciation, hear the half-breathed or openly avowed assent and approval that will echo your own feeling, and say then if these Women do not *in their souls* rever-

ence that Woman. I care not that she was scoffed at in the day of her action as "strong-minded," "unsexed," "forgetful of her sphere," "masculine," and so on. Let her but get her work *done*, and your candid relation of it, with whatever scorn or ridicule it provoked in the doing, shall infallibly command for her and yourself a respectful hearing from any circle of Women. Her scoffers and abusers will be denounced and she and her narrator will receive acknowledgement and sympathy. Because the female *soul*, whatever the evidence of the clacking tongue, *always* responds to noble work and pure purposes; and, seeing, reveres them anywhere, in woman as well as in man—in her the more that there has never been a day in which she could perform them, no matter what her capacity, on any scale larger than the household or neighborhood one, without having first surmounted almost insuperable difficulties. Thus foolish, thoughtless Women, either the young and untaught of experience, or worse, the old in years yet still untaught by that matchless teacher, may upon provocation speak lightly or even bitterly of the cotemporary near WOMAN who disturbs the stagnant waters about them, but their real, inner sentiment is not expressed in such speech. They utter that in calmer hours of deeper feeling:—moments of finer insight which come, if ever so rarely, to all; seasons when the perceptions, the intellect and the affections shine unclouded, as they will temporarily at the worst, out of the lives of all Women; and more than all—more profoundly, sacredly and above every manner of question do Women prove their trust in, and love for their sex, in their appeal to it for sympathy and understanding in their higher and rarer experiences, whether happy or unhappy. However assiduously and unscrupulously they may court praises or strive for the affection of men; however they may dance idly for their admiration, and become, as many do, mere glittering insects in its shining, the time comes ultimately when they turn away, sick and unsatisfied, yearning for the sympathy of a life capable of addressing itself more deeply and religiously to their interior nature. And thus in their hours of deep grief or profound happiness, when they mount the peaks flushed with the warm light of Hope, or descend into the valleys still and dark with the leaden twilight of suffering, ALL WOMEN make their appeal to Woman. It is ever her hand they reach to clasp in theirs; ever a Woman's eye which they yearn with aching heart to look into;

—ever a Woman's bosom on which they long to lean for support in their anguish, and response in their happiness. When the lover's homage moves her, or the husband's noble, pure affection makes her count herself the blest among Women; when the brother's abiding, protective love, or the son's reverent, watchful care enrich and content her—every Woman craves another as the sharer of her feelings. The best man and the noblest friend she can possess in the other sex, outside of these relations, is insufficient for those sacred experiences which as they can come only to Women, can also only by Women be understood and appreciated. And she will accept an inferior female, if none other be near, before a noble man for such confidences, because into the kingdom of her life whither she must invite and sit down with the friend of that hour, he cannot enter. It must be a sister Woman who comes there.

Moreover, as the slavery of Women becomes modified through the spread of more liberal ideas of them, and a consequent braver self-assertion by the good and true, the whole body of intelligent Faith in Women toward their sex, becomes year by year, broader, more firmly knitted, more clear, persistent, unwavering and sustaining.

If we consider that in a perpetuated slavery like ours, the tendency to falseness and moral dislocation is cumulative from age to age, growing into every generation from its own practical experiences, and descending by inheritance from each to the next; that not only the natural sentiments and feelings have become thus perverted in themselves, but that the courage to speak out what social bondage bids us hide has been weakened in the mass of Women by every step in their long career of blindness; and that we have but just reached that point of Revolution within the second quarter of this nineteenth century when Ideas can come to our aid and emancipation. No earnest lover of our sex can fail to find in its position to-day abundant cause for rejoicing, and rich inspiration to noble faith in its future. Within fifty years, to go no farther back, Woman has done for herself a vast work—an initiative work of which the consequences can at present be but imperfectly estimated by the most prophetic soul. And while we cannot forget that this Revolution has its foundations in the preceding labors of man—the discoveries, sciences, arts and systems which he has developed, ~~so~~ neither ought it to be forgotten that our deepest need of it also springs from him,—



his selfishness, his love of power, his coldness to justice—the professed law of his era, and his forgetfulness of equal rights. The systems and conditions to be revolutionized are the fruits of his sovereignty, and the remote truths upon which the approaching revolution is based, are of his discovery; but it is Woman who must make their application and follow them up to their high sources in the divine of her own nature, and the higher divine to which she is of nearer kindred than man. It is she who must show of them fairer flowers and more delicious fruit than he could ever find. It is she who, leading the career of inquiry into human nature beyond the point where he stops, arrested by the firmness and subtlety which he cannot grasp from lack of firmness and subtlety in himself, must carry forward the work in her own behalf, and thus verify the eternally prophetic words.

“Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.”

Nothing is clearer than that Woman must lead her own revolution; not alone because it is hers, and that no other being can therefore have her interest in its achievement, but because it is for a life whose highest needs and rights—those to be redressed in its success—lie above the level of man’s experiences or comprehension. Only Woman is sufficient to state Woman’s claims and vindicate them. Hence the deep heart-joy that is felt in each one of those who with the courage and firmness of her sex, tempered with its gentleness, stands up in the armor of God’s high truths; makes her presence known through them, and announces that she comes to demand emancipation in His name. Victory is hers when she rises. If the sun shines, the air must move; swiftly or slowly. If the stream set out it must reach the ocean at last. If the sap circulate, the budding life must testify of its track and motions. Effect must follow cause, and WOMAN in the attitude of revolt against man’s sovereignty over her, is as sure a prophet of its overthrow as the sun of wind, the current of a lower core and sap of buds, leaves and flowers. Her pretensions and efforts are oftener derided now for the weakness apathy, or opposition of selfish, undeveloped or parasitic women, than for any or all other causes combined. The outward strength and dignity of revolt are in the cohesion and mutual confidence of those engaged in it, and men who judge a cause rather by the outward, visible signs of its strength; and who are

less apt to estimate moral force and the gravity of irresistible truth, than numbers of supporters and their affiliation, laugh at the idea of a revolt in behalf of woman which seven-tenths of the sex reject and even ridicule more bitterly than themselves.

But it cannot be difficult, I apprehend, for any fair-minded person to see first in the nature of the cause the guarantee of its sure success, as founded upon the deepest and highest need of humanity, viz. : its need of capacity for spiritual freedom and culture, a capacity everywhere desired but as yet nowhere realized, save in the souls of a few women and men ;—and, second, in the facts of its progress, proof of the rapidly cumulating forces necessary to its accomplishment, the most essential of these being the growing sentiment in Women of trust, confidence and respect toward the leaders in their cause.

To estimate its strength at this point, make a catalogue of the names of females who have left evidences of their position in the world of thought and action within the last half century ; sum up their works, grave and light, fictitious and substantial (omitting the many that bring no strength to Woman or her cause), their books, art, philanthropies, reforms—educational and social ; weigh their opinions in behalf of social and moral freedom, the steadily increasing assertion for Woman, shown in their works of every sort, whether literary, artistic or humane, and in the journals, meetings and discussions, called and conducted wholly or in part by them—the augmentation of real power, individual, moral, social, industrial and spiritual in their hands—the daring aspiration in the eye with which they survey their future—the keen, religious purpose of realization which animates thousands of them, and the growing pride in the leaders of these movements, now liberally expressed in lieu of the derision, contempt and jeering of twenty years gone, and you will see that the sentiment of the sex towards its representatives amply justifies their faith, as Women, in the cause they are conducting.

Even Women who take the dicta of men chiefly for what is respectable, are not now ashamed to approve the female Poets and Artists ; the Authors and Reformers ; the Doctors and Ministers ; the Philanthropists and Travelers ; the Printers and Engravers ; nor to second the entrance of females upon any walk of life or occu-

pation, no matter how exclusively held heretofore by men,—provided that it has been well proved by a few self-poised, heroic Women, that it is possible to succeed in it without being a man. For, after all discussion of spheres and places, in the long run, *success in any position is warrant for taking it, and compels respect to its occupant, whether woman or man.*

And thus every Woman is a revolutionist to the extent that she innovates the old narrow standards, whether in practical doing or theoretical statement, and thereby enlarges the self-respect, self-reliance and resolution of her sex, and their respect for their true representative WOMAN, in whatever capacity she may appear to claim it. Urging her way bravely to success, she enlarges the measure of mutual respect among Women; gives additional courage to the faint-hearted; firmness to the doubting; decision to the vacillating; and earnestness to the idle, sycophantic hangers-on by man's exclusive pretensions.

Wherever Woman as Thinker, Worker, Artist, Reformer, Philanthropist, presses her way individually to honorable recognition, she leaves a broad, inviting path behind her, in which others of her sex will infallibly follow her leading, and gain assurance and renewed determination at every sight of her advancing footprints. And in this day the most needed service to humankind is that which will commend Women to confidence in themselves and their sex, as the leading force of the COMING ERA, the ERA of spiritual rule and movement; in which, *through them*, the race is destined to rise to a more exalted position than ever before it has held, and for the first time to form its dominant ties of relationship to that world of purer action and diviner motion which lies above the material one of intellectual struggle and selfish purpose, wherein man has held and exercised his long sovereignty.

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FLOWERS.—Some of the ancients believed that flowers were emblems of sickness, and others regarded them as health restoring; and the Roman Magi advised all persons to pluck the first they met in the Spring, saying: "I gather thee as a remedy against disease."



## THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

There is a sower, and his name is Death!  
Into his furrows he casts precious seed,  
Watched o'er by God through the long wintry years.  
Storms howl above it — cold and darkness strive  
To hold it, that it may not burst the sod,  
And rise, and bloom, and send its fragrance forth,  
In the eternal harvest.

Are they *dead*?

Whom thou hast seen go down to the still grave?  
Oh! doubting heart, and weak! Be strong! They are hidden,  
Not *lost*! NOTHING IS LOST! What the heart owned,  
It claims and owns forever!

Thou who hast seen

Thy dear ones go, like sweet birds from their nests,  
Where they were wont to sit and sing to thee,—  
Are they not singing still among the trees,  
In the eternal Gardens, on the banks  
Of the still crystal rivers, gliding past  
The throne of God?

What though their smile of love

Meets thee no more, at evening, at the door  
Of thy forsaken home? — their sweet heart-tones  
Still haunt thee in thy dreams, and come to thee  
Like angel voices in the calm, still night?  
Thou startest at some old, familiar sound,  
Heard on the stair at eve — “*so like their tread!*”  
Faces are in the street — and one there was,  
That made thee pale, and thy heart leaped as though  
’Twould break its strings! — Askest thou? “’*Twas so like him.*”  
There’s not a tree or flower in all thy home,  
But wears some memory of dear ones gone.  
Are they *lost*? *dead*? Shame! shame on thy weak faith.

All EARNEST hearts and TRUE — all great souls, seeking  
The good of all the world — all lowly ones,  
Struggling with penury, and want, and scorn,  
Forgetful of their sorrows, in the love  
They bore for others — whom the world knew not —  
These, these shall God bring with him when he comes  
To bind his sheaves, and gathering angels shout,  
The harvest home!

## THE NEW NARROW-LEAF SOAP-PLANT OF CALIFORNIA.

(*Chlorogalum angustifolium*.—KELLOGG.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

PROBABLY no plant has a wider circle of acquaintances than the common Soap-plant of California (*C. pomeridianum*.) But for its saponaceous renown, this bulb, it is presumed, would never have circumnavigated the globe and puzzled the people to determine its true native country.

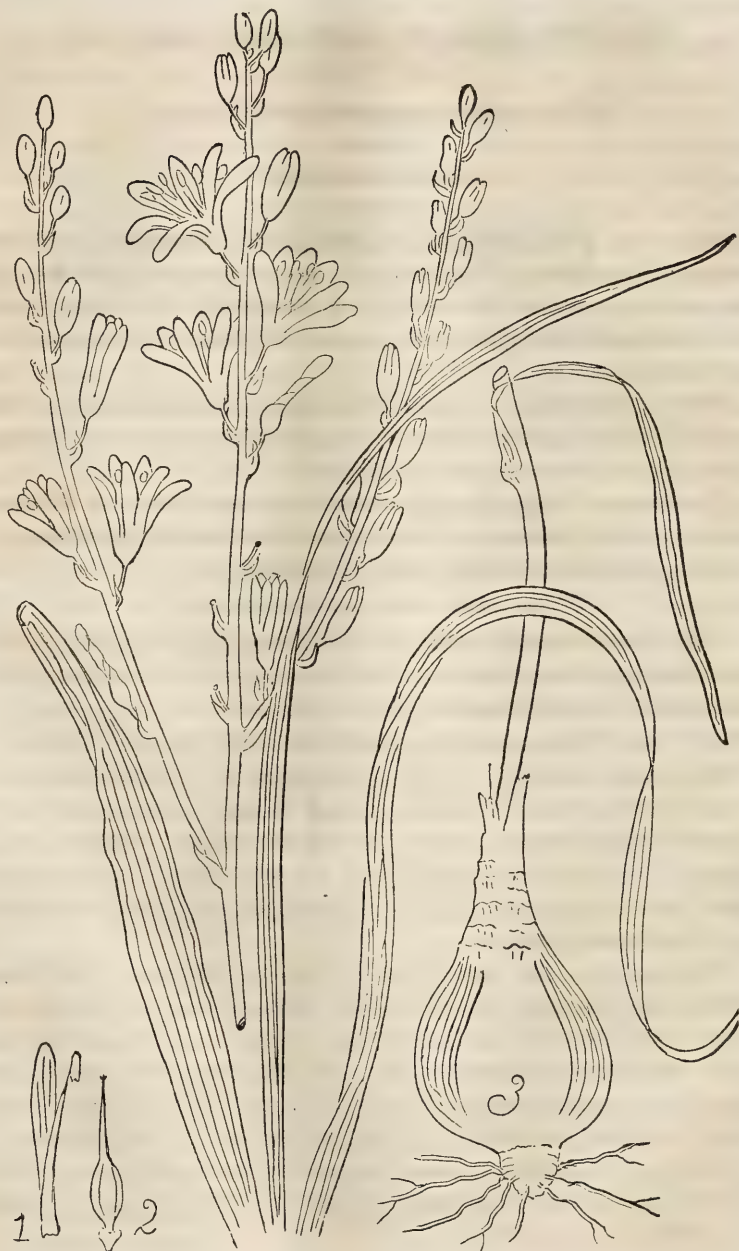
Before introducing to our readers a new species, we will give a brief historical sketch of the one so generally known to us, hoping it may prove interesting to Californians.

The Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens of Kew, Sir William Hooker, in his "Journal of Botany and Kew Garden Miscellany," vol. viii, page 317, remarks, under the heading of

"THE SOAP-PLANT OF CALIFORNIA:"

"We have received bulbs of a Liliaceous plant remarkable for their elongated form, including their coating (and this coating of a remarkable fibrous character,) under the name of *Soap-plant*:—Firstly, from China, sent by our excellent friend Sir John Bowring, in 1855; and secondly, in 1856, specimens of a *Soap-Plant*, and these in flower, from California, through Messrs Veitch of the Exeter and Chelsea nurseries, sent by their collector, Mr. William Lobb. Happily, by means of these latter, we are able to determine the plant, and it is thus seen that the Chinese plant and that of California are one and the same.

"In regard to our having received bulbs of the same plant from China, this is easily accounted for. John Chinaman is a shrewd fellow, and ready to take advantage of what may benefit him in other countries as well as his own; and from California, peopled of late years to a remarkable degree by Chinese, he has carried back with him to his own country a plant that will afford him the means of washing his clothes without the need of purchasing soap. Sir John Bowring is informed that they use this bulb as soap, without any artificial preparation."



NARROW-LEAF SOAP-PLANT.



The article recounts four figures:—"One in 1816, in Redouté's *Liliacées*, tab. 564 under *Scilla pomeridianum*," also as flowering in Paris, and sent to De Candolle under *Phalangium bicolor*, but its native country unknown. In 1821 in the nursery of Messrs Collivill, King's Road, Chelsea, it flowered and was figured by Gowler in the Bot. Register, tab. 564, as *Anthericum pomeridianum*, &c., its native country still unknown. In 1834, Mrs. Maryat's flowered at Winblear—collected in a surveying voyage by her nephew Sir Edward Belcher, R. A.—"But she was uncertain where he collected it." Dov in Brit. H. Gard., ser. 2, t. 381, but no suggestion of its native country. Fourthly, Dr. Lindly, Bot. Reg. 1841, misc. p. 53, N. M., under *Ornithogalum* (*Chlorogalum*) *divaricatum*. Prof. Kunth erected Lindley's sub-genus into a separate genus, (*Chlorogalum*), making two species: *C. Divaricatum* and *C. pomeridianum*, both of which are merely forms of the same, as our observations assure us. The last figure of Dr. Torrey, in the Mexican Boundary Survey, is perfectly characteristic, and leaves nothing further to be desired.

The new species here figured was brought from Shasta by Mr. Andrew A. Veatch., and cultivated by Mr. H. G. Bloomer, Botanical Curator to the Cal. Academy of Natural Sciences.

*Chlorogalum angustifolium* — (KELLOGG.)

The *Narrow-leaf Soap-plant* differs from the common kind (*C. pomeridianum*), in the form of the root, as seen in the figure No. 3, which, instead of being long-ovate, with a thick cylindrical trunk above—or somewhat club-shaped—is rather ovo-conic. The bulbs are also destitute of the loose fibrous texture which distinguishes in such a remarkable manner the coatings of the former species.

The new Soap-plant has a brown membranous coating, more like the Roman Narcissus. The leaves are narrower, as its specific name implies; and also more flat or plane, &c., as described below. The insertions of the petals, as indicated, are quite different, and the base does not remain green, forming a kind of distinct torus on which the capsule rests, as is the case in *C. pomeridianum*. In general appearance the plant is more slender and erect, and the leaves would not be so apt to be mistaken for young maize of a few weeks growth, as they are scarcely at all waved, and seldom channelled.

*Technical Description.*—Bulb, short-ovoid with a conic apex; outer integument, brownish, a smooth, thin membrane closely attached.

The panniculate scape, slender erect branching, smooth, light green, two to three feet in height. Flowers small, abundant, approximated on attenuated racemose branches; white with a light yellowish-green line (or lines,—3 parallel lines under the glass,) along the back of the petals; pedicels short, (1 to 3 lines long) and with the subulate bracts incurved; bracts about as long as the pedicels, or a little longer in flower, and less in fruit. Petals, erect and recurvespreading, (not revolute,) three outer sepals more linear, acute, villious apex incurved—three inner often slightly emarginate, (marginal nerves obscure,) united into a tube one line long, persistent.

Stamens included, erect, filaments subulate, anthers yellow, fixed by the back, at length versatile, linear oblong, style longer than the stamens, attenuated upwards, stigma three-parted. Radical leaves, narrow, linear-lanceolate flattish, striate-nerved, rarely slightly undulate, sub-glabrous along the translucent margin, (two rows of cells not depositing chlorophyl,) green alike above and below, four to eight inches long, about a quarter of an inch wide. Lower cauline leaves linear, those at the axils of the branches expanded near the base, attenuated upwards, one to four inches in length.

The above observations are from cultivated specimens; both species blooming in June and July, and growing side by side.

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## LIFE-PICTURES.

### *Mother and Son.*

BY CORA WILBURN.

THE long career of crime was run and finished; the felon of society was about to pay the penalty of outraged law; for years he had prospered, if to gloat over ill gotten riches, and to live in constant fear of detection be deemed prosperity. Then, imperceptibly, the tangled path ever leading downward was trodden with reckless feet; the fashionable swindler became the desperate gamester; when the last glittering coin had vanished, he became a common thief, whom polite society no longer recognized nor admitted within its pale. Outcast, impoverished, goaded by despair, impelled by the rum demon, he had imbued his hands in human blood; and with that last seal of his infamy upon him, was dragged before public justice, and about to pay the penalty that law and man imposes. What heart in the

wide city felt one throb of human pity for the guilty and condemned man?—From whose eye fell the forgiving and the pitying tear? It was *his mother's heart* that throbbed in anguish; his long neglected, long forsaken mother, that wept over him all blood-stained and abhorrent as he was!

For, inextinguishable as the all-forgiving love of God, was that one sacred human love for him; in its fervent tribute of interceding prayer, in its hopeful appeals for divine mercy, in its shielding holiness it interposed between him and the outside taunting, hastily judging, unforgiving world! At his mother's feet the wretched criminal poured forth the confessions of his misspent life; and she alone of all the earth, knew aright the sad story of the manifold temptations, the worldly scorn, the injustice and the wrongs that drove him on from step to step, until he reached the murderer's goal! She knew that fashionable friends, tempters in the sacred disguise of fellowship, had lifted the brimming wine-cup to his lips; that the woman he had loved and trusted in early life, had forgotten her vows of truth, and had exchanged the then honest love of a manly heart, for the tinsel glare of wealth and station. The friend he trusted most fondly had deceived and thrice betrayed him; the associates who once welcomed him with open arms had turned away in scorn; not from his dereliction, only from his poverty; ingratitude, deceit and baseness had beset his life-path; and he turned and cursed the world, and henceforth was its enemy.

"Oh that you had come home, my son!—home to your mother's heart; there you would have found safety, truth and fidelity unto death!" sobbed the heart-broken woman; never once upraising him for the long years of desertion, the shame and the disgrace that had fallen upon her venerable head. So all-absorbing, grand and superhuman in its depth of holiness and intensity of affection is a mother's love.

One by one, the desolate mother named them who had been the tempters of the fallen man; as to the presence oft he All-righteous Judge she summoned them, to answer for the sins of his life, his shameful and untimely death. The heartless scorn, the utter cruelty, the unrelenting spirit of the world,—all, even to the minutest details leading from the path of duty adown the steep of sin and suffering, all passed in review before the clear-seeing maternal eye;



and like one inspired, even amid the overwhelming grief of her soul, she spoke loving words of comfort unto the world-forsaken, and now truly penitent man.

“He who forgave the thief upon the cross, He who so sweetly forgave his enemies, He will intercede for thee, my child ! Great is thy sin ; but heavy also the sinning of the cruel world against thee. Mine is but a weak and fallible human heart ; but it glows exultingly with a love that death can not quench ; with a forgiving love that embraces thee, and all that lives for *thy* sake. And if I, the erring human creature, can be thus exalted by love and pity, will not He, the Infinite ! in his boundless love restore and bless thee, thou child of my sorrow. Let us pray to Him my son.”

And in entire forgetfulness of her own long-borne woes and privations, heedless of the impending misery and disgrace, the mother of the condemned knelt by the side of him whose hours on earth were numbered ; and he, uplifted by her faith and love, poured out his soul in penitential supplication, and from that hour the dread of doom passed away, and he felt the benign love of God as prefigured in his mother’s devotion. And thus the night closed around them, reunited heart to heart ; beloved even in the dark valley, from which the trustiest friends of earth shrink back.

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Think not to-morrow still shall be your care ;  
Alas ! to-morrow like to-day shall fare.  
Reflect that yesterday’s to-morrow’s o’er—  
Thus one “to-morrow,” one “to-morrow ” more,  
Have seen long years before them fade away,  
And still appear no nearer than to-day.—*Gifford.*

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THE high-tempered are generally high-gifted. They are spirited, plausible, sagacious, intellectual, and need only the best of gifts, modesty, patience, and self-control. Not that their light should burn faintly and feebly like the taper, but that they should not go off with that explosive brilliancy of the rocket.

## A L G Æ .

BY MRS. M. REDFIELD THAYER.

### *Color, habitat and uses of the Algæ.*

THIS division of the subject, brings us to the most interesting part of the study. First in order, and not least in importance, is *color*.

Color, in connection with botany, has attracted some attention, but does not yet occupy the place its importance demands; more particularly in marine vegetation, where it affords a ready means of classification, and also exhibits some very curious phenomena. The prevailing colors of sea plants, as has been already stated, are *green*, *olive-green* and *red*, in all their shades and blendings. It would be difficult to find more brilliant or beautiful tints than those displayed by some species which are often thrown upon the beach by the action of the waves. In such quantities are these sea plants found, not only on the sea beach, but floating on the surface, and so vivid their colors, that at a little distance—in the Sargossa Sea, for example—the surface of the ocean appears over a vast extent, firm enough to walk upon, and almost as bright a green as a meadow in spring time. It was this appearance that so frightened the timid companions of Columbus that they insisted upon returning, believing themselves approaching the borders of an enchanted ocean, that at a distance seemed dry land, but which upon nearer approach proved still to be water. Fortunately for the world, the discriminating mind of Columbus saw in this rank luxuriance but another proof of the truth of his favorite theory. So dense is this vegetation that the speed of ships is materially decreased in passing through it. Plants of a *green* color are usually found growing near the surface, but still they are not confined to this locality, as they have been found at great depths. Humboldt, in his Personal Narrative, mentions having dredged a plant in water thirty-two fathoms deep, and remarks, "That notwithstanding the weakening of the light at that depth, the color was as vivid a green as in algæ growing near the surface." Harvey states that at least three-fourths of marine vegetation is green. This color is characteristic of fresh water algæ, and also of those sea plants which grow in comparatively shallow water, or between tide-marks, where they are not entirely uncovered by the water,

and are exposed to the full rays of the sun. Green algæ, for some reason, is comparatively scarce on this coast; at least I have been unable to find many varieties.

*Olive-colored* algæ are most abundantly found between tide-limits, clinging to the rocks where they are alternately exposed to the air and direct rays of the sun, and bathed by the incoming tide. The rocks at Black Point in this bay, and around Fort Point, are covered with plants of this color. The *Fucus fastigiatus* seems most plentiful, though I have found several fine specimens of *Cystoseira expansa*, or bladder chain. Masses are also thrown upon the beach in many parts of the bay, of the *Halidrys osmundacea*, which may be readily known by its long, rope-like stems, broad leaves, and bulbous-shaped root. Its color is a very deep olive-green. These extend to low water mark, but occasionally a few are found in deep water. Some of the largest algæ found have been of this color, and in deep water, but their true locality, the place where we should look for them with the certainty of success, is between tide-limits, or near the surface.

*Red-colored* algæ find an appropriate home in the deep, dark parts of the ocean. The deeper the water in which they grow — so it be not below a certain limit — the more brilliant will be their coloring. Specimens are occasionally found near low water mark, and even above it; but instead of being a rich scarlet, orange, or carmine, they present a dirty gray, or whitish appearance, and if repeatedly wet and then exposed to the sun, will become bleached perfectly white. On the beach near the "Ocean House" are to be found plenty of bleached Rhodosperms — these are useless to the botanist as specimens, but are prized by the collector of algæ as very beautiful material for sea-weed pictures, or baskets. Their pure white, contrasts very finely with the rich browns, and vivid greens of plants which have not gone through this bleaching process. In some portions of the ocean, this class of plants is sometimes found in such quantities that the water is colored with them. The Red Sea is said to owe its peculiar tint to the myriads of microscopic plants of this class, and the animalculæ which feed upon them. The same or a similar species has been found in the central Pacific, and is called by the sailors, "sea sawdust." "Mr. Darwin compares it to minute fragments of chopped hay, each fragment consisting of a bundle of



threads adhering together by their sides." I must confess to a very great admiration for this class of plants. Their brilliant colors, comprising all the shades, from a rosy pink to the deepest purple and crimson, almost black; and in some varieties, their extreme fragility — looking, when preserved on paper, more delicate than the tracery of the most finished artist — the seclusion and stillness of their homes in the "deep, deep sea," all appeal at once to one's love of the beautiful, and to the imagination, and invest them with a charm peculiarly their own. One of the most beautiful properties of this class, though it is said not to be peculiar to it, but to be found in a few plants of both the olive and green colors, also, — is that of *iridescence*. I shall never forget with what delight I watched a specimen of this class, which had been sent me by a friend from Monterey. Not knowing then that any sea plants possessed this quality, I was more than delighted, when arranging the plant in water preparatory to transferring it to paper, to find, on turning over a broad, leaf-like portion of the plant, that there flashed along its surface and edge, the most beautiful metallic hues of blue, green, and orange, I have ever beheld. As it waved in the water, the plant, which was of a dusky red, seemed clothed with the colors of the rainbow. Iris, herself, could not display richer dyes than decked this humble denizen of the deep. A poetess has well said:—

"How varied the shades of marine vegetation,  
 Thrown here the rough flints, and sea pebbles among!  
 The feathered Conferva of deepest carnation,  
 The dark purple sloke, and the olive sea-thong!"

While noticing this part of the subject, *color*, one very curious fact is worthy of record which has not yet been accounted for, or even an attempt made to explain it, so far as I am aware. It is well known that land plants, when deprived of sunlight, assume a pale, sickly hue, losing the bright coloring of their normal condition. This does not seem to be the rule with sea plants; on the contrary, the most varied and brilliant shades of color are found in plants known to exist far down in the regions of twilight, where the sunlight must, in the nature of the case, be imperfectly transmitted, and its influence faintly felt.

Thus, what I consider as a most singular fact, repeated observation has established,—*that light is not necessary to develop color in marine vegetation*, or, perhaps that is a little strongly stated; it

might be more strictly correct to say, that the same amount or degree of light is not necessary to produce the same results in marine vegetation, that is, on land. Whatever may be the hidden power at work in the depths of the sea, effecting the results which we usually ascribe to the influence of light, will yet prove to be the interesting study of some scientific mind, who will give to the world the results of his investigations. Till then we can only conjecture whether the salts of the ocean, in their peculiar combination, may not produce those chemical changes which we have always ascribed to light.

In the wonderful fulness of nature there is always a certainty of reward to the student in pursuing his researches. The identical fact he is in search of, may elude his grasp for a time, but in lieu thereof, he will find in his possession a clue which will, with more certainty than Ariadne's, guide him through a labyrinth of apparently conflicting doubts, thoughts and facts. Whenever the time shall come that the attention of some capable mind shall be directed to this subject, that which now seems strange and inconsistent with what we call the known effects of certain causes, will appear clearly to be in perfect harmony, and beautiful in all its parts, proportions and workings.

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THE MEMORY OF BURNS.—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves, perching always on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns!—every man's and boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.—*R. W. Emerson.*

## HELEN.—BY HADDASSAH.

### CHAPTER IV.

[Continued from page 571.]

“A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,  
A stifled, shadowy, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief  
In word, or sigh, or tear.”

HERE, Nellie, place this precious relic, with its fable wrappings, back in its corner in the box.” She did so; at the same time the tears were rolling down her rosy cheeks, and her countenance brim full of sympathy and curiosity, as she questioned me.

“Well, Aunt Mary, do tell me, did she marry Horace? Was she happy after all; tell me, do?”

Patience! patience! Nellie, give me time to breathe, and you shall know all. It is twenty years since Helen's fingers traced those lines. I will not waste time on my own life now, Nellie; after a little you may hear or read the life of one full of crosses and trials, but not now. The night before Helen's wedding day, she told me her brother loved me, she had suspected, and questioned him. He told her all; at the same time expressing no hope. She plead for him: ‘Love him Mary, if you can.’ Almost her last thought, her last effort in life, was to promote the happiness of others. I spoke of her own marriage on the morrow. ‘Yes, Mary, it will be a joyous bridal: but come, as to-morrow is my bridal morn; let us retire, for we must rise early to welcome its sunshine. Sophie has already retired. Come, Mary, rest beside me to-night; it is past midnight now.’ And thus Nellie closed the day before Helen's bridal morn. Strange, I thought, as I lay there, my eyes stretched open, my intense anxiety of mind for Helen, preventing the possibility of sleep. 'Tis strange she does not appear unhappy, drooping; she is sleeping, even now, as peacefully as an infant upon its mother's breast, while I lay here with my eyes staring wide open for *her*. The two sisters occupied my mind that night. I felt that Helen's destiny was being wrought. What was the bright-haired Sophie's to be? with her sunny smile, as she tossed back from her long, joyous face the rich shower of golden curls, and said: ‘I'll have no mercy on men's hearts, not I!’ As I lay that night thinking of Sophie and Helen, I wondered how my destiny would contrast with theirs. Streaks of daylight were stealing through the



window, when I awoke from a restless, feverish sleep, and discovered Helen already at the casement, watching for the goddess of morn as she arose above the hill-tops. I was up and by her side in an instant, my arm encircling her waist. We looked out together at the great city in the distance, but were then ignorant of its follies, its temptations and its vices. Then beneath us lay the beautiful garden, and the little stream that ran sparkling and dancing through it, emptying its glittering waters into a large brook at the foot of a gently-rising hill which terminated the garden walks—it was a most lovely spot; the hills sloped down to its glittering, glassy bed; the murmurs of the gently-falling stream sounded like the feeble wail of a moaning child;—and over the hills as far as the eye could reach, the wild flowers of every variety of color, indeed they quite put to shame our more fragrant, but less brilliant cultivated exotics. The little woodland minstrels were hopping from branch to branch, and were pealing forth their day-break song. The blue heavens above, were relieved by the fleecy clouds dancing by, while all nature seemed to smile in honor of the coming day. I uttered an exclamation of delight: a happy wedding day, Helen! All nature is rejoicing, why not you?

“Yes, Mary, it is a beautiful world as it appears to us now; but, oh, how will it compare with the unseen world of released spirits! Mary, those we love are there. I shall soon join the dear ones. Bright sun—sweet flowers—farewell! Farewell little, merry, sparkling brook, and woodland minstrels. Alas! the bustle of busy life will soon drown your music. I shall never look upon another sunrise here.” I endeavored to draw her from the casement. “Not yet, Mary dear; let me look my last farewell! These scenes are very dear to me. There is the same green, grass plot on which my infant feet chased the butterfly, and my tiny fingers plucked daisies and buttercups. I’ve looked upon this scene from childhood, but never has it appeared so beautiful as now—never so dear. How the heart will cling to that we feel we are about to leave forever—so it is with these loved scenes:—now that I know we must part, I cling to them, and would, until I sighed my life away, gaze upon nature’s loveliness. It is our nature to become accustomed to everything, and however beautiful, by constant reviewing, will lose its freshness and its charm. So, glorious earth, I leave you before I

become weary of your beauties. Look ! Mary, yon bright sun will soon destroy all. How rapidly he climbs. 'I go ! I go !—must mine image fade

' From the green spots wherein my childhood played  
By my own streams?  
Must my life part from each familiar place  
As a bird's song, that leaves no trace  
Of its lone theme? "

Sophie came in at that moment, her bright curls dripping with water ; her sweet face rosy with health. I greeted her with, ' Why, Sophie, you look fresh and lovely as the morning itself.'

" Go through the same process and it will leave its exhilarating effect upon you. But Helen can not endure the shock of a shower bath ; it is too severe for her delicate frame. Dear sister, I wish you were as strong and healthy as I," she said, affectionately embracing Helen. The tears that had been fast gathering in my eyes, while listening to Helen, soon disappeared under the influence of Sophie's sunny smile. Sophie, opening the casement, walked out on the balcony, saying, laughingly, " That she did not intend to enjoy the morning air half way. Come out, Mary. Helen do ; oh ! pray do ; it is delightful." Helen answered : " Not now, Sophie ; the sun is already glowing too warmly ; I'll look out and bid him adieu as he departs in all his golden glory."

The day wore on. Helen moved like a spirit, and witnessed the preparations with voiceless energy. The ceremony was to have taken place, originally, in the church of the city, some few miles distant. But Helen's health was so very feeble, her parents concluded they would transgress, for once, the strict laws, and have the ceremony take place at their residence, as there was a chapel attached to the mansion. It was thought the surest and safest course to pursue. The uncertainty of the weather, and the precarious state of Helen's health, induced them to adopt this course.

[To be concluded next month.]

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God hath created nights  
As well as days to deck the varied globe ;  
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe  
Of desolation, as in white attire.—*John Beaumont.*



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## STORY OF THE KING'S SON.

BY "UNCLE JOHN."

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A KING's son started on his journey homeward. It was a beautiful morning in spring, and he was walking on the shores of a great ocean. Sweet music came across the waters, and the strains all reminded him of home.

He sat down on a rock and looked at the purse of gold which his father had given him for his journey — on it was written :

That which thou keepest, thou lovest;  
That which thou givest, thou keepest.

He sat and thought long and deeply on the words written on the purse. "It must be so," he said, "for my father wrote it; but what it means I do not now understand. Wisdom will come with years." And he arose and went on his journey.

Soon he came to a beautiful plain on the shores of the sea, and he said: "Oh! what a nice resting-place is this! I will build me a palace worthy of a lord, and I will plant vineyards and beautiful gardens."

So he built him a palace of ivory, and the floors were inlaid with pearls and precious stones, and it was very pleasant in his palace, and he almost forgot that he was a king's son on his journey home-



ward, and that his father was longing to see him, and that *his* palace was far more glorious than the one that he had built by the sea.

But sometimes, when he was tired with looking at the flowers, and hearing the birds sing around his palace of ivory, he would take the purse and meditate long and deeply on the words which his father had written.

One evening a beggar came to his palace gate; he was tired and hungry, and the king's son ordered him to be admitted, and he set a plentiful table before him, and bade him eat and drink to his heart's content.

In the morning, when the beggar departed, he gave him a small purse of gold, and the aged man lifted up his hands, and blessed him in the name of God.

Then he remembered, the first time for many months, that he was on a journey, and a king's son, and he said: "To-morrow I will arise early and leave this palace by the sea, and hasten homeward to my father."

But the next morning found him dull and sleepy, and he did not like to arise, and he said: "I will put it off a few days longer, my home is very pleasant, why should I hasten to change it?"

So he deferred it day after day, and soon it was forgotten altogether.

But soon a great change came over the beautiful things of the garden, and the palace of ivory and gold. The flowers would close their petals, and droop as if they had been suddenly struck dead. The birds became silent, their plumage changed to a dull, brown color; they would drop from their places among the trees of the garden, and lie quivering and gasping at his feet.

And the gold in his purse began to grow dim and unsightly, and sometimes while he was gazing at it, it fell to pieces, and became ashes in his hand.

The wine in the goblets grew so sour he could not drink it, and one day, after preparing a great supper, a large eagle came and screamed at the window, and pounced upon a goblet set with diamonds, and bore it away towards heaven.

The sea, too, moaned fearfully, and no longer did sweet strains come over the waters.

Then, said the king's son, "'Tis time for me to arise and go to my father's house." So he addressed himself for his journey.

He walked many days by the shore of the sea, and the sweet music came to him again over the waters.

One day he discovered a group of children playing. They were chasing, in their tiny boats, a sparkling substance scattered, like gems, on the water. But it fled from them as fast as they followed it.

He entered a boat and joined in the pursuit, and after rowing long and hard, he caught one of the glittering treasures in his hand. But the moment he seized it, it burst. It was only a bubble.

"And so," said he, "everything deceives me. I built me a palace and planted a garden. The palace became so haunted I could not live in it, and the sweet flowers of the garden withered in my hand. The singing birds fell gasping at my feet. An eagle carried my choicest treasure towards heaven. Everything forsook me. And now the bright things which I mistook for gems on the surface of the water, are changed to bubbles, and burst the instant I seize them. •All things deceive me."

Then he remembered that he was a king's son, and on his journey homeward, and he said: "I had almost forgotten that which I above all things should have remembered. Even these crosses may be blessings." So he arose and hastened on his journey.

After a few days more, he saw from a hill top his father's palace. But his heart was sad, and he said: "Of all the gold which my father gave me, I have only now a few coins left. The rest all changed to ashes in that palace by the sea, and the eagle carried away my choicest diamonds. How then shall I appear before my father?"

But as he drew near to the gate of the palace, a servant came out and met him, and said: "Come in; your father has seen you from a distance — all things are ready — he is waiting for you!"

So he entered the beautiful palace of his father, who met him and embraced him, and brought from his treasury a purse of pure gold, and said: "This is thine. It was sent before thee to my palace. It is the money that thou gavest to the poor, wandering beggar at thy gate. I received it at the time, and now I give it back to thee with interest. For

That which thou didst keep, thou didst lose;  
That which thou gavest — that is thine!

## A RESPONSE.

“SPARE MY HEART FROM GROWING OLD.”

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BY JANE GAY.

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If thou wouldst keep youth's fresh'ning dews  
Clear as thee morn within thy breast  
When Time has left the but a few  
Of all the joys thy youth possessed,  
See that the streams of life are fed  
From the pure fountains by the way!  
And guard thee, that thy feet be led  
By no bewildering light astray!

Keep thy heart young with generous deeds—  
With noble thoughts, and words of truth!  
Lift up the fallen in his need,  
And whisper of his guileless youth!  
Speak words of pardon to thy foe!  
Speak words of comfort to thy brother!  
And let men learn of thee, to know  
The links which bind to one another!

What though the beauteous spring-buds fall  
From youth's dark locks of shining hair,  
And in their place white snow-flowers all  
Be bound by Time's cold fingers there.  
With spirits open to the good  
And beautiful, our lives may be  
Still bright as spring—a sunny road  
Leading to immortality.

Yes, God be praised—not all forlorn  
The twilight of dim age appears!—  
The sweetest joy-buds of Life's morn  
May blossom in our night of years.  
The fairest fruits, whose little seed  
We've scattered both in sun and storm  
Will drop, ripe in the hour of need  
To keep the heart still young and warm.



## THE COQUETTES REVERIE.

BY L. N.

TO-NIGHT I open my journal to write ; but not a girlish song, laden with sweet flowers from the past, and trusting hopes for the future, but the wild, impassioned thoughts that rush upward from a scathed and bleeding heart ; a heart over which the white wing of peace had long since ceased to brood, and in which, happiness no longer sings her low-toned song. And yet, none who saw me to-night in the giddy throng of fashion, know the dark waves of sorrow that are surging over my soul as I sit alone in my chamber. The thoughtless crowd dreamed not that while my lips were wreathed in smiles, and my voice was the gayest there, my crushed heart was writhing beneath its weight of woe, and scorpion stings were rankling deep in the bleeding wounds. And when they all departed from the scene of mirth and sought their homes, to revel in the pleasant land of dreams, I came to weep alone, and with my dark and bitter thoughts drag the lone hours away until the rosy tinges of the morning shall break o'er the east.

And why is all this weary woe for me alone ? 'Tis because the world with cold and chilling flattery, has poisoned the fountain in my soul, and changed its bright, pure waters all to Marrah's bitterness, and, with a feverish ambition and thirst for praise, I have crushed the fair flowers that once grew in my pathway, and now they have changed to sharp and piercing thorns that sting at every footstep. Oh ! why did I leave my cabin home, away among the mist-wreathed mountains of the "Old Granite State," for the glare and the glitter of this great city ? for never again shall I be so happy as when a brown-cheeked girl I climbed the rugged cliffs in the old forests, and watched the shadows dance on the bosom of the laughing streamlets. Then I heard my Maker's voice in all things around me. And when Spring would pass on her mission of gladness, through the dark portals of winter, I heard her low-voiced whispering as she breathed on the bursting buds and waving branches, that God had yet remembered his covenant with man. Then as I watched the great life going on in nature, my soul was kindled with love to my mighty Maker and to the lowliest of His creatures,

and I would resolve to live so that I might have a starry crown of rejoicing when I crossed the deep river, Death; and yet how have my feet wandered from the straight and narrow path in the long years that have passed since then! How plainly can I see my low-roofed home, and the old orchard, with its yellow leaves floating slowly down by the old path that led to the mill. I remember, too, the little grave where my baby brother sleeps his last sleep. Alas! there has been another grave made near by, since I planted wild flowers over his;—and to-night, I almost fancy I hear the low sobbing of the wind in the long grass over the grave of my mother. Little did I think that morning, in the waning of October when I left my home, that never would her mild eyes open upon me until that last great day when the sleeping shall all be awakened. And with these galling memories of the past, rises the form of one I remember but too well—who loved the rustic maiden with all the fervor of a true heart, and yet my regal spirit heeded it not, nor the high and holy talents that in the distant future would twine bright wreaths of fame for him. And to-night I saw him the gayest of the gay, and my secret soul whispered what I vainly strove to keep back: that I loved him more than aught on earth beside—and yet 'tis all in vain, for the cold, glittering coquette, is not the ideal he cherished years ago. I threw his strong love from me as a thing of little worth; and since then I have trifled with many true hearts, and yet I have gone on playing that fearful game, till now has come my great reward. Oh! would that I could drink of Lethe's dark waters, if thus I could forget these mocking memories. But in the distant East I see the morning, with timid steps and rosy cheeks, is slowly approaching, and I must drive the darkness from my soul and let the morning in, and wreath my lips in smiles, and speak light-hearted words until the night shall come again.

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GUARD, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you, lest they, by so doing, become your bitterest enemies, never forgiving the wrongs they have themselves inflicted.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of Spring.

## F A S H I O N .

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It is too early yet in the season to look for any very decided change in the styles of Dress.

**BONNETS.**—The front projection, instead of flaring as formerly, is now depressed down over the forehead, which alters the shape very materially, and is more generally becoming.

Another novelty has recently been introduced, that promises to become very popular. Natural forest leaves, with their various fall tints, (certainly more beautiful than can be imitated by art,) are coated with a colorless varnish, and arranged in graceful combinations for bonnet decorations.

**DRESS UNDER-SLEEVES** are made now with unenumerable small puffs; sometimes disposed like a fan, others in the form of pyramids, the point of which extends upon the arm. The wrists are closed with narrow puffings; and the fashionable garniture is narrow black velvet and black lace.

**SASH RIBBONS**, for evening toilet, are imported in very rich brocade styles, at least a quarter of a yard wide. The most elegant are in single colors; white mauve *rose a roi*, or the king's pink, violet, and a lovely pale green.

**TARTAN PLAID SHAWLS**, and the excellent black and white "Shepherds' Check," have been revived this season, and received with great favor. With a few pins, some ladies have turned them into Arab cloaks.

**FASHIONS FOR BABIES.**—The necessities of the case permit little change in the fashions for babies, so that novelties refer only to style and ornament, and the improvements which the common sense of the community have gradually introduced as part of the natural order and system. Twenty years ago, infants were bandaged up to within an inch of their lives, their heads heated, and the growth of hair retarded by the constant use of caps, and a cold bath for either mother or child looked upon as a certain means for sending both to their graves. It is now understood that the little body, instead of being placed in a vice, must have room for free and active motion, that the head must be kept cool and uncovered, and that the daily use of the *cool* bath prevents liability to cold, and strengthens and invigorates the frail and sensitive organism as nothing else can.

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### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

WE send this month a Pattern of a Bretelle suitable for young ladies and misses. We send half the pattern, which comprises three pieces, viz.: front, and back of shoulder, and pointed belt. This pretty and graceful article of dress should be made of velvet, edged with narrow guipure lace, and strapped with ribbon. Made in black velvet it may be worn with a dress of any color. The corresponding notches in the pattern show how it should be put together, and the fine illustration given in front of the Magazine represents its general appearance.



## Editor's Table.

THE present number commences the Sixth Volume of the HESPERIAN. Its yet unlettered pages lie before us in unsullied whiteness, which seem to address themselves to us with interrogatories of startling responsibility. For what shall the whiteness and purity of these pages be exchanged? True, they are negative now in character, and mute emblems of unsullied life, as they are, their lessons might be lost to many. But they may be made a positive channel for transmitting thought—bold, vigorous thought—that electric spark which allies man to his Creator, from mind to mind; waking new and generous impulses in the soul, and stimulating the whole being to high aspirations and nobler efforts, and more unflinching diligence in the great work of life. Shall we then shrink from the responsibility, awful as we feel it to be, of leaving upon those pages the impress of thought and heart-feeling, the influence for good or evil of which may extend to many hearts, and be felt long after we shall have been called to give an account for the sentiments there recorded and the motives which prompted their expression. No! we did not shrink in the time that is past when we had less to encourage us than we now have. We could not then resist the inward prompting, nor silence the still small voice which ever whispered in our ear—

“Sister immortal, write!

One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other—  
And *all mankind are brethren*—thus 'tis spoken,  
And who so aids a sorrowing, struggling, brother,  
By kindly word or deed, or friendly token,  
Shall win the favor of our Heavenly father,  
Who judges evil, and rewards the good—  
And who hath linked the race of man together  
In one vast universal brotherhood.

Sister immortal, write!”

Nor can we now, when we have the evidence before us, that in obeying those impulses we were but doing our duty; and when from all directions pour in upon us the grateful tokens of appreciation and encouragement—when from many whom we have never seen, we have received letters full of kindly words, and frank acknowledgment, that from the pages of the HESPERIAN they have derived fresh hope and courage, and renewed strength to combat the petty ills and annoyances of daily life. What more could we ask than *one* such letter? and we have been blessed by the reception of many such, and our heart strengthened in turn by the sympathy expressed, and the pleasing evidence that our labor was not altogether in vain.

Realizing in some degree our responsibility, our efforts have been prompted by higher motives than pecuniary gain, or worldly fame; and such we believe to be the case with our entire corps of contributors. If we may judge from their contributions, the most, if not all, write from a necessity of their natures. Caxton was obliged to write his “Prophecies” which have attracted so much attention, and been so widely copied by the best literary journals in the United

States. Cora Wilburn could not choose, but must utter that glorious "Song of the New Year," whose harmonious symphonies were swelling and vibrating in her heart. Mrs. S. M. Clarke, whose "Grandmother's Neighbors" embody so much of Truth, and have delighted so many, will find expression even in the darkend chamber of sickness and amid paroxisms of pain. So it is with Annie K. H. Fader, who would die from suppression of melody could she find no outlet for the gushing music of her soul. And the same might be said of that gifted child of song, E. Amanda Simonton. Frank Soule was compelled by his inward necessity, to strike from the forge of his prolific brain, that grandly magnificent Poem of "Labor, which is quietly floating onward on the sea of American Literature,—thrilling the hearts, and nerving the arms of many a hardy son of toil to duty. It has gone the length and breadth of our own State. We see it copied in the most elevated of our Eastern journals, and, the other day as we passed along amid the crowded thoroughfare, we heard snatches of it welling up from the heart of one of nature's sun-browned sons of toil. Stooping over his work, with the sweat of honest toil upon his brow, he sang—

"Despise not Labor! God did not despise  
The handicraft which wrought this gorgeous globe."

We passed on with joyous steps, well knowing that the soul bathed by such influences, and responding to such sentiments, was more than protected from the temptations and allurements of poverty, and the outer world.

And so we might go on and enumerate each individual name, and perhaps in the productions of all, find something to warrant our assertion, that "they write, prompted by higher motives than the mere acquisition of fame or worldly gain. They have listened to the voice of that gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, who sang so sweetly—

—————"O heirs of genius! learn  
From the sky's bird, your way!—No joy may fill  
Your hearts; no gifts of holy strength be won  
To bless *your* joys, ye children of the Sun!  
Save by the unswerving flight—upward and upward still!"

Think not, kind reader, that in assuming this position we would arrogate to ourselves more than is becoming. It is the prerogative of our WOMAN nature to aspire to nothing *less* than the *best* which we are capable of attaining to. The very necessity of our nature compels us to act from higher and more internal motives, than those of mere worldly distinction or profit.

WOMAN.—We this month lay before our readers some more extracts from Mrs. E. W. Farnham's valuable and remarkable work upon the subject of Woman, which is soon to be published to the world. We promised, and intended to have given these extracts to our readers before, but, the crowded state of our pages, and an indisposition which compelled us to leave the mechanical arrangement of the HESPERIAN to other hands, prevented. The favor with which the few items previously published were received, and the many inquiries we have had from various sources for those which were yet promised, warrants our assertion, that so soon as the talented author shall see fit to lay the volume before

the public, it will meet with warm appreciation and large sales. The view upon this subject by the author, is to us new, and unlike that of most writers of the present day,—entirely leaving the contested ground which claims for woman, what heretofore has been claimed for man alone. She claims for her a higher altitude, as being more in accordance with her higher affectional nature, and her more refined and sensitive moral organization.

OUR UNION.—Paramount to all other topics which engross the public mind at the present day, is the eminent danger to which our beloved Union is now subject through internecine evils and prejudices. The grandly beautiful, and sublime Temple of Liberty, constructed by our patriot fathers, and at whose sacred altars we have knelt in the security of a life-long worship, is actually trembling over our heads—not by outward storms, or foreign foes, but alas! by the ruthless hands that were born to its protection!

Lift up your voices, ye demons of human despotism, for if *we* perish it is *your* triumph. The proclamation will then go forth to the world of tyranny: "America was the model Republic, and America's fall proves human equality in government a *failure*!" For, if once the bands are severed, no mortal power can reunite its broken and dismembered links. In the language of Webster we can prophetically ask—"Who shall reconstruct the fabric of a demolished government?" But no! ignorance and despotism shall not thus triumph—the progressive marches of Intellect, and of Reason, and of Truth forbid it. Heaven in the mysterious Infinitude of providences can

—————"Only design

The dross to consume and the gold to refine."

We feel that the agonies of a purification are indeed upon us, but that we shall come out of them all the brighter, and stronger from the severity of the ordeal. True, the danger can not be denied! It may be in accordance with Divine providences that progressive light may again submerge itself beneath the dark war of revolution's purifying sea; but Hope, warmed up by a love of childhood, home, and of a common country, speaks of more pacific means; and in the name that is dear to the heart of the Patriot, and that is cherished sacred by Philanthropy, Americans are called upon to lay forever aside their sectional prejudices, and liberally conceding that which is right, prepare the cement of a Brotherhood in Union, which neither time nor circumstances can rend asunder. Let every American sovereign commence the work of conciliation at his fire-side, upon his own domain; let him proclaim it to his neighbor sovereign, and conjointly to their sovereign representatives, and we shall save ourselves from a doom too fearful for rational contemplation.

TO OUR FRIEND AND PATRONS.—As this number of the *Hesperian* commences the *NEW YEARLY VOLUME*, we would ask those receiving notices to the effect that their subscriptions have expired, and who desire to renew such subscriptions, to do so immediately, or notify us of such intention, as we design to publish no larger edition than necessary to meet present demands.



We would also suggest to those who have never yet become subscribers to the Hesperian, that it is a California Magazine appealing to every Californian for support, offering more attractions in every point of view than any other periodical in the State. We do not propose to make any large promises of what we design to do the coming year. But we think that *all* will be satisfied with our efforts to render a full and fair equivalent for the four dollars, which is our yearly subscription price. Now is the time to subscribe for the coming year. For further particulars, see advertisement on outside page of cover. We have on hands a *few* back numbers of the HESPERIAN which can be obtained by an early application to the publication office.

We have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. Send your subscriptions direct to Mrs. F. H. Day, No. 6 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

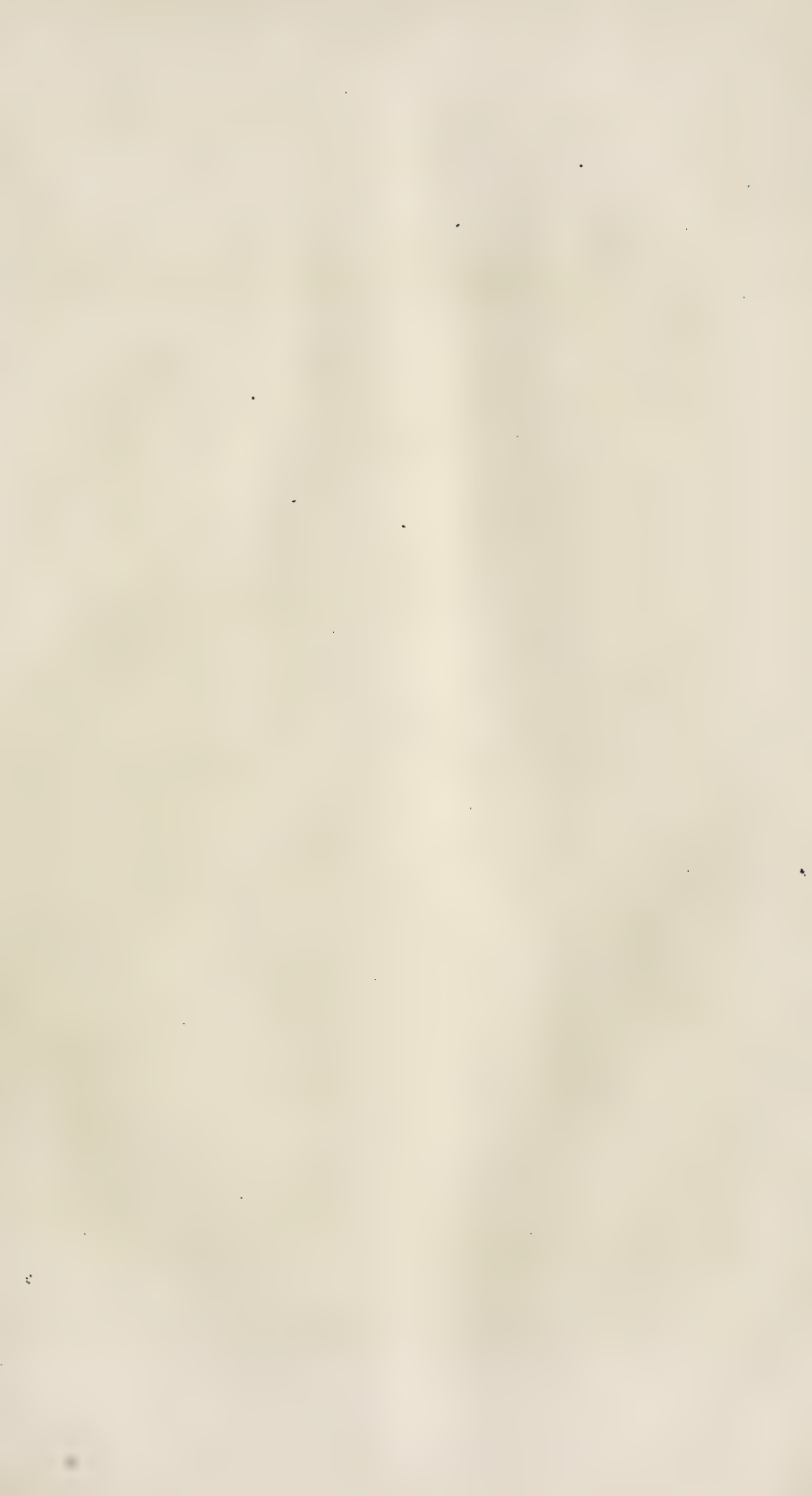
ENERGY AND ENTERPRISE.—It is pleasing to notice with what rapidity business is being carried to every portion of San Francisco. We notice that Second street is in no degree behind other portions of the city in this respect, and prominent in that locality is the elegant and spacious CARPET WARE ROOMS of J. McDonald & Co., whose large and well-selected assortment of goods challenges competition with any other house in the same line in the city. For full particulars see advertisement on another page.

OUR Readers will be pleased with the rich steel plate engraving entitled "A Mother's Defence," which we present them this month. True to her maternal nature, she defends her brood of helpless little ones from the assaults of the young lad and lassie, who, in their childish admiration, would appropriate one of her heart's treasures to themselves.

OUR notices of new books is unavoidably crowded out this month. We are, however, in receipt of several valuable volumes from the well-known house of A. Roman & Co., 127 Montgomery street.

OUR BLACK LIST.—We are happy to announce that we have been enabled to erase so many names from our black list, and from others, have received such earnest promises of speedy settlement that the necessity for publishing such uninteresting, and to us, painful paper, seems *for the present*, at least, to be done away with. Thanks to those who have remitted, and an earnest request that we be not forgotten by those whose promises we have accepted in lieu of something more substantial for the time being.

TO AGENTS.—As we now issue the Hesperian much earlier in the month than formerly, it would greatly oblige us if our agents would take the trouble to remit the amount of their bills, so that they would reach us by the first of each month, as at that time we have our paper, composition and press-work to pay for.

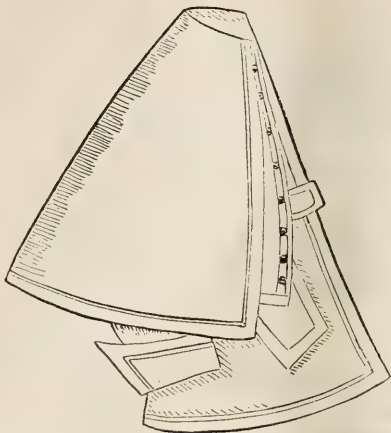




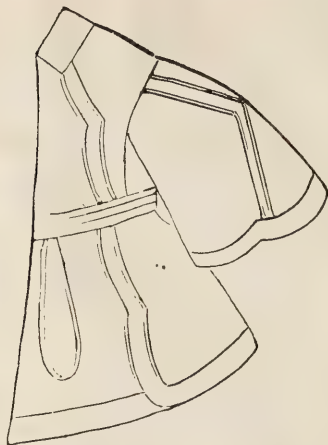




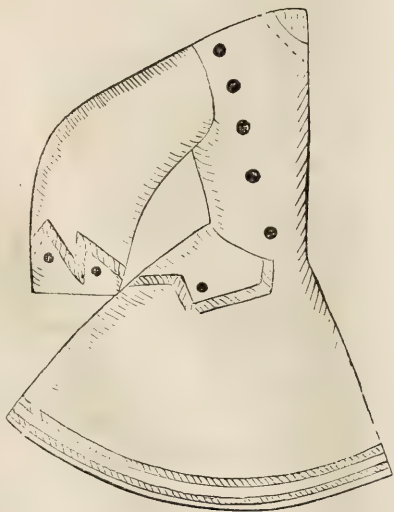
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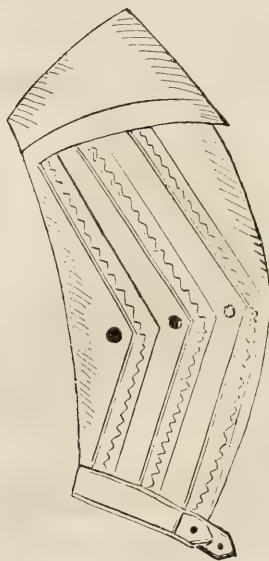
"RUFREW" OVERCOAT.



ALFRED COAT.



MINNIE APRON.



"ARIADNE" SLEEVE.

# THE HESPERIAN.

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APRIL, 1861.

No. 2.

PHILIP WARREN;  
OR,  
MY LADY'S GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *Discoveries.*

ON the following morning I was summoned to breakfast with Miss Caruthers. It was the only time the privilege had been accorded me since our return to New York. How lovely she was in her morning *negligé* of pink cashmere, with its white silk facings. All warm and delicate tints agreed charmingly with her complexion and style—as well as the colder ones had always become Iris. But however beautiful she looked, she never seemed aware of her charms; this unconsciousness in itself being one of her many attractions. On this morning she was unusually absent and thoughtful, though never forgetting the little graces of the table. When the breakfast was removed, I learned the subject of her thoughts. After all, then, if she had settled all this since last night, she had not slept much more than myself.

“I have given directions to have your baggage removed to a hotel at an early hour. You will choose what hotel it shall be, and go and select your rooms.”

Seeing that I looked surprised and embarrassed, she smiled a little mischevously. “You do not mistrust my good intentions I hope? But I have thought it best to provide against certain possibilities which may, or might, make your longer residence under



my roof a cause of injury to you. It will not affect your relations with me, nor your own comfort, I shall trust; while it will make you more secure from the curiosity of your unknown enemy. Neither of us can afford to be the subjects of malicious questioning: and since even 'my young man from the country of unblemished reputation' has not escaped ——"

"For heaven's sake Miss Caruthers, do not for one instant soil your fair thoughts with such a fear. Who, in this great city of strangers, will know or notice us?"

"I asked myself that question at the first. But your adventure has shown me that *you*, at least, are observed by some one seeking your ruin. That enemy may be near you when you know it not; and even a perfectly blameless life cannot secure you against misrepresentation."

"You are quite right, as you always are," I answered, submissively. I remembered, too, that my enemy had some notes in my memorandum which might furnish the clue to all that should be concealed on her account as well as my own. This recollection made me doubly anxious that the arrangement she proposed should be carried out immediately. It was settled that I was to go to a quietly fashionable hotel not far away, which could be called my residence in case any one had the curiosity to inquire into my whereabouts. From here I could call upon her to get her commands as often as she thought proper. This simple movement, like every other that I had made for the last half year, seemed to have been fore-ordained in my destiny; for I had not been two days a boarder at my new hotel before I was confronted at dinner with the villainous face of Mr. Caruthers. We glanced at each other in anything but Christian style, but without speaking, and I resolved to quit my present lodgings in all haste if on another day I should be subjected to his hateful surveillance. But I was not thus to escape from the inevitable.

That evening there was to be a grand ball at the Academy of Music. I went to attend Miss Caruthers, but without the pleasure I usually had in the same service. My brain was full of images of terror, each one wearing the face of Mr. Caruthers. Indeed, I now know that I was already in a fever, brought on by weeks of over-excitement of my mental powers. But my mistress did not notice my condition, or if she did, was not aware of my excitable tem-

perament, and the danger of any further strain upon my mind. My flushed cheeks and bright eyes may have seemed to her the signs of healthy enjoyment.

She looked so superbly beautiful in her lovely evening dress, that I wanted to kneel down and worship her with all the wildness that was then burning in my veins. How it was that I did not say or do something extraordinary, I cannot tell, for I remember thinking of a thousand strange and extraordinary modes of declaring my passion. Yet I said nothing to merit her reproof; but on the contrary, was unusually silent, as I afterwards knew. The academy was very much crowded that night, even for Christmas week, the performance good, and everything was as brilliant as fairy-land. I saw that Miss Caruthers, from behind the curtains of our box, was enjoying the scene with delight; for she was full of fancy, and perfectly reveled in gay and splendid scenes. I, too, began to grow joyous, even daring.

"Shine out, oh beautiful star! from behind this envious cloud," I cried, with a triumphant air, suddenly drawing aside the screen. On the instant a hundred glasses were leveled in our direction. "See," I continued, "how the moths flutter, illustrating the 'desire' of the moth for the star."

"Mr. Warren!"

The reproachful tone only made me more reckless. My tongue was unloosed, and I went on from one folly to another. I gave her beauty extravagant praise. I avowed myself but one of the hundred slaves with which that house was filled, who lived but on her smiles. I quoted largely from the "Lady of Lyons" in the garden scene, and from "Romeo and Juliet" in the balcony scene. A mocking devil seemed to have taken possession of me, and I spared her not, though her burning cheeks and tearful eyes ought to appealed even to a madman. Soon there was a stir in the circle opposite. Everybody was looking to see what it meant, and I, too, ceased my senseless talk to look at the spectacle. The unexpected sight calmed even me, in the delirium of fever. I sunk back and grasped Miss Caruthers' disengaged hand. With the other she was holding her opera glass, and looking steadily at the group opposite. A young and beautiful woman was struggling in terrible spasms of pain, while her white and rigid countenance plainly indicated what mortal agony

it was she suffered. On one side an old man, trembling and almost palsied with terror, was supporting her. On the other, a strong, dark-browed man was fanning her violently. All around there was a buzz of awe and sympathy.

"It is Iris!" I exclaimed, grasping tightly the hand I had seized.

"It is Mr. Caruthers," burst from the pale lips of my mistress, as she gazed on, utterly unconscious of my presence, or remark.

"Mr. Caruthers!" I repeated, startled at the recognition of this man of her own name.

"Yes, Mr. Caruthers, David Caruthers, my husband;" she went on in the same quiet, unconscious way, as if dreaming.

I sat like one stupefied, looking neither this way nor that: not caring whether Iris died or not, and truly, not really cognizant of passing events. By and by some one spoke to me.

"Let us go home."

I rose to obey, and mechanically wrapped her in her cloak. I looked for the family from Pine Hill. They were gone. I made way for my mistress through the crowd at the door, and placed her in her carriage.

"Are you not coming in?" she asked in a forced voice.

"No, I am going to walk. John, drive right home," I said to the coachman; and the carriage rolled away. I walked rapidly back to my hotel and went to bed.

Through long days of delirium, and long weeks of subsequent illness, I lingered and lived. The first person I noticed about my bedside, was my mother, and from her I learned, during my convalescence, what had passed in the interval of my fever; or that portion of it which followed the first two or three days.

"On New Year's eve," she said, "I was trying to make a holiday occasion for your sisters, they being all at home for the winter vacation; but we found it very hard to be merry on account of your trouble and disgrace. We were sitting around the fire talking of the singular circumstances in the case, when a neighbor who brings my mail from town, came in to hand me a letter. The moment I saw the unfamiliar writing, I guessed that you were sick, or in trouble of some sort. The letter confirmed my impression. It was from some one signing herself Leonora Caruthers, informing me of your dangerous situation, of your being alone at the hotel, and enclosing me



one hundred dollars as coming from you. 'Leonora Caruthers!' exclaimed your sisters all together as I read out the name. 'How singular that this person's name should be Caruthers.' "

"I recollect," I said, "that Philip told me his employer's name was Caruthers, when I spoke of Mr. Caruthers who is to marry Iris."

"It is very odd, any way," said Marian. "I suppose this Leonora is a daughter of Philip's employer. How romantic it would be if she was to be in love with Philip, and he should get a wife rich and handsome, after all."

"It seems to me you jump to conclusions," remarked Anne, drily. "Possibly Leonora is the wife of Philip's employer, instead of his daughter."

"Let me see the hand-writing," cried Louise, "and I will tell you if she be matron or maid, rich and handsome, or old and nervous."

"Be quiet, girls," I said, "you forget that your brother is very sick, and that I must go to him to-morrow."

"At this their faces sobered down quickly: for it was true that in the query they had started, the fact of your illness was forgotten. We made arrangements for my absence immediately, and about midnight gathered once more around the hearth, to compose ourselves before retiring.

"I am still of opinion," spoke out Marian, "that this unknown Leonora loves our Philip."

"And I, too," added Louise; "though you did not give me a chance to prophecy, mamma. I saw youth, beauty, and riches, in that lady's hand-writing."

"And can not a *wife* have all these?" asked Anne.

"But I saw nothing matronly, or wifely, in that lady's chirography," persisted Louise. "I tell you she is not either; and I hope Marian is right, I am sure; for Philip deserves a good match."

"Iris is a good match," I could not help saying, "and Philip might have her if he was mean enough to use underhanded measures, as some men would. Iris would marry Philip if he would ask her, in spite of her relations."

"But did you not tell us that he did not seem to care for her, when he was at home? That is another evidence in favor of Leonora, for there's nothing to cure an old love like a new one."

"Marian knows how to make out a case," said Anne, half vexed: for Anne, like myself, always believed that Iris was compelled to dismiss you by her scheming relations and her money-making old father."

"What is the use of quarreling about Philip's matrimonial chances, when he may never marry?" I asked. It was so difficult for the girls to realize that the accusation brought against you by Col. Morrison, was the bitter, actual fact that it was. They talked and felt as if it were an unreality, in spite of the slights it brought upon themselves. After the first shock was over, their spirits took a wonderful rebound, and I had not the heart to burden them with my own apprehensions; but I could not let them run on in this wild way about you, when I felt that God's purposes with regard to you were so strange and dark. No more was said about you that night, except to repeat their messages of love. In the morning I came down on the early train.

"You were still unconscious when I arrived, and continued so for several days. I was surprised to find that Col. Morrison, Iris, and Mr. Caruthers were in this same hotel. I met Iris in the passage the day after my arrival, looking more like a ghost than a living woman. It is my opinion that she is not long for this world, though she *is* here to purchase her wedding outfit. There is a mystery about Iris which I cannot make out."

"Did you see no other lady, nor hear again from your correspondent?" I asked, at this point of her story.

"I saw no one, but received a letter enclosing one to you, and a draft for your back salary, amounting to five hundred dollars."

"There was no money owing to me; my salary was paid monthly in advance."

"That is what the letter says; of course I could not know to the contrary."

"She has done it for fear we should suffer from my long illness," I said, while a slight return of fever made me long to get up and walk about in the snow outside, as I could see others doing.

"She?" repeated my mother, with a disagreeably inquisitive stare.

"Certainly! *she*—Leonora Caruthers, my employer."

"Philip, you never before told me that your employer was a woman," and the tone which conveyed these words conveyed a reproach also.

"Because, my dear mother, I could not. I was bound by an agreement to conceal the nature of my engagement, for private reasons of the lady's."

"What sort of person was this lady, Philip?"

"Young, rich, lovely, and *virtuous*; mother, I am sure of that. It was a very peculiar arrangement, to be sure; but it was delightful as it was innocent, believe me, my suspicious mamma."

"I am not suspicious, Philip; and as I trust you can explain all this to me in good time, let us say no more about it at present. It is time now for your afternoon sleep, if you have not lost the ability to sleep by all this exciting talk."

"That I have, indeed, my mamma; so please give me the letter you spoke of. I can never sleep another wink until I have read it."

It was very reluctantly, and after administering cooling drinks and sundry cautions together, that the letter was given into my hands. Its contents ran thus:

"MR. WARREN:—The singular conjuncture of circumstances which have taken place in this city, compels me to leave it, without taking time to learn of your hoped for recovery. In the nursing of your mother I trust that you will find medicine and strength; for I know that the strain your mind has suffered of late has been a severe test of your endurance.

"But this is not all the purpose of my writing to you, to express my sympathy. I feel that I owe you some explanation; but whether I do or not, it has become necessary to make it, since it is my duty to prevent a crime being perpetrated at the expense of an innocent woman. I mean that the marriage which I learn is contemplated between Mr. Caruthers and Miss Morrison (I learned this from your physician, who partly gathered it from your fever-talk) must be prevented. I cannot interfere in person, because it is my wish to avoid this man who was once my husband; married to me when a child of thirteen, and abandoning his child-wife on the hour that he became master of her wealth. From that day to this I have never met Mr. Caruthers, except as I recognized him at the Academy of Music. It is impossible to be mistaken: I have a portrait of him, even if it were likely I could forget. When he married me I was a school-girl at a Seminary in Mississippi. My father and mother were dead, and he was my guardian. I was a trusting, innocent child, and believed all that he told me of the necessity of becoming his wife, that he might more ably protect and shelter me. It was agreed on his part that I should be left at school until my education was completed, or until my age rendered me fit to assume the position of mistress in my own house. Before that time came



I found myself beggared, and unable to pay my school-bills. Mr. Caruthers was abroad, no one knew where. In this emergency I was taken into the Seminary as a teacher of music, in which I excelled, and there remained for two years. At the end of that time I became heir to a large and wealthy estate, entirely in my own right. I now began to reflect seriously upon the difficulties of my position. My relationship to Mr. Caruthers as his wife debarred me from all the privileges that other young persons enjoyed, and which I naturally longed for as my right. To have them there, where all the circumstances of my history were well known, was impossible. To do without them forever, and enslave my thoughts and actions for the sake of the villain who had robbed me, I determined not to do. After much thinking I fixed upon my plan. I would come to the north, and after a year spent in some private finishing school, I would travel, see the world, and get what innocent amusement out of life there was to be had by one in my circumstances. From the first, I was accompanied by Catharine Rush, my mother's maid and mine. When I found myself ready to travel, I advertised for an amanuensis, and was fortunate in meeting yourself, whose honorable conduct I hold in grateful remembrance. I wish to pass this winter in New York in order to learn something of fashionable life, (for I have always lived in seclusion,) and to prepare myself by study and observation for further travels abroad. I knew nothing of the whereabouts of Mr. Caruthers. Indeed, so entire had been the silence maintained by him for more than six years, I had almost hoped he no longer lived to overshadow my life. What I now know, opens before me a new vista of trials. I must be freed from him, and that too before he discovers my reaccession of fortune. To effect this I shall return immediately to Mississippi, and take the necessary steps to procure a legal separation. What I wish you to do, and Miss Morrison also, if she can do me this favor, is to make depositions to the effect that he was about to enter into a second marriage, I being still living. Repugnant as is this proceeding to my feelings, I perceive no other way by which I can ensure myself from outrage. How fortunate that he did not recognize me as I did him! This Miss Morrison is the Iris you told me of, is she not? How strange it all is. There is something mysterious about her. You must save her from this false marriage, and *she* must save *you* from a prison, as she promised. I am sure she can do it, or she would not have promised. I fear she is very unhappy. I never beheld such terrible looks as she wore that night at the opera, and I feel certain that her disease is not all physical.

"When I have reached home I shall write to you, and also to a lawyer in N—, where the depositions must be taken. I took the liberty of leaving you some money, as I believed you could still serve me in a very important manner, which would leave me still your debtor. If ever I can serve you, do not neglect to inform me. I left my house in haste; when you are well enough, please see to the removal of any trifling articles I may have left there which do not belong. Your mother may like to have them, or your sisters.

"Very truly your friend,

"LEONORA CARUTHERS."

"My dear Philip, you will make yourself ill again," my mother had exclaimed for the third time before I had concluded reading and re-reading this letter.

"Then I will quit it now; but only while you read it yourself, for it concerns you as well as me, and I need your counsel."

"This is very strange," said my mother, when she had finished reading this letter, so full of import to several persons. "Did you not know before of the marriage connection of this lady?"

"No, I knew nothing about her but what I saw. I was forbidden to have any curiosity, and bound to respect her silence concerning herself by a written agreement." I proceeded here to relate to my mother all the facts connected with my search for employment, and my final engagement with Leonora Caruthers.

"I can see nothing to blame in her conduct," remarked my mother, with womanly regard for the proprieties; "but hers must be a remarkably strong and original character, to have conceived and executed her purposes so well. It is what your sister Marian would call a romance, I presume; but it was a dangerous one, to my thinking."

"Not another word, mother! If you knew Leonora Caruthers, you would perceive that the 'strength' of her character proceeded from its purity; and its 'originality' from its most perfect simplicity. She does unusual things, as an angel might, because she knows nothing of human frailty, therefore can not calculate upon its weaknesses or sins. What caution she has, is the result of the lessons unconsciously taken from the examples of others."

Whatever my mother thought of my vehement protest, she did not say. Doubtless her maternal instinct fathomed my feelings; but she was too prudent a woman to add fuel to the flame by doubtful comments. Beside, the case of Iris Morrison was naturally uppermost in *her* mind, as that of Leonora Caruthers was in mine. We were governed by our individual prepossessions.

A considerable accession of fever that night very much alarmed my mother, and produced an order from the physician to avoid all mental excitement for another week. Not that it was possible for me not to think, and that too in rather an excited way, of the critical position of affairs. But one thought consoled me, and contributed to my composure under other disturbances. *She* was safe, for

the present. None but myself and my mother knew of the discovery made at the Academy of Music. The apprehension that the action she was about to take would arouse him to a struggle to redeem her, I resolutely quieted with a determination to effect the release of Iris in some manner which would not bring suspicion upon Leonora as the cause. I had the week to think it over in; and finally decided how I ought to act. I would first see Iris and make the communication to her, privately. If she would, she could dismiss Mr. Caruthers without a true explanation; or, if I was not believed, and the worst must come, I would take the responsibility of stopping the marriage at the very altar, and produce the evidence at my leisure.

"My time is up to-day, is it not?" I asked, when the morning of the seventh day had come.

"I must say it is, I presume," my mother said, with a smile, "but I have a disappointment in store for you. Iris is gone. The family left for Pine Hill yesterday."

"A piece of my usual luck! I wonder what this new accident may portend?"

"If your heart is right, Philip, and your trust in Him who orders all things, it will be found to work for some good. It is hard for the young to learn patience, yet patience is peace and happiness."

"I believe all you say, my dear mother, because you are always right; yet I do not *feel* it, sometimes, because I cannot. The next thing to be done is to follow Iris to N—, or this explanation can not be longer deferred. Do you not think I may go to-morrow?"

"Perhaps you may as well go, as to stay here fretting at your detention."

"Yet I can not leave before attending to Miss Caruthers' (I can never call her Mrs. Caruthers) commands about her house. You shall go with me, and see where she lived. Let us go to-day, good mamma."

To this proposition no objection was raised. The keys, which had been sent to me, were produced, and we were soon on our way to the late residence of my mistress. How my heart throbbed as we wandered through the rooms so lately warmed and brightened by her presence; now cold and dim, but furnishing at every step some reminder of its late occupant. It was a rented house, and the costly



carpets, curtains, sofas and pictures, were still in their places. My own room, and her room, which I had never before entered, were in their usual order. In the latter were collected the little presents which had been designed for my mother and sisters. Books, pictures, a harp, (which had been the desire of Louise's heart,) a beautiful shawl for my mother's use, a costly dressing-case for Anne, and a writing-desk for Marian; all so elegant and tasteful, that the feminine heart of my mother was taken by assault.

"But we ought not to take such costly things, Philip."

"And we can not leave them to strangers, you know, mother."

The question was settled, the articles packed up and removed, and the house given up to its owner. In two days more we were at home, arranging them in their places in my mother's house.

[To be Continued.]

## PARTING.

BY MARTIN SANFORD.

Soon other lands more fair to view,  
 Soon other hands you'll press,  
 Soon other friends more dear to you,  
 Will meet your kind caress.  
     When brothers loved surround thee,  
     And welcome thee in bliss;  
     When sister's arms twine round thee,  
     And give the welcome kiss;  
     Will ever near  
     Thy heart hold dear  
 A thought of one in foreign land,  
 Far o'er the ocean's beating strand?  
 Farewell! a word that oft is spoken—  
 A word that tests the heart—  
 Farewell! a word that oft has broken  
 United bonds apart.  
     When I am lone without thee,  
     And sorrow night and day,  
     My spirit then about thee  
     Will hold its unseen sway;  
     Will mem'ry then  
     On me, my friend,  
 Reflect a thought, a sigh, a tear,  
 True emblems of a heart sincere?

## INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

"For man is never master of his fate."—*Tennyson*.

OH! that I could don the wings of lightning and guide their impulsive flight through the devious windings of their eccentric course until I had invaded the last foot of soil upon which humanity dwells. And oh! that in all that mighty tour, I could touch a sympathetic cord in every human heart, and control it to the extent of my desire; I would have every member of the human family to be more tolerant of the faults and failings of his fellow-man. What a blessed acquisition to human progress it would be could we make a correct beginning in life — and faithfully support that position — that we might have less to deplore when the age of decrepitude had brought us to the tottering brink of Time's farthest limits, where the vast multiplicity of acts and deeds of a long life pass in rapid review like a gigantic panorama of more than thrilling events.

But how are we to thus live when the very foundation of our education is incorrect? Yea more; we not only imbibe at the maternal breast the bitter seeds of erroneous impressions — which at that tender, plastic, imitative period of human existence necessarily moulds the basis of the future man — but we are surrounded from the cradle up to vigorous manhood, and from manhood to second childhood with every degree of every species of immorality. Can you exact from your fellow-man that which you, with the same faculties, abilities and advantages, have found it impossible to accomplish? *No!* Then extend relief and forgiveness to your fallen brother; and honorably admit the important fact, that had you have been the unfortunate recipient of the same susceptible temperament and mental organization, you would have stood in prayerful need of the same mercy. His crime only varies in magnitude from yours, just in proportion to the different degrees of mental and physical organization, and surrounding influences which he has experienced, that you have not. Every individual errs; every human being commits sin to a greater or less extent. Not one is exempt. Then how vast must be the influence of such a combined array of evil deeds upon the youth of the land.

The reflective, merciful physiologist is forced to weep bitter tears

of sad regret, when contemplating the great defects of character which millions upon millions have inherited from the authors of their existence in consequence of their mentally and physically depraved condition. *Oh mothers!* were you only aware of how indelibly every act of yours while carrying your child is marked upon its little tender, impressible constitution, I *know* that your innate regard for the welfare and happiness of your offspring, would force you to patronize a geniality and amiability of disposition during that momentous period of its existence, almost unknown in the annals of parental conduct. Violent fits of anger you would not tolerate. Nor is that all. When the child is born, the very first thing that is inculcated in its precious mind, is *revenge*. When the little thing exhibits a violent fit of wrath, consequent upon a like manifestation of the same passion by the mother previous to its birth, instead of appealing to its finer feelings, and teaching it the difference between a right and a wrong course of conduct, "a word and a blow are administered, and the blow comes first." And as it advances towards manhood, the same principles it imbibes from every source; and dear fellow-citizens, from *you* and me, and every one with whom it comes in contact, it receives the finishing climax; and for some little fancied wrong, following the same spirit of resentment taught him by all the world, he plunges a dagger in the heart of his victim; and then, as the great crowning climax of our plan of life, we passionately and murderously thirst for the offender's life; nor do we rest content until we witness the crowning glory of the unfortunate being's lifeless body dangling between heaven and earth. Are you not proud of the picture? Let us hope that you are not. In the name of all that's holy, let us revolutionize our plan of life. Let us for once, if for nothing more than experiment's sake, try the golden rule of "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Let us try the experiment of appealing to the moral faculties, instead of the animal passions. I look upon murder as murder; and I look upon legalized murder as no better than that which is not sanctioned by man. Were I a sheriff to-day, and were offered all the money that there is upon the face of the earth to perform the executioner's task, it would be no more of an inducement for me to do it, than an offer of twenty-five cents would be for me to take the life of my dear old innocent mother.

I acknowledge a higher tribunal than man, Though the fallibility



of man will condemn in one case, and applaud in the other, I must be permitted to believe the infallibility of God will hold both equally responsible on the judgment day. Had I the power, I would have every dark, iron-barred prison in the land, converted into cheerful, genial, revivifying retreats, where we could recall the unfortunate victims to the path of holiness, and prepare them for eternity. How much better that would be, than the present custom of thrusting them into dark, filthy dungeons, surrounded with all the concomitants of degradation. Our object should be to make them better; but who will deny that the present custom is *forced* to sink them lower and lower? As I remarked before, we all have faults; and while those crimes vary in different individuals, both in extent and quality, the most exempt should take only a proportionable amount of credit to themselves for possessing such desirable immunity. Instead of condemning his more unfortunate brother, he had far better ask himself if he would not have done the same under the same circumstances. Many a poor fellow commits a crime, from which under different circumstances, and at a former period, he would have shrunk from with horror; and it is an incontrovertible fact that thousands, yea millions, who are loudest in their denunciations of those who happen to commit an act of indiscretion of greater enormity than they themselves have happened to be *caught in*, would, to say the least, have done the same thing, and many of them far worse, under the same degree of temptation. We should not make the blunder of mistaking opulence, ease and plenty, for honesty. And, lastly: the longer I live, the less time or disposition do I have to treasure up revenge or animosity against any human being. I may, and have been wronged, as almost all others have; and I can well remember the time when revenge in such cases was sweet; but I now view life as too short a span, to spend it to the injury of my fellow-man. He whom the world, of all others, deems the most fitting subject to visit bitter imprecations upon, stands the most in need of mercy. I am aware that almost every sentence in this article is at variance with public opinion, and will scarcely meet with respectful approbation; yet I am just as peremptorily aware that the time is coming when the sentiments herein expressed, will be triumphantly endorsed. It comes at present about as near to agreeing with public opinion, as I agree with it upon any subject.

## SPRING IS COMING.

BY J. W. WHALLEY.

Stern Winter's icy chains and blast  
Will soon be loosed, will soon have passed,  
And nature, freed from chill embrace,  
Again assume a smiling face.  
The dimpling wavelets of the stream,  
In Spring's life-giving sun will gleam;  
And from its fringing willows fair,  
Sweet melody shall fill the air,  
As feathered warblers tune the lay  
Of welcome to approaching May.  
Where now, beneath yon sloping hill,  
The snow-drift lingers cold and chill,  
Like winding-sheet thrown o'er the tomb  
Of lingering Autumn's latest bloom,  
The pink-lipped daisy's fragile form  
Shall woo the sun, shall brave the storm;  
An emblem of affection's power  
That braves the blast of sorrow's hour,  
Or smiles 'neath cheering fortune's light,  
With beauteous grace, subdued yet bright.  
Yon leafless trees whose branches sigh,  
As wails the breeze of Winter by,  
With mournful note, like song of Care  
Sung to the harping of Despair,  
Enrobed in green, shall sweetly ring,  
As through them floats the breath of Spring,  
With those mellifluent notes of love,  
The new year hymns to God above.  
Where now the furrowed acres lie  
All dark and bare before the eye,  
Will soon be peering through the mold  
The gems which turn to Autumn's gold;  
That gold which o'er the smiling year  
Outpours fair Ceres' horn of cheer.  
Then blow ye winds and waste your rage!  
Your reign is short! The war ye wage  
'Gainst gentle Flora's laughing throng,  
Must change to peaceful sighs ere long,  
When hill to hill, and plain to plain  
Shall ring with Nature's glad refrain,  
As, robed in flowers, the radiant Queen  
Comes forth to rule the vernal scene.

## ORA PRO NOBIS.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

WHILE we are indulging in reminiscences, let me detain you a few moments by telling you of a circumstance that I think was the turning point of my life.

"I should very much like to hear it."

Very well, I will be brief. Some years ago I spent several months in that grand old city of F——. After visiting its cathedrals and its galleries of art, besides mingling in its gay society until its unceasing round of pleasures had begotten satiety, and feeling a lassitude which not even the picturesque scenery or the invigorating climate could remove, I determined upon a change to R——, in search of new excitements. In the nick of time, however, as I at the moment considered it, a couple of my friends arrived from R——, telling me it was "horridly" dull there, and urging me to remain at F——, where, they promised me, we would all have a "good time." Under their presence I rallied, and again plunged into all the gaities of that fashionable metropolis. In fact, such a "good time" were we having that the funds of all three got exceedingly low, and after waiting some time for remittances, and none coming, we were at a loss what to do. We were living, of course, a life of utter idleness, and hence, being without money was like being out of the world. Indeed, our "world" required no inconsiderable amount of *l'argent* to make it glitter at all. Notwithstanding the strait we were in, that false pride which has been the bane of many an ardent young traveler (as well as of many an ardent young man who has never traveled,) induced, if anything, still greater extravagancies, in order, I suppose, to "keep up appearances;" for you know the empty goblet gives the more ringing noise.

There is no telling where and to what this state of things might not have led us, had it not been for the incident I have alluded to. It may seem trivial to you, but if it were trivial, it had a very important result to my companions and myself, for I verily believe that it, and it alone, arrested our course of idleness and dissipation.

"Pray what was it?"



Listen, and I will read to you the leaf from my note-book where the incident is related; I hope the relation will speak to your heart as the reality did to mine:—

“*June 24th, 18—*. Our party is still in F——. No remittance for any of us. No matter. To-morrow, ‘mine host’ and the rest of our creditors will be in the vocative. Don’t like to do it, but ‘needs must when, &c.,’ and we are going to ‘*levant*.’ Dave, Charley and myself all have too severe headaches to-day to think of moving.”

“Surely, that’s not the ‘moving incident’ you intended to read me, is it?”

No; but that is, I may say, the preface:—

“*June 25th*. Charley, Dave and myself left F—— at 5 P. M., ‘for a short walk,’ as we told De G——, whose inquiry seemed to indicate some suspicion. Quickened our pace after leaving the city, and pushed towards the open country. Just as the night was closing in we approached a magnificent gothic building, standing, as it were, disdainfully back from the road, and seeming to frown upon us as we approached; its wide, gloomy entrance lay in deep shadow, unrelieved by any gleam of light from within. Everything around the edifice suited with its sombre appearance. It was the residence of ——. Upon a slight elevation opposite the mansion, reclined an aged, gray-haired man, with emaciated features and sunken eye. He seemed to be in distress, and we halted. He was a mendicant, though a something in his tone and manner told us he was not one through his own fault. He had just been rudely thrust from the lordly mansion, where he had sought relief, and with hands crossed upon his breast, was woefully looking towards the portal. I expressed regret that we had little to bestow. “Ah, well!” said he, “the poor need more than worldly alms; pray for us,—pray for us!”

There, my friend, you have the particulars of the occurrence which, though common enough, God knows, had a singular effect upon myself and two friends. Something was due, doubtless, to the peculiarity of the place, something to the trustful tone of the old man, and more to our own conviction of the superiority of the poor outcast over ourselves. We three friends looked at each other. then at the reclining figure; and then with one accord, we turned

back towards F——, where we quitted our dissipations, and, in a short time—our expected remittances having arrived—we quitted F—— and returned to our native land, each to commence a new and better career. Dave is an esteemed clergyman; Charley is a prosperous lawyer, and I am—what you see me.

An acrostic in my note-book, following the recital I have read to you, gives, though feebly, the impression which the scene produced upon my mind at the time. It is in these words:—

Oh! weary, lonely soul,  
Rest-craving fellow mortal,  
Asking for Pity's dole,  
  
Pressing the way-side knoll,  
Repulsed from yon proud portal  
Out of which cometh no light,—  
  
Near to which seemeth a blight:  
On a Higher Portal gaze,  
Bright with Glory's golden rays!  
I and thou, by Faith and Prayer,  
Saving Grace may hope for There!

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#### GO BOLDLY FORTH.

Go boldly forth and fear no ill,  
When fierce oppressors rise;  
Let mental strength, abounding still,  
Such puny foes despise.  
Though stung with many a bitter word,  
And persecuted long,  
Yet let them pass as if unheard,  
And in the right be strong!

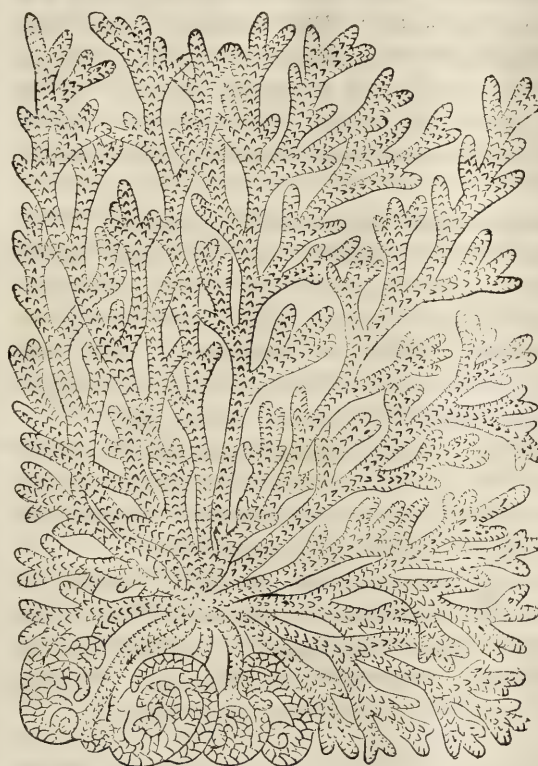
The noblest causes ever known  
Have met with scoff and jeer —  
The brave, though journeying alone,  
Should never yield to fear!  
Go onward — up the rugged steep,  
Beyond the lagging throng;  
Thy own heart's counsel wisely keep,  
And in the right be strong!

## THE HYGROMETRIC ROCK-ROSE, OR ROCK-LILY.

(*Lycopodium lepidophyllum*, also as *L. Squamatum* and *Selaginella convoluta*.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

It has often been remarked that the climate of California bears a striking similarity to that of Palestine. A strong confirmation of this opinion is afforded by the similar flora of these two remote sections of the globe.



THE HYGROMETRIC ROCK-ROSE, OR ROCK-LILY.

The plant before us is one instance, of many that might be mentioned, tending to illustrate the correctness of this observation. Our plant is very similar to the *Rose of Jericho*. The most wonderful and notorious feature of this *Lycopodium*, is its hygrometrical hibernating habits; as soon as the dry season sets in it rolls itself up into an elastic ball and slumbers on until the rainy season approaches; as soon as it is dampened, it arouses, unrolls, and spreads itself close along the limestone bed on which it rests, in all its original vivid emerald verdure.

This singular expansile proclivity may be excited at will by moistening the specimen at any time.

Notwithstanding this family, like the Ferns, delight in warm and moist localities, yet the seeds or spores have a great abhorrence of



water, and a very strong affinity for fire. The powder contained in their spore-cases is most highly inflammable, indeed it has the color and appearance of sulphur, and is known as *vegetable brimstone*. These plants are pleasantly associated with our sports in school-boy days. Among the wonders of our early reading was a way to imitate lightning in theatricals with this *vegetable brimstone*. Also a marvelous and pleasing parlor experiment of plunging your hand into the bottom of a bowl of water without wetting it (by first sprinkling this powder on the water.) This substance is much used on the continent of Europe for the manufacture of fire-works, as Dr. Lindley states. The continental physicians also are in the habit of rolling their pills in this powder to facilitate their separation, and prevent the action of moisture — thus they become water-proof pills.

On account of the mysterious hygrometrical properties of this species of *Lycopodium*, as before observed, and its peculiar action on the mucous membranes, and consequent celebrity in medicine, it was formerly an article of trade between Mexico and Peru (found abundantly in the provinces of Bahia and Pernambuco.) Mr. Cumming, who introduced it to the notice of Europeans, gave its weight in gold for the specimen, (as Sir Wm. Hooker informs us.)

This class of plants have recently attained some importance for their dying properties. Woolen cloths boiled in *Lycopodiums* and then passed through a bath of Brazil-wood, assume a beautiful blue color. They may yet prove of great commercial value.

These plants abound on limestone ledges generally, especially at Cajon Pass, along the valley of the Rio Grande and the San Pedro.

For the specimen here figured we are happy to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Hutchings of the California Magazine. We have have also received less perfect specimens from other sources.

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All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,  
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,  
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,  
Courage forever is happy and wise.  
All's for the best—if a man would but know it,  
Providence wishes us all to be blest;  
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,  
Heaven is gracious and—all's for the best.

## HELEN.—BY HADASSAH.

### CHAPTER V.

[Concluded.]

THE spacious drawing rooms were fitted up for the guests, every improvement made that could add to the grandeur of the place; no expense was spared to add to the comfort of the wedding guests. How beautiful my queenly Helen was. She looked stronger than usual. Her most intimate friends were sanguine of the restoration of her health. Never, my little Nellie, have I beheld such a perfect picture of loveliness as Helen presented that day. But I suppose you would like a description of her dress. The over-dress was composed of a material of tissue-like softness—a silver thread, as fine as spun-glass, and as light as gauze—so light and transparent, she seemed to be floating in a dewy cloud which the sun was shedding his sparkling rays upon. The rich satin was plainly visible beneath, and fell in graceful, undulating folds around her feet. But her hair—that glory of woman's beauty—was dressed in bandeaux, parted on her dear marble brow, and smoothed back Madonna-like, with its natural glossy wave, displayed the beautiful proportions of her classic head, with its regal beauty, to advantage; gathered in a Grecian band at the back, it was permitted to fall in long graceful ringlets far below her waist. She was superbly beautiful. Her mother wished her to wear a cluster of diamonds—a present from Horace. She laid them gently aside, saying, “No jewels, dear mother, if you please.” She returned them to the case. She was all ready but the bridal wreath. She stepped before the large mirror that reflected her glorious figure in its full proportions. “Yes, I will do ——.” A bright feverish glow rested on either cheek; her large dark eyes seemed to emit rays of light, they were so brilliant. Turning hastily to me, she said: “Mary, when you have read the letter I have given you, you will think of, and love me. Tell my mother, or read it to her; she will not grieve when she knows all.” I acquiesced as one in a trance; for remember, Nellie, I had not yet read her history. There was a repose and calmness in her actions that entirely disarmed me. I had an indefinable dread of something; I knew not what. I had misgivings, and yet I hoped. Her mother entered the room. Horace and her father were waiting at the door. The hour had arrived. She expressed a willingness

to go immediately. I saw the bridal wreath was wanting, but I had no courage to speak, indeed I appeared the only sad one present. The wreath was not missed — she was so transcendently beautiful, all else was forgotten while gazing on her; besides, *I* thought her not wearing the wreath was intentional on her part, that she possibly considered it unbecoming. No wonder the heart of Horace bounded with pride as he met her at the threshold of the door.

She turned very pale; a number of the private friends were already assembled in the chapel, while the greater portion were waiting in the great parlors. Sophie and I were first bride-maids, and followed close after her. She walked on calmly, stately. She stood with Horace, facing the reverend man that was to make her a wife. She appeared to me, as she stood there in the solemn chapel, as a statue; not a vestige of color remained upon the marble coldness of her cheek; only once before had I seen her so *very* white — my beautiful lily — It was after she sang the song, and fainted.

He had commenced the ceremony, and was proceeding, when an almost inaudible "*I can not*" burst from her lips, and vibrated through the aisles, and she fell, as if stricken by lightning, to the floor ere Horace could prevent, so sudden and unexpected did it appear to all. I can not tell why I was not surprised; I was the only person with self-possession present. In an instant I was by her side — begged them to carry her to her room. Horace was frantic with disappointment and surprise. Her brother took the fragile form in his strong arms, and bore her to the room she had left but a few minutes previous, full of life and beauty, and which she only left again to be borne to her final resting-place — the grave. The family physician was present with the guests; he was with her in a moment — pronounced it momentary paralysis of the heart — she might recover, but at present, as she then appeared, any moment might end her life. He peremptorily forbade her being moved or disturbed. Great was the grief and consternation of that household. When Helen re-opened her eyes a smile lighted her face; they had not disrobed her, hoping she would soon recover. The guests were dismissed. Mrs. Lansdale, Sophie, the physician and myself, were left with Helen; all others were forbid entrance at his request. She requested Horace to see the guests, and console her father.



The physician withdrew to consult with others, after cautioning us against causing her the least anxiety or excitement by talk or noise. How unnecessary was the caution. Helen, lying there faint and dying, was more self-possessed than we. She motioned Sophie and her mother to the bed-side; she told them she must die, begging them to part with her without sorrow, as if she really were a bride, and starting on her wedding tour. "You know, dear mother and sister, I may never have returned to you; and is it not better to part with me now than for me to go off to a strange land, among strangers, and die alone? Mary!" she spoke so low I could scarcely hear her, "you forgot my bridal wreath—it was not time *then*!" She was failing fast; she called them to her, and bade them separately farewell. "Is it nearly sunset, Mary?" I answered "Yes!" "Put on my bridal wreath now, Mary; place it on my brow." My eyes were nearly blinded with tears; I went mechanically, got the wreath, and placed it on her brow. I had sad forebodings. "Open the western casement, Mary, that I may see the setting sun." I did so, and returned to her side; my mission in that room was to wait on Helen, and attend to her last wishes. Mrs. Lansdale was kneeling, and praying for her daughter's life; Sophie was powerless with grief; the others were too much shocked to think of aught. As I returned to the bed-side, she said, "That's my own brave Mary; I knew your heart was strong." The minister, who was to join their hands, was called at her request. She extended to him her hand, smiling said, "Your prayers and blessing." He gave both; and there, as the last rays of the setting sun stole with its golden rays through the casement of the window, reflecting its light on the snow-white drapery of the bed, and the still purer, holier face of Helen, she went to sleep, and awoke, let us hope, with her beloved Clarence, in a better and purer land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

In her dressing-case, near the diamonds she refused to wear, was a note addressed to her mother. "Dear mother, lay me with Clarence, in my bridal dress." I will not attempt to describe the grief of the household that was robbed of its brightest ornament. Mrs. Lansdale did not long survive her daughter. When I gave her Helen's letter to read, she never ceased to reproach herself, fancying if her nuptials with Horace had not been signed, Helen would

have lived. She might for a time, but not long; and I sometimes think the excitement kept her with us many more days than if she had been left to droop silently away. Then only did they realize the beauty of Helen's character — then only did they understand the deep well of love that flowed beneath the placid, cold exterior; and then did they regret they had not won her confidence — then did they fully comprehend the breach between their worldliness and her heart, so full of truth and love. The blow was too great for Mrs. Lansdale; she was the least to blame, yet she ceased not to reproach herself for her early doom. She soon followed her beloved Helen to the tomb. And thus, Nellie, end the records of the life of one who left me in the prime of early life. You have the history of the picture. Nellie raised her head, took the picture, pressed it a moment to her lips, and stole from the room without a word. I know where she has gone — to the solitude of her own room, and there, on her knees, before the Saviour of the world, she is fervently praying his arm to guide, and his love to sustain her. And often has the prayer ascended from the silent chambers of my heart to the mercy seat, for the spirit to shield me from "temptation, and deliver me from evil," and for firm faith in the Saviour of mankind. But here is Helen's picture; I still gaze, feeling far down in my heart a loneliness that time has not quenched. My beautiful, my peerless Helen, how tenderly I cherish thy memory; years have rolled by, and left their mists on my soul, since I saw thee cold and lifeless. Those lovely, star-lit eyes are glazed in death — that graceful form has long since wasted to ashes, and those long, silky ringlets are rotted to decay; but thy soul is still beautiful in the land of spirits. Ah, Helen! all my commendation cannot cast a halo round thy form, in the blest elysium, where rest and peace are found.

"I see a cloud, and the tempest near,  
The voice of the troubled tide I hear,  
Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,  
For, wanderer, thy loved one is there with thee."

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The red, white, and blue — the red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl — are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight for.

## SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

DEACON BARNHUM.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

THE ancient dwelling which the old deacon once inhabited can not be seen from my grandmother's favorite window. It lies over the hill, and the green meadow, back of her mansion, near the old "meeting-house" which stands upon a rise of land a little beyond, in the shade of an odorous grove of pines and spruces. It is a peculiar looking structure, narrow and high with a broad front, and numerous additions at the sides and back, made at different periods of his mundane existence, to accommodate a large and regularly increasing family of sons and daughters, such as were once the pride of New England. But such families have retired before modern civilization, and can rarely be found, saving in remote rural districts, and in the log cabins of the western wilderness. The occasional traveler through those untraveled districts may still refresh his vision with the "baker's dozen" of Anglo Saxon and Celtic little ones, with unwashed faces and elflocks, peeping, inquiringly, from broken window-panes and dilapidated doorways.

The deacon liked his proximity to the "meeting-house"—"It is so convenient in case of sickness, that one needn't miss a single sermon," the "hale and hearty" man would remark with a glow of satisfaction to his weary and resigned-looking companion. He could recline near his open window, in the warm summer time, and listen to Parson Kindly's voice as it floated out upon the tranquil atmosphere of the Sabbath, hushing the whispering trees and the chattering brooks that ran gaily by, tripping over their white pebbles to the bay. The deacon felt, too, the presence of the "meeting-house" to be a kind of moral protection against the "inborn evil" of his nature.

The deacon was one of Dr. Wrightway's nearest neighbors—lived within a "stone's throw" of his cottage—so near, indeed, that the doctor often complained, in the language of the sensitive Cowper, that

"His ear was pained, and soul was sick"

of the daily screams of the little Barnhums who were diurnally flagellated by the pious deacon, in accordance with Solomon's ad-



vice ; in whose wisdom and goodness he believed, most profoundly, without once reflecting upon the " wise man's " folly and immorality in taking to his harem a marvellous number of " strange wives and concubines," enough to shock even Mormon propriety, who finally enticed him to worship heathen deities, and " forsake the God of his fathers."

Whipping, by the way, was one of the *institutions* of the time — every one believed in it — neither parent nor teacher ever thought of " sparing the rod ;" no one dared advocate any other and better mode of punishment — it would have been considered a social and religious heresy, and awakened, at once, the indignant thunder of the press and the pulpit. The descendants of the Puritans deemed whipping the only effective way of warring with the " natural depravity of the heart," and eradicating its " proneness to evil " — of driving out " the old Adam," who had, in some mysterious manner, taken possession of its citadel. Whipping had made good men and women of them, they did not doubt, and they determined that the blessing should descend in full measure upon their posterity. And, verily, it did ; but its *excess* produced a reaction which abolished the institution.

" Young America," with his warm blood flowing freer and freer under the quickening influence of a Republican Government, could brook no form of oppression. The lash *might* answer for the youth of decaying Monarchies, whose natures were crippled and paralyzed by petty tyrannies and unjust laws ; *but his live body and soul* suffered too keenly from its infliction — he felt it sting deeper and deeper long after the tingling flesh ceased to complain. Aye, many a boy grew up to manhood smarting under a severe " flogging," for some trifling offence, which so outraged his sense of justice that it caused him to feel angry and revengeful toward the parent, or teacher, who inflicted it ; and he resolved, in bitterness of spirit, that love, tenderness and nobility of character should not be whipped out of his children as it had been out of him ; — and so it happens that we " spare the rod."

And the greater enlightenment of the people under free schools and free institutions is yet another powerful reason for flinging away the " tyrant's sceptre." Public sentiment has advanced, and reason is more operative now than it was in the days of our fathers. The

“old way” was the righteous way to them. Theirs was an age of *unquestioning faith* in creeds and received authorities. The feudal blood of their ancestors was not all spilt at “Bunker’s Hill”; enough was still left in their veins to move their sympathies in favor of the rigid discipline of the middle ages.

Thank God! that the times have changed; that *reason*, the ennobling attribute that allies us to Him, *is* more operative, and that it is becoming, every year, more and more controlling, and will finally sit at the helm of state and guide the destinies of nations. Then will the shameful abuse of power, and abominations of all kinds, which degrade and disgrace humanity, filling our beautiful earth with cursing and lamentation, pass away from the moral world before its heavenly light, as the malarious mists of rank, unhealthy vegetation, which disseminate disease and death, are dissipated by the warmth and life-giving power of the meridian sun.

And just in proportion as reason is operative in our land, will punishments of all kinds become *reformatory* in character, because they will then be adapted to the cure of moral evils. For it is the province of reason to observe *cause and effect*, either in the physical or moral world, and so to adjust the relations of objects or of principles as to produce the desired result. And an enlightened reason will see that moral remedies, and moral remedies alone, can be effective in removing moral evils. The rod can supply no *motive* for right action, for it is a direct appeal to the *animal* nature, and is only effective so long as the smart lasts, or cringing, cowardly fear is excited; consequently, if the outside pressure of restrictive punishments be removed, the boy or the man will return to the old transgression. Think of the subject for a moment;—think of whipping the propensity to lie, or to steal, out of human intelligence! It is simply irrational, preposterous. That which a poor, erring one needs, is *moral power* to resist temptation, and it can only be developed from *within*, by *impressing the law of right upon his heart*, lovingly, earnestly, until he become integrally truthful and honest. Thus we shall form in his character a strong warp of principle into which he may weave, year after year, in his onward progress, the woof of honorable ambition—noble deeds which will stimulate the dormant virtue of his fellow-men to action—and great plans for social improvement and elevation which will leave the world better for his individual existence.

Ah! into what magnificent fabrics of immortality we *might* weave our lives could we have more of the right kind of aid in childhood! Then might it with truth be said: "The Gods have descended to earth in the likeness of men."

But we have been enticed into a long digression, and can only say to our friends in extenuation, that we had not intended the infliction. But when a *humanitary* chord is touched it vibrates through the eternities, impelling the spirit ear to listen—now, to the wailing minor tones of the PAST, sweeping mournfully up the centuries—and now to the grand, hopeful song of the FUTURE, swelling exultingly forth from the immeasurable *to be*, annihilating time, and swaying the soul alternately with the—nevermore! and the—evermore!—and constraining the pen to follow the changing keys. 'And do not the Past and Future justify their claim upon the Present by the warning and encouragement which they bring as compensation?—and is it not well to listen to their voices? In the history of progressive enlightenment, the yesterday of one is the to-morrow of another, and both are the to-day of many. But, after all is said and written, those triune arbiters of human destiny, the Past, Present, and Future, are an ever-present NOW.

But let us return to Deacon Barnhum, whom we left far behind, under the protecting care of the "meeting-house," engaged in the old-time fatherly practice of whipping the bad out of, and the good into, his little flock of Barnhums. Notwithstanding the worthy man was often occupied in what he believed to be a Christian as well as *Solomonean* duty, he was esteemed by the NEIGHBORS a kind and exemplary father. In truth, they made quite an effort to keep his paternal virtues in view as a kind of balance-sheet to his many faults of character, in order to stimulate their forbearance and charity. The deacon was avaricious, miserly, and not over-scrupulous about the means of acquiring the coveted gold. "A skin-flint"—"close as the bark of a tree"—were familiar terms they applied to his hard way of driving a bargain, or to his selfishness in withholding their portion of the "fatted calf" in the spring, or pig in the autumn; which was a sin against the custom of their fathers not to be readily forgiven. It would not be surprising, indeed, if Deacon Barnhum was the veritable one of whom the following anecdote is related, which went the rounds of newspaperdom a few years ago.



The deacon had a fine fat pig, which he was anxious to kill for his own consumption, but had delayed the operation day after day, fearing that his neighbors, who had killed in advance and sent him a "spare rib," would expect a return of civilities. How to kill his pig and "save his bacon," was the perplexing question. He finally concluded to state his difficulty to a friend, and ask advice in the matter. The friend advised him to kill the quadruped in the evening, hang it in his barn through the night, pack it down at early dawn, and give out word to the neighbors that it had been stolen. The deacon was charmed alike with the plan and the ingenuity of his friend, and declared he would put it in execution that very night. After he left, his confidential friend started also, in search of a boon companion, and, relating the particulars of the deacon's visit, proposed that they should repair together, at midnight, to the deacon's barn, take down his pig and divide it between them, as a kind of off-set for some of his unneighborly acts, as well as to punish him for his meanness; which they accordingly did. In the early morning twilight, the deacon stole out cautiously to the barn to conceal his treasure — when, lo! it was not to be found! What should he do! He hastened to his friend's residence, and rousing him from his slumber, exclaimed, in an excited manner, "Mr. B——, some rascal has stolen my pig."

"That's right, deacon, you tell the story well," the friend responded.

"But I assure you, sir, the pig *is* gone; has actually been stolen from me."

"Deacon, I see you understand the thing — you really *do* tell the story with such an air of truth that no one will think of doubting it."

"But, sir, I tell you my pig *is* gone! — *has* been stolen from me!" the enraged man angrily repeated.

"Capital! capital! Better and better, deacon! Just tell the story in that way to the NEIGHBORS, and every soul of them will believe you, depend upon it," coolly replied the confidential friend.

Avarice was one of Deacon Barnhum's ruling passions, and there is no meanness to which it will not lend itself to gratify its groveling nature. Indeed, he had three leading elements of character which alternately controlled his actions: avarice, love of offspring, and religion; qualities rarely united in the same individual to the

same extent, and so opposite in their tendencies, and apparently contradictory, as to render the life of the individual swayed by them, distorted and inconsistent. On Sabbath days no one was more constant in his attendance at church, or worshiped more devoutly than he; but through the six remaining days of the week, in his business operations, none appeared more unmindful of moral obligation, or drove a harder bargain. The NEIGHBORS could not understand how a man, evidently absorbed in his religious duties on Sunday, could be so forgetful of his Christian profession on other days, and so unscrupulous in his business transactions. "With one hand he put a penny in the urn of poverty, and with the other, took a shilling out." Some believed him to be an arrant hypocrite: Polly Spoonall openly declared it to be her honest conviction. She was often heard to say, with an upraised finger, and a determined shake of the head:—

"I really do believe that Deacon Barnhum cares more for money than for the salvation of his soul—it is an awful state to be in—and he a deacon of our church, too! What is the world coming to. See how he always walks the streets with his hands behind him, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if he were plotting some one's ruin. I do despise that man from my heart, if he be a deacon, and I'm not afraid to say so, either. And we all know that bad men have crept into the church before his day. There was Judas, one of Christ's own Disciples, who betrayed his Divine Master for 'thirty pieces of silver;' and, do you know that I believe Deacon Barnhum would do the same thing, *if* he only had the chance! It's my opinion, that one thing that attracted him to religion at all was, that the New Jerusalem is paved with gold, and he could feast his wicked eyes upon it eternally, like Milton's mammon"—

———"E'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than ought divine or holy."

And thus the NEIGHBORS judged and misjudged the deacon, who did not mean at all, to be a bad man, and thought very well of his own motives of action. But he did not pause in the rapid march of life to gain an eminence, and survey his course, to see if he had followed his Leader through the "highways, and hedges, and difficult passes, and borne aloft the banner of His love, reflecting the bright-

ness of the Heavens to encourage the feeble and faint-hearted to press onward to the goal." Alas! no. In his eager pursuit of the glittering, attractive "gold which perisheth in the using," he neglected to secure the "durable riches," and let the banner of his Master trail in the dust, and become an occasion of stumbling, instead of an aid to others.

But was the deacon really different in this regard from modern Christians? Do they not do the same? We do not propose this question to extenuate the deacon's faults, by implicating others; for an individual sin cannot be lessened by its universal practice. But it is well for our improvement, in condemning the faults of others of remote times and places, to pause and inquire if we are not encouraging similar ones in our own day, by paying undue respect to wealth, and looking too leniently upon the unrighteous means by which it is often acquired.

Not many years ago, a deacon in one of the largest and most fashionable churches in the city of S. F., by an extensive business operation, gained the control of the flour market of California. The flour was composed of various brands and qualities; much of it had been injured in transit, and was hard, sour and unfit for use. He erected mills to grind up the hard, refuse stuff, to mix with flour of good quality, had the whole repacked and branded the best of Gallego, and sold through the entire State at most exorbitant prices, to defraud the public and disseminate the seeds of disease and death. Many fortunes are made in similar ways, every year, here and in other places, by men professing the Christian religion; and yet, the wealth they have, acquired by the monopoly of breadstuffs, and the common necessities of life, which oppresses and starves the poor, and is injurious to all classes of citizens, wins for them honor and distinction. Business men of high moral repute look upon their success with approbation, and emulate their deeds, regarding them legitimate and splendid business operations. They live in palaces, ride in costly coaches, and, like the rich man of old, "fare sumptuously every day." Their charities are munificent, for, with King Saul, they would propitiate the favor of their fellow-men whom they have wronged, and the smiles of heaven against whom they have sinned, with offerings from the spoils they have unjustly won. The unreflecting masses look up to them with admiration, and they



become the leading men of society. But how stands their account at that bank where mental and moral worth alone is capital? Are they not bankrupt there?

It is a sad truth that politicians ignore the "higher law" in the Halls of State; and merchants banish it from the marts of commerce. Its advocates must confine themselves to the pulpit or bear the brand of impracticable theorists, or deluded fanatics. And even there, if its teachers be *earnest* Christians, zealous in the cause of the Master, anxious that the elevating principles of their religion should be made practical in the lives of their people, and they charge home the truth with power that startles the conscience, while exposing the corruptions of politics and the unrighteous tricks of trade that dishonor the Christian name; their hearers take alarm, and talk with solemn visage of innovation in the sacred desk!—they object to the introduction of secular affairs; it is inconsistent with the sanctity of the pulpit, dedicated to the worship of God!—and closing the doors of their church more firmly than ever, when they go forth to mingle with the busy crowd, they leave their religion more entirely within its walls. And Christianity, with all its noble and ennobling teachings, has become a Sabbath-day religion, merely, to be listened to as interesting fairy tales, with a moral applicable in some way, but of little utility in the practical "working-day world." And such is the natural result of divorcing religion from politics and trade. How different and how antagonistic are their precepts. Listen to a few of each:—

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them. If thy brother sin against thee, forgive him — *seventy times seven*. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.

"All things are fair in politics. If any overreach you in trade, *get even*. If a man injure you personally, give him as good as he sends. In your intercourse with the world treat every man as a villain until he prove himself honest. Every man for himself, and God for us all."

How opposed are the former, in their God-like beneficence, to the selfish spirit of the latter. No marvel that Christian precepts are driven from "change," when such opposite ones pass current with

her merchants. "No man can serve two masters." But, could the precepts of Christ be practiced six days in seven, instead of those of Beliel, how changed would become the civil and social condition of the world. The nations would then, indeed, "beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and cease to invent infernal machines for the wholesale destruction of each other. We should hear no more childish prattle about "the unequal distribution of the bounties of Providence;" for every man of wealth would be Heaven's almoner to the needy, and there would be no more starving, shivering poor in the neighborhood of palaces, and under the very shadow of Christian churches.

No, no! Deacon Barnhum's life was not more inconsistent with his profession than that of many modern Christians with additional light and less temptation. The love of money was a controlling element in his character; and when he was abroad in the din and stir of business, his acquisitiveness started forth like a race-horse to outrun the foremost competitor for fortune's favors, and in the bewildering excitement of the contest he gave it the rein. But when Sunday came, with its soothing calm, quieting the tumult of the passions, and his well-ordered household moved silently about in preparation for religious worship, his large veneration caught the elevating tone of the day, and, forgetting for the time the fascinations of business, its profits and losses, he sat before the altar as attentive a listener, and devout a worshiper as any there.

We have said also that love of offspring was another leading feature of his character. Perhaps we ought to qualify this statement, for the girls, of whom he had an equal number with the boys, received but a small proportion of his thoughts or affection. The apparent interest which he took in his children might have been purely selfish. His pride could find gratification through his sons; they opened a career for his ambition in the line of his attractions. He could educate them for the church; they would add distinction and dignity to the family name. All the education his girls would require would be reading and writing—'twas all he could afford them—they must help economize, help their brothers through their expensive course of study. And, beside, he reasoned, money would be thrown away on them; in a few years they would marry and assume other names, and the world would forget that they were *Barn-*

*hums.* But the hard-earned dollars would be profitably expended upon his boys — he should be proud of the investment — it would bring a splendid return for the gratification of his age. And thus every year of their childhood increased their importance and value in his estimation. He regarded them, at that early period, as so much capital already invested in clerical dignities, and looked upon them with proportional respect and admiration. And so the daughters toiled at home, while the sons were sent to college. In the intervals of domestic duties the mother and daughters would ply their busy fingers to make garments for the absent — weave, weave — stitch, stitch all day — knit, knit all the long winter evenings.

And then followed the active, loving services of the vacations, when the boys came home to display their Latin and rhetoric to their admiring family and friends, looking so “smart” in their college suits, and so promising with their newly acquired gentlemanly manners. The deacon’s heart enlarged more and more at each return of his boys, as he feasted his eyes upon their growing manhood, and he resolved to immortalize them in art, and keep them for permanent ornaments of home. A limner of high reputation was accordingly engaged to paint them “full life size,” and they were at last “pictured out whole on the wall,” as some of their neighbors reported, to delight the loving eyes of parents and sisters.

The daughters never found their way into expensive gilt frames. But tradition says they were far more deserving of being handed down to posterity; that they were superior in personal appearance, in intellect and in moral qualities. Betsey, the eldest daughter, was “the flower of the family.” She was graceful and gifted, and possessed an ardent love of the beautiful, and an intense thirst for knowledge. *She* would have richly rewarded the expense of culture. But her affluent nature only caused the Deacon to regret that his boys had not been as liberally endowed; for she was “nothing but a girl,” and genius was of no use to her! He did not once reflect that the Creator had judged differently. The touch of the maiden was said to be magical for tasteful and harmonious arrangement in the household; and in her lightest words and accents there was a tone that awakened attention among her village companions, and a desire for something higher than their previous attainments. Yes, she walked among them, the few years of her earthly existence, like



an incarnate aspiration, and in the lifting up of her own beautiful spirit, she thus drew others unconsciously with her, and kindled their immortal yearnings.

How touching was this devotion of the mother and sisters; daily checking their own heart-cravings for individual development, and cheerfully pursuing their life of toil, that the sons and brothers might be nicely clad and highly educated, to take a position in the world. If this devotion had awakened gratitude in the young men, and a desire to repay such noble service, the sacrifice of their own ambitions and talents would not have been so much to be regretted. But it appeared to have the contrary effect. They accepted it, as many of our day receive similar devotion from mothers and sisters, as a right, as a just tribute to their sex; and assumed a kind of patronizing air toward them, as superiors do sometimes toward accredited inferiors in wealth and position, and, year after year, grew more consequential, arrogant and tyrannical. And when at last they had finished their course of studies, and were said to be prepared to enter upon their profession, they were solemn-visaged and opinionated men; impatient and irritable in argument with those who differed from them; uncharitable and inimical toward other sects of Christians, and of the temper of those who "Lord it over God's heritage."

But aside from the self-abnegation which all admire as heroic, was it *morally right* for those sisters (we will not include the mother,) to be mentally dwarfed, and their sphere of usefulness in society, and in the family circle as mothers, which position demanded their highest development, to be thus restricted in order to enlarge that of their brothers? Was it not an *injustice* to themselves and to their posterity? And what effect will injustice, done to one member of a family for the purpose of benefiting another, naturally have upon the character of the recipient? These questions involve important principles in ethics, and it might be well for the interests of society if they were more generally discussed.

Deacon Barnhum was one of the favored few who live to old age and realize the accomplishment of all their wishes. His ruling ambitions were gratified even beyond his early anticipations. He accumulated a splendid fortune, for his day. His sons all entered the church, and his daughters married men of wealth and posi-

tion. And the deacon undoubtedly died a better man than he would had he lived in our time, and in the far-famed city of the Pacific. The vicinity of silver-toned Washoe, and our mountains of gold, where fortunes are so easily made, and principles so fearfully sacrificed to acquire them, would have been too stimulating to his large acquisitiveness, and rendered him still more sordid and avaricious.

In conclusion, we are sorry that our deacon was not a noble, consistent Christian, that we might have held him proudly up for the love and imitation of our cotemporaries, and challenged their admiration for his virtues, instead of craving their charities for his faults. Yet, it affords another illustration of the truth, that "profession is not principle;" that men may adopt noble sentiments, but live ignoble lives. And, as the failings of others should not excite indignation so much as pity and self-examination, if we cherish in our hearts the true love of goodness, more potent than the power of the alchemist that transmutes the baser metals to gold, we shall, through its means, be able to convert the inconsistencies and errors of our fellows into aids of purer lives, and the practice of more exalted virtues.

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### GO OR STAY WHERE YOUR DUTY IS PLAINEST.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

Go or stay where your duty is plainest,  
Though the world never know what you mean,  
Though your light never shine with the vainest,  
Perhaps even scarcely be seen;  
For fortune with genius hath quarrell'd  
In many a wearisome round,  
Leaving many a hero unlaurell'd,  
And many a victor uncrown'd.

But we know many foes are contriving  
How best to cause Truth's overthrow,  
Yet the spirit grows stronger by striving,  
And the heart often purer, we know.  
Then strive for the victory ever,  
The triumph of truth and of right,  
And honest, though humble, endeavor,  
May bring hidden good to the light!

The Right is a platform to stand on  
That nothing on earth can assail,  
And the right let us never abandon,  
Or harbor a thought it can fail,  
But follow the duty that's plainest,  
Though the world never know what we mean,  
Though our light never shine with the vainest,  
Perhaps even scarcely be seen!

## TO MY HUSBAND ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

BY MRS. J. S. TOLLES.

We look upon the cofined form  
Of one who oft hath faced the storm  
On life's tempestuous ocean,  
And though clouds oft obscured his sky,  
While adverse winds were raging high —  
And fearful the commotion —  
Trusting in God his bark he steered,  
And though it some times changed and veered,  
By storm and tempest driven ;  
With eye of faith still raised above,  
Steadfastly, earnestly he strove,  
Hoping at last, through Jesus' love,  
To reach the port of Heaven.  
Now all the ills of life are o'er,  
And he has gained that blissful shore,  
No more from it to sever ;  
His bark is safely moored at last,  
Where never comes an angry blast,  
Nor clouds a sombre shadow cast —  
At rest in peace forever.  
How calm and placid looks that face !  
The struggles stern have left no trace  
Upon the marble features ;  
The silvery hair *adorns* the brow,  
Flinging a halo round it now.  
But for earth's ransomed creatures  
A crown of starry radiance waits,  
And those who stand within the gates,  
That guard that glorious portal,  
Have greeted him with joyous songs,  
And *he* amid the holy throngs,  
Freed from earth's many cares and wrongs,  
Received that crown immortal.  
His toils are o'er ; sweet be his rest ;  
The tired hands folded on the breast —  
To him our last farewell —  
Farewell until we meet in Heaven,  
Where parting words are never given,  
And kindred ties no more are riven,  
Nor sounds the funeral knell.



## ONE OF MY BLUNDERS.

BY MRS. CASE.

IN my youth I was so remarkable for making queer mistakes and blunders, that I was called "Blunderheels" by the family, and considered a subject always in need of a lecture on awkwardness. But one that caused me as much mortification as any, happened several years after I had married, and gone to preside over a household of my own. An old bachelor friend of my husband had accepted an invitation to stay with us for some time, while he attended to some business in E——. Now Captain Mott had a great propensity to speak satirically of others, and the fond attentions of lovers and young husbands was a never-ending subject for his raillery. Archie was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and so I soon missed a great many caresses and tender, love-like evidences of an unfailing attachment, which no wife can bear to lose without a keen pang of regret. Thus I came to feel a bitter antagonism to this ancient fellow, who seemed to be turning the honey of my domestic bliss into something decidedly sour. My only revenge was abusing him in private to Archie. Well, the time slipped away, rather slowly though, and when he had been there about two months, he left one pleasant Saturday to spend the Sabbath with a friend a few miles distant. What a pleasant holiday it was. Because I dared to twist Archie's brown curls over my finger, or indulge in any foolish freak, without the fear of an omnipresent pair of cold, gray eyes looking at me with a half quenched sneer. And Archie enjoyed it, too; for he lay on the sofa with his head in my lap, and read the sweetest songs from Tom Moore, and all our favorites; trimmed my hair with geraniums and oak leaves; put a pair of old earrings in the kitten's ears, and was really himself again. So the long, bright day faded, and when the glory of the sunset came over the western sky, we sat on the verandah with clasped hands and hushed voices, watching the crimson banners wave and float over the golden gates of day. I had always a fondness for sitting without lights during the twilight, for I love to see the soft light fade out, and dusky shadows gather slowly in the places so lately gleaming with sunlight. Thus we sat in the mellow glow of evening, busy with memories of other years; when I left the room for a moment to bathe my head,

which was beginning to throb painfully. When I returned Archie was sitting in an old arm-chair, a favorite seat, where he had often rocked me, and sang low, murmuring songs, until I forgot the distracting pain of my fevered temples; the temptation was too strong now to be resisted, so I walked quickly across the room, and nestled down on the broad shoulder that had so often been my refuge; "Please rock me, darling, I have *such a dreadful* headache." "Have you, indeed," said a cool, deliberate voice, that struck every nerve and fibre in my frame like an electric shock. Horrors! had I stepped on a rattlesnake ten feet long I could not have sprung back more suddenly. I had actually sat down on the "Iceberg's" knee—had put my arm around *his* neck—had called *him* *darling*—it was too much, the sudden revulsion of feeling was so strong that I could not utter one word of explanation; a strange, confused sensation filled my head; the room whirled round, and seemed to lift me up and then fling me violently down; the next minute I was lying in a dead faint for the first time in my life. Then this "Evil Genius" crawled out of his seat, rang for lights—shouted to Archie that I was dying, and overturned every thing in the house—nearly. Half an hour later, when I awoke to consciousness, the room smelt like a drug-shop—my hair was lying in wet masses on my neck, and my prettiest summer dress was forever ruined with camphor and ammonia. Archie hurried me off to bed, and Captain Mott smoked his cigar on the porch, and meditated after this fashion—"What a little goose that woman is; if she had'n't been romantic she would have had a light, and not mistaken me for her husband; and if she had any common sense, or *uncommon* either, she wouldn't have fainted. I wonder, though, how it would seem to rock a plump little body, with a pair of white arms round a fellow's neck, like the widow Collins, for instance; by the way, I'd like to know if she's engaged to that popinjay, Simpson; wonder what she thinks of me. High-ho—Chester Mott, aint you a hale, handsome bachelor, fair to look upon even at forty, with never a gray hair on your scalp, nor a crows-track in your visage; aint you satisfied with your single self, and have'nt you brains enough to let '*widders*' alone? I rather think you have. 'He that giveth in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth not doeth better;' that's the only one of the *Ten Commandments* that I remember, and I believe it's the best one."

Notwithstanding Captain Mott went to rest with this serious resolution, six weeks after he was spending the "honeymoon" with the identical widow Collins. They live near us now, the merriest couple of our acquaintance. But when I praise them, as being such genial company, or such pleasant people, Archie hints that I have changed my opinion materially concerning *him*. But I insist that the change is in the Captain; that his charming wife has developed all the latent goodness of his nature, and thrown the disagreeable qualities in the shade. He likes to laugh at me about that ludicrous blunder now, though he invariably adds that it tempted him into matrimony.

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THE ANGELS.—When we read the Scripture history of the angels that have visited the earth on missions of mercy, we learn lessons which should make an indelible impression upon the memory. Their beautiful presence—their benevolent attentions—their pure example, and their labors of love have contributed vastly to the sum of human happiness.

On whatever errands they come, they never fail to sanction the laws of truth, and to rebuke their violation. When the drunken Belshazzar made a feast for his nobles, and the vulgar joke and voluptuous song filled the palace with revelry, the armless and bloodless hand of an invisible spirit wrote his epitaph in advance of his death, and Daniel, who refused his luxuries, translated the lightning that blazed forth his doom. The heavenly messenger who visited Abraham under the oak manifested his respect for the laws of nature by partaking of the milk offered by the hospitality of the patriarch and prophet. In the history of Hagar we find the unfortunate woman wandering in a desert. Her child, faint with fatigue and perishing with thirst, excites her deepest sympathy. She bows in prayer, and an angel comes down on that stairway of sunbeams and leads her to a fountain of water in the wilderness.

So it is from Genesis to Revelations, the angels are guests that never drink wine—never supply a vitiated taste with any beverage that can intoxicate. Let woman be the angel of the age in which we live—writing with a pen of flame in her white hand her denunciation of intemperance in all its forms, withholding every dangerous stimulant at the hospitable board, leading the lost and famished to the fountain of living water, and standing with a sword of fire in the path of the false prophet, as the angel did when Balaam was stopped in his "mad career of sin and folly."



## TRUE RICHES.

THINGS which are a mere luxury to one person, are a means of intellectual occupation to another. Flowers in a London bar-room are a luxury; in a botanical garden, a delight of the intellect; and in their native fields, both; while the most noble works of art are continually made material of vulgar luxury or criminal pride; but, when rightly used, property of this kind is the only kind which deserves the name of *real* property; it is the only kind which man can truly be said to “possess.” What a man eats, or drinks, or wears, so long as it is only needful for life, can no more be thought of as his possession than the air he breathes. The air is as needful to him as the food; but we do not talk of a man’s wealth of air, and what food or clothing a man possesses more than he himself requires, must be for others to use (and, to him, therefore, not a real property in itself, but only a means of obtaining some real property in exchange for it). Whereas the things that give intellectual or emotional enjoyment may be accumulated, and do not perish in using; but continually supply new pleasures and new powers of giving pleasures to others. And these, therefore, are the only things which can rightly be thought of as giving “wealth” or “well being.” Food conduces only to “being,” but these to “*well* being.” And there is not any broader general distinction between lower and higher orders of men than rests on their possession of this real property. The human race may be properly divided by zoologists into “men who have gardens, libraries, or works of art; and who have none;” and the former class will include all noble persons, except only a few who make the world their garden or museum; while the people who have not, or, which is the same thing, do not care for gardens or libraries, but care for nothing but money or luxuries, will include none but ignoble persons: only it is necessary to understand that I mean by the term “garden” as much the Carthusian’s plot of ground fifteen feet square between his monastery buttresses, as I do the grounds of Chatsworth or Kew; and I mean by the term “art” as much the old sailor’s print of the Arethusa bearing up to engage the Belle Poule, as I do Raphael’s “Disputa,” and even rather more; for when abundant, beautiful possessions of this kind are always associated with vulgar luxury, and become then anything

but indicative of noble character in their possessors. The ideal of human life is a union of Spartan simplicity of manners with Athenian sensibility and imagination, but in actual results, we are continually mistaking ignorance for simplicity, and sensuality for refinement.—*Ruskin's Beauties.*

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## THE VOICES OF THE TREES.

### THE OAK.

Go out among the trees, and if the weather be hot, lie down in the shade, look up and listen. Be silent and patient; may be they would teach you a lesson. Hark! now.

I am an old oak: more than a hundred years I have stood on this hill side. Every spring the birds have sung in my branches. Every summer the flocks have been cooled in my shade. Every autumn the squirrels have shared in my acorns. Every winter I have bared my head to the blasts, and wrestled with the storms. It does not become an old oak to boast; yet I may truthfully say, that when I have patiently borne a whole week of tempest, I have showed what *fortitude* is; when I have protected the lambs from the noon-day sun, I have showed what *beneficence* is; When I have fed the hungry, I have told what *charity* is; when I have thrown my arms around the feeble who have sought my protection, I have illustrated what *love* is; and when, through storm and sunshine, prosperity and adversity, I have stood with the same stout heart, I have taught how to be *brave*. But now I see I must fall. The woodman is grinding his ax. By body and limbs, as well as my example, I hope, will do good long after I am dead. How many strong wheels I shall make! How many knees and ribs in the swift ships! How many buckets to hang in the well! How many fires to warm the cold, cheer the comfortless, and cook for the hungry! O, it is good to live usefully, and good usefully to die!

There comes the woodman. My last words are, bravely breast the storm; lovingly protect the feeble; generously feed the hungry; faithfully do good to all; and patiently bear the ills of life. *And be sure that you are useful after you are dead.* J. S.

## Editor's Table.

THANKS.—With more than ordinary pleasure we acknowledge our thankfulness to the friends and patrons of the HESPERIAN for the generous manner in which they have responded to our call for renewal of subscriptions and increased patronage. Never before have we had so much encouragement as now. The renewals of subscriptions has come in, far beyond our most sanguine expectations, and what is still more encouraging, have come *direct to our own hand*, which, as it gives us the use of our own money at the same time that it lessens the risk of the subscriber, is a source of no small gratification.

The HESPERIAN belongs to no sect or party — claims support from no society or body of people, but relies entirely upon individual support for its existence and continuance — therefore every subscriber to the magazine becomes a prop and support to it. Every new name added to our subscription list is a new column of strength upon which we may lean. On the contrary, every name erased from that list, is as so much strength departed. Think of this, friends you all hold an *individual* interest in the HESPERIAN; it belongs to you and to your families, and you can not withdraw your interest without lessening the strength of the whole. Thanks, then, kind friends, for the encouragement given for the coming year. Still continue to feel an interest in our work. Send us all the names you can, and we will strive to make the HESPERIAN worthy of your support, and a credit to our own golden State.

OUR TITLE PAGE.—We are so frequently interrogated as to the meaning of the word HESPERIAN, and description of our title page, that we have concluded to comply with the request of several friends, and reprint the description which we published in the first number of the Hesperian, the SECOND edition of which has been exhausted, thus rendering it impossible to furnish copies of that number to those now making application.

Hesperia is a name applied by the poets to Italy, as lying to the west of Greece. It is of Greek origin, and is derived from a word which signifies evening. So that Hesperia properly means “the evening land, or the Western region.”

The Hesperides, or “the Western maidens,” were three celebrated nymphs. They are said to have been the daughters of Night, and to have had no father. Their home was “beyond the bright ocean.” When the bridal of Jupiter and Juno took place, all the deities came, bearing nuptial presents for the bride; among them came the Goddess of Earth, bringing with her branches having golden apples growing thereon. Juno, being greatly pleased with the branches of golden fruit, begged of Earth to plant them in her gardens, which extended as far as Mount Atlas. The request was granted, and the Hesperides or “the Western maidens” were set to watch and guard the trees. But, alas! the fruit was too tempting; and, like our first mother, they put forth their hands and plucked for themselves. Juno was so enraged at this conduct that she sent a great dragon to guard the precious fruit. Hercules was sent by Eurystheus to bring some of this golden fruit. On his way in quest of it, he came to the



River Eridanus, and inquired of some nymphs where the apples were to be obtained. They directed him to Nereus, whom he found asleep; him he bound and held fast until he told where the golden apples were. Having obtained this information he set out on his journey. He visited Egypt, roamed through Arabia, over the mountains of Lybia—he then reached the eastern course of the ocean, which he crossed in the radiant cup of the Sun God. He now came to where Prometheus lay chained, with a bird feeding on his liver; he shot the bird and delivered Prometheus, who, out of gratitude, warned him not to go himself after the apples, but to send Atlas for them, and, in the mean time, support the heavens in his stead. Atlas accordingly went for the apples; and when he returned, proposed to carry the apples to Eurystheus himself, leaving Hercules to hold up the heavens. This Prometheus seemingly acceded to, but asked Atlas to take hold of the heavens while he put a pad upon the head of his friend Hercules. The unwary Atlas threw down the apples and resumed his burden, when Hercules snatched up the fruit and went on his way.

Thus derived, we find the HESPERIAN, or Star of the West, a very appropriate name for a work published on the far-off shores of the Pacific. The tree represented on our title page is, to use the words of C. B. McDONALD, a “branch transplanted, bearing golden apples of thought in the garden of Western Literature.” The three maidens may be thought to represent the women of our day, who have indeed put forth their hands to appropriate some of the Golden Apples of Literature. The old dragon in the background represents ignorance, who would guard the tree of knowledge, and prevent the distribution of those golden apples, of which, if the people partake, they become “wise as gods.” See how zealously he watches, apparently well aware that from this point the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, and barbarism have every thing to fear.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

WE send this month a pattern of a child's apron, composed of two pieces, joined on the shoulder and on the hip. A bit of ribbon should extend from the side across to the back, where it should be tied in a graceful bow. This is a simple but elegant garment.

To those in want of patterns of ladies' or childrens' dress, we would say that we have patterns of all the articles illustrated in this number for sale, besides others, in endless variety.

WANTED.—One or two good carriers and canvassers for the HESPERIAN Magazine in this city. Apply, between the hours of five and eight o'clock in the evening, at Hesperian rooms, No. 6 Montgomery street.

NOTICE.—Should any of the subscribers to the HESPERIAN fail to receive their magazines as usual, they will please confer a favor by leaving their address at Hesperian rooms, No. 6 Montgomery street, from whence they will be promptly served.





SAYEIPA,

A SUMATRAN WOMAN OF RANK.

From an original portrait.





FULL DRESS OF BLUÉ TAFFETAS.

The first set of flounces are bound with black velvet, and finished at the top by a puff, also bound and quilled on with buttons. The second set of flounces are set on the skirt in festoons, and ornamented with bows of No. 12 black velvet ribbon, end half yard in length. Tight body, with two flounces, trimmed round bertha shape, headed with the puffing to match the skirt, sash of black velvet; the sleeves are half large, and also trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

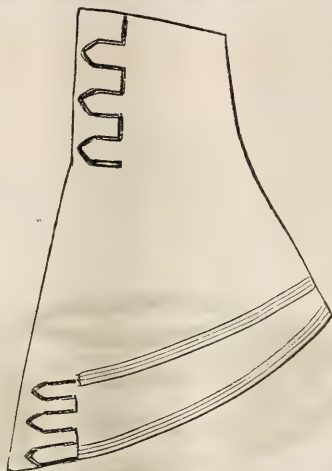




LURENE DRESS.

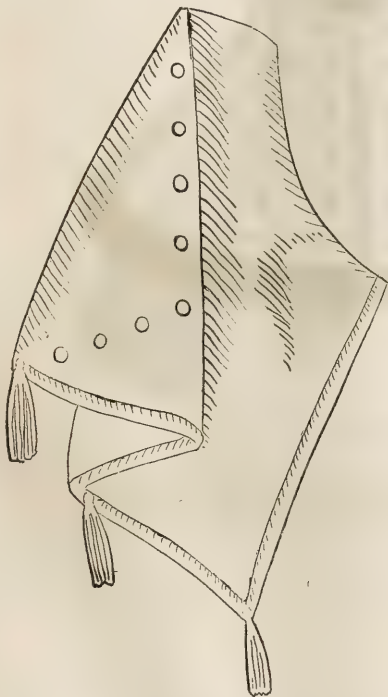
Designed for a Miss of 8 or 10 years, gored over-skirt, body strapped across the front; short sleeves with small pointed cap and bow. Over-skirt trimmed with velvet, and ornamented with velvet buttons; requires about 8 yards of ordinary-width silk.





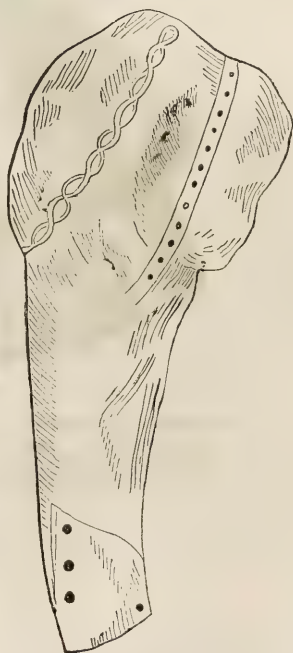
LELIE SLEEVE.

Flowing Sleeve, with revers and straps, bound with velvet, and ornamented with buttons.



"ZULEIKA" SLEEVE.

An elegant Sleeve in the style of the Arab Hood. Decorations, tassals, and buttons.



"MAINTENON" SLEEVE.

"Maintenon" Semi-leg-of-mutton Sleeve—novel and stylish. Three puffs set in at the top, and surrounded with a chain braid; pointed cuff.

# THE HESPERIAN.

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MAY, 1861.

No. 3.

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PHILIP WARREN;  
OR,  
MY LADY'S GENTLEMAN.

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BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

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CHAPTER V.

*The Reward of Evil.*

I KNEW that I would not be welcomed at Pine Hill by its owner. To see Iris alone was highly important; yet how to effect such a meeting I could not decide, until my mother came to my help with a proposition, to herself write to Iris, and request her presence at our house; giving as a reason for such a request, that there was a communication highly affecting her happiness to be made. This was accordingly done. The same day, my mother's note was returned without reply. We learned, in the course of the week, that Iris was exceedingly ill, and that Mr. Caruthers was gone on a visit to some southern city. Could it be possible, I asked myself, that he could have got any hint of Leonora's change of fortune? This fear haunted me, day and night: for there was no doubt in my mind that he was unscrupulous enough to suit his matrimonial schemes to the prospect of greater fortune in either of his victims. My mother urged me to go at once to Col. Morrison with my statement, and let him take the management of affairs. But I had no reason to suppose that my story would be credited by him. It was far more probable that he would look upon it as a scheme to get Iris for myself. I resolved to wait a little longer, in the hope of yet being able to see Iris, though the time was precious that remained to ei-

ther of us. For my trial was to come on in the last of March, and it was now St. Valentine's day. I had also heard that Iris's intended marriage was to take place even before the time set for my trial. What was to be done, was to be done quickly.

About the first of the month, when I was just on the very verge of desperation, a summons came from Pine Hill for my appearance there. Col. Morrison received me very coldly, and referred me to his daughter, whose wish it was to see me. On being shown into her presence, an overwhelming sense of pity made me dumb. Was this indeed the wreck of the once gay, and proud, and wilful girl I had associated with from my childhood? This pale, thin spectre, with the great, glittering blue eyes and pain-distorted features? My emotion so overcame my presence of mind that I could think of no word, either of courtesy or sympathy. She evidently saw my agitation, and was gratified with it.

"You are sorry for me, Philip?" she remarked, with a faint smile.

"More grieved for you than you would believe, Iris. Is there no remedy for your sufferings?"

"Yes, one; and that is not far distant, I truly hope."

I could not but understand the allusion to be to her death, and I failed to find a reply.

"I have sent for you, Philip, to tell you that my father withdraws the suit against you."

I sprang to my feet. "How is this, Iris? Did I not tell you that I could not consent to have the matter dropped in this way,—with the stain of the accusation still remaining upon my name?"

"I know it, Philip. But if you were to be tried, it would be still worse for you, because the circumstantial evidence is so strong that if ever the jury disagreed the public mind would be convinced. I have thought it all over a great many times."

She said this with a very flushed and nervous face and manner. Its truth was but too evident: therefore I could only express my restlessness and dissatisfaction by a rapid walk about the room.

"Pardon me," I said, at last, sitting down in front of her easy-chair and trying to look calm. I presume I seem very ungrateful to you, do I not?"

"If you knew the price of this favor I have purchased of my father, you would have to be grateful not to be insensible."



This was said with an effort, yet with a deep and suppressed energy that startled me. Her meaning, too, flashed over me like an inspiration.

"Iris, you have not sold yourself for me!" My voice rasped on my throat disagreeably, and the color rushed into my cheeks in a hot and painful glow. She saw it all with her keen, observant eyes, and I thought it pleased her. Doubtless she counted my short-lived pain as a trifling compensation for all her suffering, yet due to it, and an acceptable sacrifice.

Yet a slight quiver disturbed her features as she replied: "You have guessed it, Philip. My father demands obedience from me; but I have put my own conditions to it; and those are, the withdrawal of the suit against you, and such public show of confidence and friendship as shall repair the injury done you in this community."

A sort of wild triumph shone in her eyes as she gazed eagerly into mine. What did she hope? Did she wish I would be grateful enough to say some fond, or even kind, word? Other hope, upon her own confession, she could not have.

"I thank you, Iris: but do not think I can permit the sacrifice you would make for me. Besides, I am going to tell you why you can not make it; and I trust the service I shall do you will be as great as the one you would have done me. You can not marry Mr. Caruthers!"

She studied my face intently, her own being alternately flushed and pale, as hope or fear predominated in her rapid thoughts.

"Listen to me, Iris, as calmly as you can, for what I have to say is very strange, and may well startle you. Years ago, a girl, a mere child, was left an orphan, with a large property. A man was appointed her guardian. This man imposed upon the credulity of the child, so as to make her marry him. As soon as the right to her property was thus obtained, this man forsook all care of his ward and wife, left her to the mercy of strangers, and devoted her property to his own uses, leaving her a penniless girl, to make her own way in the world. What became of her is not relevant. But the man has passed through years of criminality since, or his face belies him, and now, while his neglected wife is still living, he proposes to marry again. Do you see who it is has done this thing?"

A look of unutterable despair had gradually settled upon her face as I proceeded. When I paused at this question a sharp, long cry burst from her colorless lips, and she wrung her wasted hands in a paroxysm of grief. "O, I am lost, lost!"

"I deemed I had saved you, Iris. Explain this mystery to me."

"Call my father," she said, quieting down suddenly, and sinking back in her chair helplessly.

When he came she roused up again. "Philip, tell my father what you have just told me."

I repeated the story, but more directly, and giving the name of Mr. Caruthers. The old man listened in uneasy disapproval. "Have you the proofs, Mr. Warren?"

I took Leonora's letter from my pocket and read her own account.

"But she may be an impostor," suggested the old man.

"I know the lady," I answered, somewhat impetuously, for the suspicion nettled me.

"Was that she I saw at the Academy of Music?" asked Iris, quickly.

"That was she."

There was a pause of some minutes, how painful to all, can readily be surmised. Then Iris spoke again, with a cold, clear enunciation, which was surprising under the circumstances. But if the commencement surprised me, the close left me dumb with amazement.

"Our compact is at an end, father, as all such unholy compacts should be. I am no longer for sale, not even to purchase justice or repair a wrong. You were always close at a bargain, and will now insist on your former right to seek revenge upon one who had wronged you. But since I have failed in my first compromise, I have another offer to make. Take me and put me in jail. I am the thief, and *I* it is who should go to prison. No! do not stop me until I have said all,—all I ever shall say about this matter. You came between me and my lifelong hopes. You set others to make me despise and forsake one I was bound to respect and could not help but love. I yielded in a moment of irresolution, and weakly and wickedly cast away my own earthly salvation, if not the eternal, too. I gave contempt where it was not deserved, and it returned upon my own head four fold. But my misery was not sufficient.

You brought me a suitor every way repugnant to me. You thought he had money, whereas he only wanted mine."

"Iris, you rave : I command you to be silent !" exclaimed the old man, stung to the quick, and trembling with excitement.

"Very well ; I have nearly done with reproaches. But what I have still to say is of vital importance, and must be said. You brought this man home with us, and his presence overshadowed my life. In the height of my desperation, he, Philip, came back to remind me of the infinite loss I had sustained. I met him one day in the grounds when I was going out to ride. My heart was bursting with mingled love and bitterness. Mr. Caruthers was quick enough of penetration to observe it, and he made me feel his displeasure. On our return from that ride I sought to avoid observation. There was a wild, sequestered place which Philip and I often sought in summer weather to avoid the heat, or in autumn to escape the wind ; and toward this spot I directed my steps. My way lay past the stables. As I fled hurriedly along, I felt with my foot, something soft and crisp. I stooped and picked up your package of bills, thrusting it in my dress, intending to restore it when I should return to the house. But some evil spirit that was abroad on that day found another purpose for it. I found Philip asleep in our old haunt. As I gazed at him, and saw how well and happy he looked, I felt that my power over him was entirely gone, and the longing to reclaim a portion of it, or to bring him under obligation to me in some way, began to possess me like a madness. A sudden thought flashed over me. I had heard you say the money was stolen. The money was in my possession. I would put it carefully into the breast of Philip's coat, that should he be discovered in the grounds he might be arrested, and I would interfere to save him. His gratitude I counted on to restore something of the lost regard ; and I felt that could I regain this, no price would be too great to pay. All the details, of course I had not time to arrange. I only hoped to bend circumstances to my purpose. When I so cautiously placed the money in the half-open breast pocket, I met with the little memorandum, which I abstracted, and taking up the handkerchief that had fallen from his face, hastily retreated. I cannot really account for the temerity of this act to myself, only by saying that I think my mind has not been quite healthy for a long time ; at all events,



my feelings are very strange at times. The use I made of the articles taken from Philip, and the subsequent circumstances, are known to you. I once made an effort to show him my regard, and my desire to serve him; but the result was not encouraging. I depended on the crisis, at the very last, to do more for me than anything else: but I found my health failing so rapidly that I feared I might not live to correct the injustice of which I was guilty. In this distracted state of mind I ventured to tell Mr. Caruthers how very disagreeable his attentions were to me. To my horror and dismay, he then informed me that he had been witness to the whole scene in the glen, and that my reputation depended upon the manner in which I received his addresses. This settled my destiny with regard to him. I went to New York and there saw what I had a clue to before, that even had there been no other barrier to a reconciliation with Philip, there was another love between us. Still there was the chance of a partial reparation, by making my consent to my father's wishes appear to be won by his granting my request to dismiss the suit against Philip, and restore him as far as possible to public favor. To do this I had to use all my eloquence to prove the absurdity of the charge, and all my ingenuity to show that it had been doubtless the plot of an enemy. My success was probably as much to be attributed to the conditions I offered, as to my persuasive powers. How I have at last fallen into my own snare is evident. When Mr. Caruthers comes to be confronted with me, he will be able to return accusation with accusation—that is all.”

It was in vain either I or her father endeavored to stop the full confession of this sad history. She continued unflinchingly to the end, after which we all sat some time in an embarrassing and painful silence. Iris looked deathly pale and rigid; her father humiliated and broken-spirited. Soon, one of those spasms I had witnessed twice before, began to convulse her frame and agonize her features.

“Can nothing be done?” I asked, terrified.

“No, nothing,” answered the old man. “Her physician now calls it a disease of the heart. She has suffered so much, I think it has unsettled her mind.” He spoke in so humble and sad a tone that I was touched. But not so Iris; she evidently winced under the apparent effort of her father to excuse her guilt, and a gesture

of impatience escaped her, even in her pain. When the attack had passed off she answered for herself.

"Do not apologise for me, father ; I was conscious of my wrong, however much infatuated I may have been. It's useless now to go back to first causes—useless, because too late. I only ask you to make the atonement which is due from both of us to Philip ; and perhaps when he is fortunate and happy he may forgive us."

She uttered this with such an appeal from her eyes as the Iris of old might have made ; it drew me at once to her side, where I took her cold, pale hand.

"Leave us, father," she said, more softly than she had yet spoken to him ; "but before you go, forgive me, too, for I fear I have broken your heart."

"The sin was mine, child : may God forgive me," answered the colonel, in a low voice ; and saying this he left the room, a humbled and sorrowing old man.

"Philip," said Iris, solemnly, as I stood beside her, "Heaven knows whether indeed I have been quite sane ; but I do not seek to excuse myself. The time of my death cannot be far distant, when the grave will cover my errors over, and the dismal rains of autumn will wash away their recollection."

"Let us hope not, Iris. Our sad experiences may lead us to a higher life than ever we have known, and a happier."

"*You* may be happier ; I trust you will. But you are wondering, are you not, what I shall do about testifying against Mr. Caruthers ? Do not fear that I shall shrink from that duty ; it cannot make much difference now."

"Mr. Caruthers will not defy you ; you are safe ; for should he confess his knowledge of the transaction, he would become implicated in it." A gleam of hope lighted up her face for a moment.

"Do you think so ? Then all may be well again. You are saved, and I am free — free to die with fewer sins on my head. Philip, it would comfort me to hear something about your new love ; am I too unworthy to hear it ?"

"Not too unworthy, but far too weak to listen to me longer. Adieu, to-day, and when I come again, as come again I shall, I will tell you all I know of her, which is not much, however."

The hollow eyes still glittering, but less wild in their expression, questioned me eagerly.

"I am a poor young man, and she is rich and beautiful. I served her as a hireling, but could not have approached her as a lover."

"Did *her* riches come between you, too?"

"No: at least I knew not what came between us. I was bound to keep silence about myself by my promise to her: yet you can guess that my poverty would have kept me silent if there had been no promise."

"You loved her, then?"

"No man could have done otherwise."

"And you hoped that she loved you?"

"I cannot tell what I hoped, Iris. I was very wretched sometimes thinking of the necessity which tied my tongue, and I came very near offending her irreconcilably once, before I knew the barrier which existed between her and all men."

"Yes, I see it all, Philip; and that she is a greater woman than ever I could have been. Your wayward fortune has favored you."

She turned her head away and remained silent. After a moment's waiting, she bade me leave her then, and come again soon, to show the world that there was confidence again between us. It is hard to submit our pride to the strong and overbearing, but to the suffering and weak we humble all our self-will. Under no other circumstances than those which had overtaken us, could my mother and myself have accepted an invitation to renew the old intimacy at Pine Hill. Now, however, it was a charity to put no obstacle in the way of the self-imposed expiation of either father or daughter.

Feeling this, I gave the promise which Col. Morrison required on parting, to bring my mother to dine with them the following day. The news was not long in spreading abroad: but people were left to make their own surmises. Of course all proceedings against me were dropped. Col. Morrison paid a formal visit to my mother, and Iris spent a day at our house. Mrs. Grundy decided, as is usual in such cases, "that it was a very unaccountable thing;" and those even less scrupulous than that noted lady, whispered strangely interesting and mysterious facts, founded on their own imaginations. After the allotted nine days, the wonder ceased to be talked about.

In the meantime I had received no further instructions from Leonora, (I hated the name of Caruthers now); and I feared more than ever that the villain who had once robbed her, was again upon her track. The money which was left for me I had never touched, and



held ready to return whenever I should learn her address. There was need, too, of my seeking a new situation; nor was this any longer so difficult a matter as it once had been. By one of those caprices of public sentiment, observable in the experience of all who have known its ebb and flow, I was suddenly elevated to the popular favor with more than ordinary distinction. A professorship in a fashionable academy was offered to me; and the general benevolence extended itself to my mother and sisters, in the form of visits and invitations. But not here did I propose to earn my bread and raiment; and the offer of a professorship was rejected with my coldest thanks. Anything would I be, I thought, rather than the favored hireling of a fickle and fortune-worshipping community that had once despised me for my poverty. They thought, no doubt, that I had renewed my old engagement with Iris, as her second engagement was not more than guessed at, and had never been announced publicly. Remain in N——, as a favorite of Miss Morrison's flatteries I would not; therefore I refused all advances.

Sometimes I was strongly impelled to seek Leonora, and give her my protection, if she needed it. For had she not made me her guardian, in one sense? and had she not called me *friend*, besides? Nightly, before I slept, I debated my duty in thought, and every morning rose irresolute, from a fear of being thought officious. But when the time came appointed for the marriage of Iris and Mr. Caruthers,—a secret which had been imparted to me, and yet he was absent and silent,—my fears became importunate, and would not be quieted with excuses. Day and night, now, I never ceased thinking on this one subject, and trying to shape a plan of action having the discovery of Leonora's fate for its object.

At length fortune favored me. A New York merchant residing at N—— gave me a southern agency, because I could speak the French, Spanish, and German languages. In my haste to get away I neglected my farewells to all but my mother, leaving a message with her for such as I cared to say adieu to, and hurried down to the city to arrange my business.

As that which remains to relate was chiefly gathered from the lips of others, it will be more convenient to give the last chapter of my story in the third person; prefacing that whatever seems self-complacent in the relation of it is due to the manner in which it was "told to me."

[Concluded next month.]

IMPROMPTU.—TO MY WIFE.

BY L. \* \* \*

*These*  
Long years have passed since last I looked  
Upon those sweet and tender eyes,  
That in my youth beguiled my heart  
And made more fair the love-lit skies.

But time and change, no changes bring  
To this fond heart that beats for thee,  
For still of love my lips shall sing—  
Of sweetest love and constancy.

I'll sing of thee, it was thy face  
That taught my youthful heart to love ;—  
And e'en the bud that drinks the rain  
Returns it to its home above.

Our youthful spring ! The air, how sweet,  
And filled with music like the lute ;  
I gave thee then the opening bud,  
I give thee now the ripening fruit.

No land again with mountains high,  
No crested waves that lash the sea,  
Shall bring again the rising sigh,  
Or separate thy form from me.

For we are one, as light and heat  
Unite to form the shining ray,  
And linked in twain their journey take  
From opening morn to closing day :—

And as the light each morn returns  
To gild more fair the new-born day,  
From star to star, from mount to vale,  
Thine eye beholds the self same ray.

So God hath bound us heart to heart,  
Henceforth our paths together run ;  
No earthly power our souls can part,  
And Heaven will not, that made us one.

*San Francisco.*

## THE WOMEN OF THE MALAY ISLANDS.

BY CAPT. WALTER M. GIBSON.

THE illustration representing a "Malay woman of rank," is a portrait, taken from life, of the daughter of a panyorang, or chieftain in the Island of Sumatra. Those who derive their notions of the Malay type of feature from the incorrect illustrations in the most of geographical works, will consider this a flattered representation. But when they are informed that the true Malays, of high rank, in the interior of Sumatra, are partly of Caucasian and partly of Arabic origin, they will not be so much surprised at the lines of comeliness, and marks of intelligence and culture observable in this face. The country in which this lady lived is favorable to such development. In the portion of the great Malay Island in which she was born and reared, there are rich, well-cultivated lands; well-built and tastefully decorated houses; there are courts of kings, places of worship, and resorts for cultivated entertainment;—here you will find accomplished oriental ladies and gentlemen; and a natural good taste and politeness that is not surpassed among people who lay especial claim to the pre-eminence of enlightenment.

The costume of the true Malay, combines the utility of the Chinese with the taste and grace of the French. The apparel represented in the illustration which accompanies this sketch, is not a luxurious or court costume, but is the ordinary dress of a Malay lady. Some details of this costume will be given which may be of interest to the lady readers of the *HESPERIAN*.

The outer sack, or cautoon, called a kabyah, is usually made of fine muslin of native manufacture, from the fine long staple cotton which grows well in Sumatra. The dyes are most durable; and the patterns, which are both grotesque and tasteful, are curiously applied to the cloth by the use of melted wax. The boddice, or koliling, is invariably of scarlet silk, which is occasionally ornamented with embroidery worked with gold thread, and beneath this falls in graceful folds, the sarong, or outer skirt. This portion of the dress, which is always worn detached from any body or waist, is made from a short web of cotton cloth, of a quality that is both fine and heavy, and very much like the best French chintz. The ends of the piece, which is about five yards long, and five quarters wide, are



sewed together, and thus form a wide sack open at both ends ; when worn on ordinary occasions, it is so folded and tucked within its own folds around the waist, that it retains its position upon the person without the use of pins, ties, or fastening of any kind. However, in case of ladies of wealth or rank, they confine this article of their apparel around the waist, with a girdle formed of a chain of links or clasps, joined together like the butt hinges of a door. The material of this girdle must be either solid gold or silver, and one usually weighs ten or eleven ounces ; but not uncommonly exceeds one pound in weight of pure, unalloyed metal. No other material, except what has been mentioned, is employed as a substitute ; and if a young woman cannot command these precious metals, she must dispense with the cincture around her waist, except on public festive occasions, when poor Malay maidens can encircle their graceful figures with a waist-belt, made by stringing and plaiting certain very small and very aromatic white blossoms, called "white doves on the wing." Thus in Sumatra, the social position of a lady is designated by the quality of her girdle, whether golden, or silver ; and a poor and handsome young person is pointed out as having "only beauty and a girdle of flowers." A very severe taste prevails in respect to all articles of ornament,—no colored stones, nor hollow jewelry, nor imitations of gold, silver, or precious stones, are ever worn by true Malays. Such vulgar vanity and falsehood in personal decoration, so commonly displayed among "enlightened" nations, and especially in the United States of America, is utterly disdained by the "semi-civilized" people of Sumatra. Very beautiful, solid jewelry is manufactured in this island ; and the exquisite filagree of the Malays has furnished patterns to Parisian workmen, which they have not yet surpassed. The chief portion of the jewelry, so gorgeously displayed in our fashionable stores, would not be accepted as a gift by a Sumatran lady, with the view of being worn as articles of personal adornment. If pure gold, and genuine diamonds and pearls can not be procured, these tasteful islanders content themselves with simple ornaments furnished by the luxuriant flora of their country, and do not strive by any undue means, to procure a personal display, which would be a false indication of their true condition. They observe the same good taste in the application, as in the use of material for ornament. For instance, their ears are not weighed down with

large cameos, or lumps of lava, or common pebbles, or imitations of baskets, strawberries, and other cumbrous and barbaric pendants; but a diamond, usually of about two carats and a half, is fitted close to the lobe of the ear, and so contrived, that it can be readily fastened on, or detached, by means of a small golden screw. When we add to what has been enumerated, several long gold or silver pins to confine the massive dark hair, and sandals of fine ratan wicker-work for the feet, a fan and a scarf, we have presented all the visible articles of a Malay lady's toilette.

In the preparation of their toilette, the Sumatrans, in common with nearly all Orientals, are punctilious in respect to bathing. Complete ablutions, twice a day, are invariably practiced;—just before the morning meal, and preceding the evening repast. They make use of a variety of cosmetics; and judging from the softness, clearness, and transparent delicacy of skin of the finely-nurtured woman in Malaysia, as noted by all travelers in this region, it is evident that these island cosmetics must be far superior to the preparations which too often help to wilt, and render sallow, the complexion of American ladies. The seeds of what is called “fairy cotton,” the juice of the aloe, and the petals of the powerfully-aromatic flower, the “sundal malum,” or lover of the night, mingled with an impalpable sediment obtained from fermented sago pith, constitute the chief ingredients of one of their favorite applications to the skin. This is prepared in the form of small pills, like garden peas; and becoming hard, may be readily carried about the person. It would be rare to meet with a Sumatran lady who had not a quantity of these odorous pellets in some little wallet or pouch hidden by the folds of the sarong. Before paying a visit, or when about to receive company, you may observe her moisten one of these cosmetic sphericles with a drop of water, or with the moisture of the lips, and then rub the softened material between the palms of her hands; then for a few moments rub it vigorously on cheeks and neck, and immediately afterwards proceed to remove every particle of the application from the skin, by an assiduous friction, with a piece of soft, frowsy silk. The result is a peculiar and pleasing glow of the complexion, and a sweet, penetrating aroma, exhaling from the person, which enhances powerfully the attractiveness of the individual comeliness. Sumatran ladies have reduced the use of perfumes to a

science, and observe a certain etiquette of odor, like our etiquette de deuil, or fashion of mourning. Thus, the fragrance of "white-doves-on-the-wing" is wafted from the massive coiffure of the disengaged young maiden: as you approach one betrothed, you perceive the odor of the magnolia-shaped kumbang gulati, or "honey heart;" whilst the bride ladens the breeze with the aroma of the sundal malum, or "lover of the night." The matronly perfumes are usually the more pungent aroma of spice-bearing shrubs and trees. The benzoin, or frankincense, is in use after the birth of the first-born; calamus and champaka are perceptible in more replenished households; myrrh and the aloe blossom indicate the widow's inconsolable grief; whilst a speedy addition of the "sundal malum" to her toilette announces its "mitigation" and consolability.

Other particulars relating to woman's condition and social intercourse in Malaysia demand ampler treatment than is permissible in the compass of a magazine article. The character of the true Malay, and especially the remarkable position and culture of Malay women, so long unobserved, will begin to attract the attention of enlightened people, and especially those who look forward to and feel an interest in the development of more direct intercourse between the Pacific coast of America and the East Indies, and who contemplate the controlling influence which the Anglo Saxon race on this coast is destined to wield over Asiatic and Oceanian races. The object in the present instance was simply to contribute a few items for public information, calculated to attract attention to this subject; and as a view of a people is more forcibly presented by narrations of actual life, an incident of recent occurrence will be given to illustrate some features in the character of the women of the Indian islands.

A young lieutenant in the Dutch East India army, stationed on the island of Java, was permitted to employ, as his constant camp follower, a poor native girl, who should take care of his apparel and prepare his food; and a ration was provided for her subsistence by the army commissariat. Now, this employment of female help by officers, and even common soldiers of the Army of Holland in the East, is not only common, but to some extent obligatory. A Dutch officer is not permitted to take his wife with him from home to the East Indies, unless he can command an income of 10,000 florins, or



about \$4500 a year, independent of pay. The government prefers to sanction and provide for a wholesale concubinage with the poor islanders, because they can be readily abandoned as the army proceeds from one station to another, thus involving no cost of transportation, whilst fresh supplies of camp girls can be obtained at the new encampment. The notable chastity of all the superior and desirable races of the Malay archipelago has never yet yielded voluntary female recruits for Dutch service, or lust in the East. Poor female children are procured from feeble tribes on small islands, in the same way that Mexicans have purchased Pah-ute and other Indian girls; and in one instance, a cargo of poor girls, partly kidnapped and partly purchased on the little island of Pulo Nias, which is noted for the fair complexion of its people, were distributed by lottery to the officers of this Christian army!

The lieutenant of this history was not, however, supplied with camp help by the government commissariat of concubinage, but had, in consequence of some marks of gentleness, won the favor of a poor Sumatran girl, at the time, an orphan in Java:—she loved him, for he evidently dealt with her more faithfully than is the wont of European and American desecrators of femininity in the Malay Islands, in Polynesia, in Hindostan, in China, and in a word, wherever the corrupt Caucasian encounters the impassioned, confiding women of the East, and especially the artless natures of Oceanica.

After a time this officer was sent with a detachment under his command to the island of Celebes, to punish some attack on Dutch trade. He ventured into an unexplored country with a force too feeble to permit him to send out scouts. He fell into an ambuscade, and his company was suddenly attacked and routed by a powerful troop of natives. He was severely wounded at the first onset, and fell, and was trodden upon by his panic-stricken and flying soldiers. His faithful camp-follower who had never been left behind on any occasion, and who had watched before the strife and horror of battle, now beholds his fall. She rushes with a lioness fury to shield the body of her loved lord, with a kriss in hand—the terrible crooked dirk worn by Malay women as well as men—she holds two assailants at bay who would have pierced again and again the wounded officer. Their attempts to lance him are parried, and as the desperate heroine rushes upon them, they either fear her deter-

mined onset, or, having the courage that will not strike a woman, retreat, leaving the girl unmolested with her wounded lover. The soldiers not slain were utterly routed and dispersed in flight, and the natives followed in pursuit. The prostrate and bleeding commander was unconscious, and he would have speedily died — exposed to the sickening heat of a tropic sun — but his companion, with the strength imparted by a true affection, bore him in her arms some distance to a forest shade. She bandaged his wounds with all the skill belonging to the simple surgery of the islands, alone practised by the women; she prepared a pallet of dried grass and leaves, she brought water, and by and by the refreshing and valuable medicinal juice of the dookoo; she got other fruits, and also sweet farinaceous roots, and occasionally snared a small animal, a bird or a fish; and thus, with watchful and assiduous love, did this fond island-girl, nurse, feed and watch over him. Her faithful affection was rewarded. His wounds healed, he gained strength, and with her assistance was enabled to get away from the island in a small boat, and arrived safely in Java.

After the lapse of some years, after seeing much active service, this officer was promoted, and enlisted to return home to his native Holland with a pension. In similar cases of pensioned or furloughed officers returning to Europe, they had invariably abandoned the faithful companions of their army life in the East, although these were oftentimes the mothers of offspring, who constitute a numerous mixed race at Batavia, as may also be observed in other Judo European cities; and by the way, this abandonment of affectionate native companions in the East, is as frequent among retired European and American merchants, as in the Dutch East India Army.— This officer, however, felt the baseness of these desertions. His tawny-complexioned, yet comely-featured companion had an intelligence equal to her affection and bravery. He had often admired her natural grace and good taste. Her love prompted a willingness to learn: and he felt assured, that with a slight European experience, she would deport herself in its society with the ease and composure of a well-bred lady. He doubted not, that with her perfect symmetric Sumatran figure, her graceful movement, her rich bronze cheek, and tender, honest eyes, she could well stand up in comparison with the proudest dames of Europe. But she was the mother of his two beautiful children, and he had no thought of returning

to Europe without them, and their mother as an honored wife. He espoused her publicly ; he took her to Holland ; he presented her in society at the Hague, and in other capitals of Europe. She was present a few years ago at a levee of the King of Holland, when her husband received marks of royal favor. The circumstance was noted in European papers, and the statement was copied extensively by the American Press ; in which honorable mention was made of Colonel Polland of the Netherlands India Army, and of his beautiful Oceanican spouse, Fieena, a poor daughter of Sumatra.

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OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT.

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Oh, do not look so bright and blest,  
For still there comes a fear,  
When brow like thine looks happiest,  
That grief is then most near.  
There lurks a dread in all delight,  
A shadow near each ray,  
That warns us then to fear their flight  
When most we wish their stay.  
Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
For ah ! there comes a fear,  
When brow like thine looks happiest,  
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things  
The soonest fleet and die?—  
That when most light is on their wings,  
They're then but spread to fly !  
And, sadder still, the pain will stay—  
The bliss no more appears ;  
As rainbows take their light away,  
And leave us but the tears !  
Then look not thou so bright and blest,  
For ah ! there comes a fear,  
When brow like thine looks happiest,  
That grief is then most near.



## ALGÆ.

BY MRS. M. REDFIELD THAYER.

### *Color, habitat, and uses of the Algæ—Continued.*

As has been stated in a previous article on this subject, "wherever air and moisture combine," there will be found the algæ; these conditions being the only ones essential to their existence. There is some diversity of opinion among those skilled in botanical researches, as to whether all cryptogamic or flowerless plants should be classed as algæ. The structure of fungi, lichens, and sea-weeds being the same, one would naturally suppose they would fall into the same class, as they do, to a certain extent; being all cryptogamic plants. But here comes the difficulty: no one, even the most careless observer, ever mistakes a mushroom or lichen for a sea-weed; but where is the division between them? in what consists the difference? and where shall we look for the nice limit which separates these allied genera?—for a limit or point there must be. These differences we *see*, but can not *define*. They may be styled Nature's secrets; her mandate, "Thus far, and no farther," the bounds which she sets, and which man, with all his boasted research and reason, can not pass, and therefore about which it is idle to speculate.

In all *water*, then, to use the term in its more limited signification, we may look for algæ. Fresh-water ponds, rivers, and lakes, have in abundance species peculiar to them. The hot springs of Iceland, the sulphur springs of Italy, and even in chemical solutions, will we find some varieties luxuriating. Nature has kindly fitted them to their several conditions. The atmospheric dust which collects upon the rigging of ships far out at sea, when placed under the microscope, is found to consist of minute plants and the fauna which feed upon them, for a wise forethought has provided that wherever a flora exists there will be found its accompanying fauna. Of the fresh-water algæ, one variety must often have been noticed by its making its appearance in the wet walks, or mould of the garden, after a heavy rain. It is a clear, jelly-like substance, and is known as the nostoe. Prof. Harvey says that upon examination with a powerful glass, it will be found to consist of a collection of the most beautiful plants, the spores (seeds) of which may have been long waiting the necessary moisture to develop and germinate.

This plant, as the water is absorbed or evaporates, shrivels up, and seems to disappear, to become again gelatinous with the next rain.

What is vulgarly called silk-weed (*conferva*) has often attracted attention by the rapidity with which it will cover a large extent of ground, after a flood. The green scum which appears on stagnant water, and which children call "frog spawn," is still another variety of fresh-water algæ; and humble as these plants may seem, they perform no despicable part in the economy of nature; for by their growth they doubtless absorb many poisonous gases which would otherwise prove highly deleterious to man, besides affording food for the teeming animal life by which they are surrounded. But, though existing everywhere, the ocean is the true home of the algæ. It is there we find them in all their beauty and luxuriance. In all explored latitudes have algæ been found. As we approach the poles, they present a stunted, dwarfed appearance, and at the extreme limit of discovery are in a measure microscopic, being visible to the naked eye only when growing in masses. In the temperate zones we will find the greatest variety, while in the regions under the equator the growth corresponds in luxuriance with the terrestrial vegetation of the tropics.

Thus we see that climate affects marine vegetation, though not to the extent that it does plants on land. In the polar regions, after the microscopic varieties disappear the fuci makes its appearance, together with many other kinds, increasing and enlarging as we approach the tropics, where it attains its maximum growth. In regard to geographical distribution, one would expect to find in different parts of the world, in the same latitude, the same species; but repeated observation has shown us that such is not always the case. The currents of the ocean act as the great distributor of spores, and in this respect perform for the sea, the same duty that the winds do for the land: thus, on the eastern coast of North America may be found many varieties considered tropical, doubtless wafted north and nourished by the warm current of the Gulf Stream. On the western coast of South America, the rush of cold water from the polar regions brings with it many kinds known as natives of a much higher latitude; and so we will find, in all parts of the watery world, that the currents influence, to a great extent, the distribution of species. But these servants of a higher power find many hin-

drances in the performance of their duties. Lieut. Maury, by a series of observations and experiments, has ascertained that the bottom of the ocean resembles, in its configuration, to a great extent, the dry land. There are vast sandy tracts corresponding to the deserts, and as destitute of vegetation; high mountains, the tops of which the coral insect beautifies with his snowy habitation; abrupt precipices and gently undulating hill-sides, whereon the unwieldy monsters of the deep disport themselves. These inequalities check to a great extent the distribution of seeds, and in some instances limit certain varieties to certain fixed localities. A wide extended, sandy beach is unfavorable to their growth—unless it be a bay, protected, as is that of Monterey, from the sweeping waves of old ocean—the changing sands affording no hold for their roots. Our own coast, in and around this bay, is not so prolific of sea-weed as one might expect, owing to the absence of rocks and shady tide pools. Still, it is rich enough in very many beautiful and curious varieties to reward patient research. The algæ, like other plants, are often parasitic, certain kinds being always found growing on a particular species, and to the casual observer they seem to be its flowers. Lindley mentions as “one of the most curious facts connected with them, being their property of occasionally growing upon living animals, which they destroy. This is the case with the *Achyla prolifera*.”

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ANGELS.

O, teach me not the barren creed  
That Angels never haunt the soul;  
That 'tis a dream, O, never plead,  
I would not lose their sweet control —  
Low-whispering spirits, still they come  
And bid the dear emotions start,  
With visions of our childhood's home,  
That “Mecca” of the human heart.

O, chide me not, nor break the spell —  
All I have loved, or love, is here;  
The kind, the good, the true, they dwell  
In friendship's smile, in pity's tear!  
A little faith may rend the guise,  
And what our yearning hearts adore,  
Will change from seraphs to the skies,  
Who lingering watch till life is o'er.—C. D. STUART.



## MY IDOL:—AN IDYL.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

“ Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
So quick bright things come to confusion.”

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Away from *Alma Mater* and her classical renown,  
Most happy and contented to be rid of cap and gown,  
The hated mathematics, and the grim professor's frown,  
I was wasting my vacation at a little country town.

I wandered o'er the mountain, and I lingered by the stream,  
While the hours were passing off in an idle sort of dream ;  
The place more charming daily to my raptured view did seem,  
When the sun in early morning touched the landscape with his gleam.

The mellow moonlight evenings held my senses in a thrall;—  
And though the shadowy mantle of the night should darkly fall,  
I loved the “junior” screech-owl, with his melancholy call,  
And sauntered over meadows till I quite forgot “the Hall.”

And once, as by the river-side I sat with book in hand,  
Half conning over, listlessly, a tale of “fairy land,”  
I was startled by a rustling, as if the elfin band  
Were coming there to greet me, with their witching graces bland.

I turned, and saw a figure surely cast in fairy mould,  
For no fairer casket ever did a brighter jewel hold ;  
Her eyes of love and tenderness a thousand volumes told,  
And the graces seemed to play within each tress of shining gold.

Then a modest maiden blush mantled o'er her face divine,  
And her eyelids lowly drooped as her glances challenged mine :  
“She's the nurseling,” thought I, musing, “of some illustrious line,  
Or is queen among the muses, and the fairest of the nine.”

“Fair maiden,” said I, rising, “your kind pardon I entreat,  
I fear I have intruded here in your accustomed seat,  
But in this lovely Eden I've indulged in musings sweet,  
Enraptured by the beauty of the fairy-like retreat.”

“Nay, then,”—in tones how musical!—the lovely being said,  
“My coming need not be the cause your steps should hence be sped,

But sit again, and while you rest upon this lichen-bed,  
Resume your book, and I will stay to hear the romance read."

And so I read of isles of light in realms beyond the sea,  
Of captives by their ladye-loves by stratagems set free,  
And knights who for their damsels' smiles sang sweetest minstrelsy,—  
And all the while, with approving smile, she listened unto me.

'Twas in the dewy twilight of a balmy summer day,  
When the golden clouds above us were fading into gray,  
And the lengthened shadows warned us of the hours sped away,  
Though it seemed a moment only since I met the winsome fay.

But still the glowing story did beguile the happy time,  
Till the page grew dark and dim, and we heard the evening chime;  
I read on, still enchanted, till the moon began to climb,  
And I felt her bosom throbbing as she heard the thrilling rhyme.

What ecstasy of gladness in her tender glances gleamed,  
As I read of holy pledges after many years redeemed;  
Then I paused, and turned, entreating, to meet the eyes that beamed,  
But my joy was changed to sadness when I found that—I had dreamed!

So in the dewy evening of that balmy summer day,  
When the golden clouds above me had faded into gray,  
I determined that my footsteps should no longer idly stray,  
And went back to *Alma Mater* and the grim professor's sway!

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BEAUTY.—Lord Bacon observed, justly, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture can not express. Lord Shaftesbury asserts, that all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measure the harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection. Fontenello thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks; the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them. There is a magic power in beauty that all confess; a strange witchery that enchants us with a potency as irresistible as that of the magnet. It is to the moral world what gravitation is to the physical. It is easier to write about in women, and its all-pervading influence, than to define what it is. Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

## ONE WOMAN'S STORY.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"I saw on the top of a mountain high  
A gem that shone like a fire by night,  
It seemed that a star had left the sky,  
And fallen asleep on that lonely height.

I climbed the peak, and found it soon  
A lump of ice, in the clear, cold moon.  
Wouldst thou its hidden sense impart?  
'Tis a cheerful look, and a broken heart."

HAVE you ever, reader, looked into the faces of near and intimate friends, those whom you thought you knew most thoroughly, and felt startled to find a nameless something written there? something which would come and go, leaving no trace behind—nothing save the remembrance that you had seen it there? Did you never behold in the eye of some dear friend a strange expression that you could not understand, or detect a lurking bitterness around lips that always breathed sweetness, and wonder what it could mean? If you have not, you have been content to believe all things to be just what they seem.

For five years Delia Leonard had been my most intimate friend and constant companion.

I scarcely remember how our acquaintance commenced, but it dated back to the time of my arrival in the town of R——, where she was the reigning belle, and acknowledged queen of society.

To attempt to describe Delia Leonard's personal appearance, would be a vain task, as pen-pictures must of necessity fall far beneath the real, living picture; and in the case of my friend, words would fail to convey the proper idea of her characteristic loveliness, which consisted not only in beauty of form and feature, but in the perfect gracefulness of manner so peculiar to herself.

Delia Leonard had never known a mother's love or a father's care, both parents having died before her recollection, leaving her to the care of a reserved old bachelor uncle, who always called her "Miss Delia"; and to him she was only the young lady who was to maintain the dignity of his house, and, some day, inherit his wealth. So he educated her liberally, supplied every want that could be supplied by money, and never dreamed but he had bestowed every earthly good upon his sister's child.



Death came to old John Leonard, without a moment's warning. Delia was in her eighteenth year, away from home in a distant town, under the tuition of a celebrated teacher of music, when this event took place. A messenger was immediately sent to A——, with instructions to fetch Miss Leonard to attend her uncle's funeral; but the man returned with the intelligence that the young lady herself was too ill to bear the journey; so the lone old man was borne from his splendid mansion to his last, lowly home, without a relative to drop a tear over his remains.

It was not until several months had elapsed, that Delia Leonard returned to R—— to take possession of her wealth. She had been for many weeks at the house of a physician, an old friend of her mother, who resided in a remote part of the State of New York, and at his direction had been traveling to regain her strength before returning to her old home.

It was about the time that she was duly installed as mistress of the Leonard estate, that our acquaintance began, which soon ripened into the warmest friendship.

I thought I had her fullest confidence; yet there was at times, when we were alone together, a restraint in her manner that pained me, I scarcely knew why; and sometimes—could it be fancy?—there seemed to be an expression of the most intense sadness in her dark eyes; a deep, yearning gaze, that seemed to reach, oh! so far away! And though cheerful, merry words ever rang from her lips, I imagined they sometimes wore an expression of deep pain. But no word of hers had ever given the least intimation that her heart was not as joyous as her songs were gay.

Of course Delia Leonard, the heiress, the belle, the fascinating woman, had many offers of marriage, and many a true, noble heart was offered for her acceptance; but she rejected them all, yet with such gentleness that no one felt it in his heart to accuse her of coldness or coquetry. She possessed the rare art of converting lovers into friends, and, what was most remarkable, she did not gain for herself the title of "coquette." Indeed, no one could deserve it less than Delia Leonard; for there was a certain truthfulness, an outspoken sincerity, in all she said or did. Society had not spoiled her, or flattery made her vain.

I often spoke to her concerning her indifference to her many suit-

ors, but her answer was always the same: she "could not love them."

And so the time passed on, until she had entered her twenty-fourth year, with apparently as little intention of yielding her heart to another, as ever. But I was about to redeem a promise made years before, to one who was even then on his way from "the land of gold," and to which we were to return after our marriage.

I did not wonder at Delia's grief at the prospect of our separation, for ours had been no common friendship; and the breaking of the close intimacy we had so long enjoyed, was the saddest thing connected with my departure from R——. Together we talked of the rapidly-approaching event, together wept that we were so soon to be separated. Yet there seemed to be something so perfectly hopeless, so heart-broken in Delia's grief, that I felt more than ever that there was a chamber within her heart still sealed against me. Sometimes when she thought I was not observing her, she regarded me with a look of such earnest inquiry, that I almost felt like asking her what it meant. But the answer came.

One evening we were alone in her room. The summer twilight had scarce faded away, but the soft moonlight already trembled upon the vine-leaves that partially draped the window where Delia was sitting, with her slight figure gracefully drooping toward the casement, upon which her clasped hands rested. I thought I had never seen her look so lovely as she did that evening, with her beautiful brown hair thrown back from her fair forehead, and falling in heavy curls over her white shoulders. It was not often that she wore her hair in this manner, although nature undoubtedly designed that it should be so worn; for in spite of all her efforts to band it plainly from her forehead, it would wave and crimp itself almost into a curl. Delia seemed to have a peculiar dislike to wearing her hair in ringlets, and it was only at my earnest solicitation that she ever consented to do so; and on this occasion, after I had myself arranged and stood admiring the beautiful tresses, she turned away with a sad smile, while that strange, yearning look came into her eyes. To-night I could see that inscrutable, far-off gaze, plainer than ever. She seemed so hopeless, so utterly despairing, as she looked out into the still moonlight, that I involuntarily threw my arms about her and asked: "What is it, Delia?"

She started suddenly, threw a quick, searching glance into my face, then gave a little laugh that would not sound gay, and commenced humming a merry tune—but it was of no use! The spell, whatever it might be, was too strong to-night, and she sank with a low, despairing cry, at my feet!

I felt alarmed, and started for a light, but she caught my hand between her own, and said with a voice so strange that I scarcely recognized it: “No, Mary, don’t go for a light—this room is too light now for what I have to say. Sit down, Mary! You must hear it to-night, if—I—can—tell—it!”

The words came slow, and gaspingly. I passed my hand gently over her head, and kissed her brow, but she shrank from me, and buried her face in the folds of my dress. For some minutes she remained motionless, save an occasional long, hard-drawn breath, as though she were nerving herself for some mortal struggle.

Finally, she uncovered her face, and began, in a voice low and calm, yet fearfully distinct: “Mary, long years ago—yet no! it is not more than seven! how eternal they seem!—before you and I were acquainted, when I was away at school, I first met *him*!—I can not speak his name—my destiny! Can you imagine how a girl with my nature, who had never known a mother’s, father’s, or sister’s love, could find it all, and more, in one man? Can you imagine how I could fall down in blind worship of a mortal, endowed by my love with every godlike perfection? Imagine your wildest, and it can not equal the reality! He fascinated me! I became his slave! My will was gone; he had but to speak, and I believed; to command, and I obeyed! Do you anticipate the result? He tempted, and—oh! my God!—I fell!”

The words died away into one moan of agony so intense, so terrible, that it sounded more like the wail of a lost spirit, than the sound of human voice! The hand I held was cold as ice, and the bowed form before me seemed rigid as marble. Another convulsive, gasping breath, and the voice proceeded:—

“You know when my uncle died, I was in the town of A——, completing my music, and that I was too ill to attend his funeral; you know, too, that it was not until some months after my uncle’s death, that I returned to this place, to take possession of the fortune he left me.



“Ah! I had *another inheritance* little dreamed of by those who came to welcome me home and congratulate me upon my newly-acquired wealth, a heritage of shame and life-long misery. In an obscure, far-off village, I had left a little being that I could never clasp in my arms and call my own!—whose pure lips could never be taught the sacred name of mother—because I, the miserable creature who gave him birth, must pay the fearful penalty of my crime! Yet, Mary, as God is my witness, I meant no sin. But it is right that I should suffer, and I am willing to bear it alone, too: upon *him* no punishment rests, and even now I would give my life—aye my very soul to save him from unhappiness. I know he was false; I know he purposely betrayed, yet I cannot find in my heart one shade of bitterness toward him.

“I do not know where he is now; I have not seen him since that miserable day I left A——. I have prayed God to keep him from my sight, for I love him yet!—I love him yet!”

I heard the story through with scarcely a feeling of surprise, and after she had ceased, I felt the same warm love for my friend I had ever cherished, only increased and deepened, now that I knew her miserable past. To me she was the same pure, guiltless girl I had ever known.

A long time Delia remained with her head resting in my lap, her face buried in the folds of my dress, while I gently smoothed her soft brown hair, without speaking, until the violence of her emotion should have passed away.

At last she raised her tearful face to mine: had my heart been turned against her before, one glance at the white, agonized countenance revealed by the bright moonlight, would have been sufficient to restore all my tenderness for my poor, suffering friend.

“Oh! Mary! Mary!” she exclaimed, “do you despise me after my humiliating confession? Oh! do not tell me you will cast me beneath your feet! I am so miserable that you *must* love me, Mary. Let me *believe* you love me, even though in your heart you despise me!”

I drew the beautiful head close to my heart, and pressed soft kisses upon the cold, white forehead, and my friend needed not words to assure her that she had lost nothing of that love she prayed for so wildly.

For weeks after this scene, Delia Leonard hovered between life and death. I was her constant nurse and attendant. In her hours of consciousness, she begged me not to leave her alone for a moment, or allow any person, save the attending physician—and he alone, save myself, knew her history—to enter the room during her unconscious wandering of mind, lest she should betray her life-secret.

My intended departure for California was delayed some time, on account of Delia Leonard's illness, and not until I had seen the earth piled above her poor, suffering heart, did I start on my journey, taking with me the orphan boy in fulfilment of his mother's last request. None of my friends knew that I had the child, as the whole affair had been managed with perfect secrecy; and if any noticed the delicate, golden-haired boy, who stood at my side as the steamer left the wharf, they little suspected that I knew more of him than themselves.

In her will Delia Leonard gave a large portion of her wealth to various orphan asylums, leaving to me as her dearest friend the remainder, well knowing that her expressed wishes in regard to her boy would be sacredly fulfilled, without submitting them to legal form, which would necessarily expose her guarded secret. In the event of little Allen's death, the money was to be distributed among the orphan asylums in California, and elsewhere.

Dear little Allie! Not long did he remain to me after reaching this State! Beneath the shadow of Lone Mountain his head lies pillowed, while his voice is singing far up among the angels, where I love to believe a happy, glorified mother spirit claims her own!

I had been in California nearly two years when I first met Harvey Thorne. He was introduced to our house, by an intimate friend, and soon his calls became quite frequent, the chief attraction being a young niece of my husband, who was residing with us; and that she regarded his attentions favorably, was evident from the marked pleasure with which she always welcomed his coming.

Indeed, Harvey Thorne was one of the most perfectly fascinating men imaginable. Almost the perfection of manly beauty, unusually brilliant in conversation, wealthy, of high social position, he seemed to lack nothing to win all hearts to himself. Yet a close observer might occasionally detect a lurking expression about the lips, and a

tone in his exquisitely modulated voice, not altogether agreeable, or calculated to inspire perfect confidence. This was, however, so seldom discovered, that one might almost believe the unpleasantness did not in reality exist.

Mr. Thorne had proposed marriage to our niece, Clara, but while there was no positive engagement between them, she had given him a favorable reply.

One evening we were sitting in social chat, when the conversation turned upon travel, and the scenery of America. Mr. Thorne had traveled through nearly every State in the Union; and in speaking of the Hudson River, and other portions of the State of New York, casually mentioned the town of A——, where he had passed a summer, as being one of the most lovely and picturesque in the State.

"A——!" I started at the sound! A strange, electric light seemed to flash through my mind in an instant! Delia Leonard! My poor friend Delia! Why should *her* face come up so vividly? I could assign no reason for the strange impression that entered my mind so suddenly, neither could I bid it depart.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I asked Mr. Thorne if he had met a young lady in A——, Miss Leonard by name, who was taking music lessons in that town at the time he resided there.

He gave the slightest little start, unnoticed by all except myself; darted a furtive glance of surprise and inquiry at me, and answered coldly that he believed he did recollect a young lady by that name!

I knew I had seen *him*!

I turned my face away, to conceal the hatred I felt was flashing from my eyes, and succeeded in overcoming my emotion sufficiently to take part in the conversation, which had immediately turned upon another subject.

Before Mr. Thorne left, that evening, it was proposed that we should, on the following afternoon, take a ride a short distance out of town, leaving it to the ladies to select the course. Clara gracefully yielded the privilege of choosing to "Aunt Mary," and I immediately mentioned Lone Mountain as the place I should most like to visit.

"To Lone Mountain, aunty?" said Clara, "for a pleasure ride? It always makes me sad to go there; but perhaps it may have a good



effect upon me, you say I am so gay and wild. Is that the reason why you wish to go there?"

"Perhaps we all may profit by the lesson learned by our visit to-morrow, if we apply it rightly," I replied.

"Aunt," said Clara, the next afternoon, as we were about starting out on our ride, "I do not know why it is that I feel so sad this afternoon. There seems to be a great black cloud hanging over me, and I can not escape from it. And yet I can scarcely say I am *sad*; the feeling is quite different from that. I guess, aunty, my lesson has begun already—do you not think so?"

Though she spoke in a low tone, intended for my ear alone, Mr. Thorne caught the words, and coming gaily to her side called her a "little spiritualist" to allow a mere shadow to make her sad, and challenged her to a race. In an instant the old sparkle came back to Clara's blue eyes, and in another, she sprang lightly into her saddle, and away she went down the smooth street, already ahead of Mr. Thorne, to whose gallantry, no doubt, she was indebted for her easy victory.

Our ramble through the "silent city of the dead," was nearly finished. We had lingered before many a monument of chiseled beauty; had stopped to let fall the tear of affectionate remembrance over the grasses of those we had loved; we had passed with a sigh the spot where rested the unknown dead; and the neglected, forgotten grave of the stranger, upon which no loving hand had ever planted a flower, or reared a stone to the memory of the sleeper beneath.

Unconsciously, so it seemed, our footsteps paused before an exquisitely finished monument of the purest Italian marble, which marked a little grave.

"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," read Mr. Thorne. "That old, old inscription, yet none so beautiful to record the going home of one of earth's pure little ones."

"Yes," I replied; "and there is connected with this little grave, a history which I wish to relate as we stand here."

"A little more than two years ago, I stood by the death bed of a precious friend, who with her latest breath, consigned to me the care of her child; the child she had never dared to claim before the world; whose smiles could never send one gleam of joy through her weary heart, because she, unhappy mother! received, with the gift of her boy

a heritage of shame and everlasting disgrace! — a disgrace so deep that all the penitence and tears of a life-time could never wash out the stain. While *he*, the only guilty one, still revelled in all life's enjoyment, with no dishonor upon his lordly name, no reproach in his false heart!

"Delia Leonard is dead! and you, Harvey Thorne, are standing at the grave of her child — and yours!"

Perhaps it was wrong, but the deathly paleness which overspread Mr. Thorne's face as I said this, gave me intense satisfaction. For a moment his white lips refused to utter a word. Every eye was fixed upon him in mute astonishment, and poor Clara looked appealingly at him for a refutation of the charge.

"Good God! Mrs. Avery! what are you saying?" he at last found voice to articulate.

"If you do not understand, I will repeat the words," I replied.

"No! no! I have heard too much already!" and without another word, he turned away, and in a moment was dashing toward the city.

Poor Clara! her afternoon's lesson came in a sudden, unexpected manner. For her sake, I afterward regretted exposing Harvey Thorne so mercilessly.

It may be asked, how I dare act as accuser to Mr. Thorne, when I had no proof that he was the betrayer of my friend Delia. I have asked myself the question many times, and am still unable to find an answer. Yet I felt as sure that he was the man, as I did of my own existence. Let those who can, explain why it was thus.

Of course, all intercourse between Clara and Mr. Thorne ceased immediately. He never insulted her by attempting an explanation or apology, or by a vain endeavor to disprove the truth of the charge.

I have seen him but once since that memorable afternoon, and then, singularly enough, on his wedding-day a few hours after his marriage, on board one of the Sacramento River steamers, as he was starting on his wedding tour. We met of course as strangers, but as he passed me, I knew by the sudden contraction of his brow, and a pressing together of his lips, that he had not forgotten.

As I looked at his young bride, I could but pray that no deadly shade from *his* life, might cast a blight over the brightness of *hers*.

## THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY, IN ITS RELATION TO LITERATURE, ART, AND SCIENCE.

BY CAXTON.

LOOKING back into the past, and exploring by the light of authentic history, sacred as well as profane, the merest tyro in learning can not fail to perceive that certain epochs stand prominently out on the "sands of time," and indicate vast activity and uncommon power in the human mind.

These epochs are so well marked that history has given them a designation, and to call them by their names, conjures up, as by the wand of an enchanter, the heroic representatives of our race.

If, for instance, we should speak of the era of Solomon, in sacred history, the memory would instantly picture forth the pinnacles of the Holy Temple, lifting themselves into the clouds; the ear would listen intently to catch the sweet intonations of the harp of David, vocal at once with the prophetic sorrows of his race, and swelling into sublime ecstasy at the final redemption of his people; the eye would glisten at the pomp and pageantry of the foreign potentates who thronged his court, and gloat with rapture over the beauty of the young Queen of Sheba, who journeyed from a distant land, to seek wisdom at the feet of the wisest monarch that ever sat upon a throne. We should behold his ships traversing every sea, and pouring into the lap of Isaac, the gold of Ophir, the ivory of Senegambia, and the silks, myrrh, and spices of the East.

So, too, has profane history its golden ages, when men all seemed to be giants, and their minds inspired.

What is meant when we speak of the Age of Pericles? We mean all that is glorious in the annals of Greece. We mean Opelles with his pencil, Phidias with his chisel, Alcibiades with his sword. We seem to be strolling arm-in-arm with Plato, into the Academy, to listen to the divine teachings of Socrates, or hurrying along with the crowd toward the Theatre, where Herodotus is reading his history, or Euripides is presenting his tragedies. Aspasia rises up like a beautiful apparition before us, and we follow willing slaves at the wheels of her victorious chariot. The whole of the Peloponnessus glows with intellect like a forge in blast, and scatter the trophies of Grecian civilization purposely around us. The Pæanion lifts



its everlasting columns, and the Venus and Apollo are moulded into marble immortality.

Rome has her Augustan age, an era of poets, philosophers, soldiers, statesmen, and orators. Crowded into cotemporary life, we recognize the greatest general of the heathen world, the greatest poet, the greatest orator, and the greatest statesman of Rome. Cæsar and Cicero, Virgil and Octavius, all trod the pavement of the capital together, and lent their blended glory, to immortalize the Augustan age.

Italy and Spain, and France and England, have had their golden age. The eras of Lorego the Magnificent, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Louis Quatorze and of Elizabeth, can never be forgotten. They loom up from the surrounding gloom, like the full moon bursting upon the sleeping seas; irradiating the night, clothing the meanest wave in sparkling silver, and dimming the luster of the brightest stars. History has also left in its track, mementoes of a different character. In sacred history we have the age of Herod; in profane, the age of Nero. We recognize at a glance the talismanic touch of the age of chivalry, and the era of the Crusades, and mope our way in darkness and gloom, along that opaque track, stretching from the reign of Justinian in the sixth century, to the reign of Edward the Third in the fourteenth, and known throughout Christendom as the "Dark Ages." Let us now take a survey of the field we occupy, and ascertain, if possible, the category in which our age shall be ranked by our posterity.

But before proceeding to discuss the characteristics of our epoch, let us define more especially what that epoch embraces.

It does not embrace the American nor the French revolution, nor does it include the acts or heroes of either. The impetus given to the human mind by the last half of the eighteenth century, must be carefully distinguished from the impulses of the first half of the nineteenth. The first was an era of almost universal war, the last of almost uninterrupted peace. The dying ground-swell of the waves after a storm, belong to the tempest, not to the calm which succeeds. Hence the wars of Napoleon, the literature and art of his epoch must be excluded from observation, in properly discussing the true characteristics of our era.

De Stael and Goëthe, and Schiller and Byron, Pitt and Nessel-

rode, Metternich and Hamilton; Fichte and Stewart, and Brown and Cousin; Canova, Thorwaldsen, and La Place, though all dying since the beginning of this century, belong essentially to a former era. They were the ripened fruits of that grand uprising of the human mind, which first took form on the 4th day of July, 1776. Our era properly commences with the downfall of the first Napoleon, and none of the events connected therewith, either before or afterwards, can be philosophically classed in the epoch we represent, but must be referred to a former period. Ages hence, then, the philosophic critic will thus describe the first half of the nineteenth century:

"The normal state of Christendom was peace. The age of steel that immediately went before it had passed. It was the Iron age.

"Speculative philosophy fell asleep; Literature declined; Skepticism bore sway in Religion, Politics, and Morals; Utility became the universal standard of right and wrong, and the truths of every science, and the axioms of every art, were ruthlessly subjected to the *experimentum crucis*. Everything was liable to revision. The verdicts pronounced in the olden time against Mahommed and Mesmer and Robespierre were set aside, and a new trial granted. The ghosts of Roger Bacon and Emanuel Swedenborg were summoned from the Stygian shore, to plead their causes anew before the bar of public opinion. The head of Oliver Cromwell was ordered down from the gibbet, the hump was smoothed down on the back of Richard III., and the sentence pronounced by Urban VIII. against the "starry Galileo" reversed forever. Aristotle was decently interred beneath a modern monument inscribed thus: '*in pace requiescat*;' whilst Francis Bacon was rescued from the sacrilegious hands of Kiass and Reess, and Parliament, and canonized by the unanimous consent of Christendom. It was the age of tests. Experiment governed the world. Germany led the van, and Humboldt became the impersonation of his times."

Such unquestionably will be the verdict of the future, when the present time with all its treasures and trash, its hopes and realizations, shall have been safely shelved and labeled amongst the musty records of bygone generations.

Let us now examine into the grounds of this verdict more minutely, and test its accuracy by exemplifications.

## I.

And first, who believes now in *innate ideas*? Locke has been completely superseded by the materialists of Germany and France, and all speculative moral philosophy exploded. The audiences of Edinburgh and Brown University interrupt Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Wayland in their discourses, and, stripping off the plumage from their theses, inquisitively demand, "*Cui bono*? What's the use of all this? How can we apply it to the every-day concerns of life? We ask you for bread, and you have given us a stone: and though that stone be a diamond, it is valueless, except for its glitter. No philosopher can speculate successfully or even satisfactorily to himself, when he is met at every turn by some vulgar intruder into the domains of Aristotle and Kant, who clips his wings just as he was prepared to soar into the heavens, by an offer of co-partnership to "speculate," it may be, in the price of pork. Hence, no moral philosopher of our day has been enabled to erect any theory which will stand the assaults of logic, for a moment. Each school rises for an instant to the surface, and sports out its little day in toss and tribulation, until the next wave rolls along, with foam on its crest and fury in its roar, and overwhelms it forever. As with its predecessor, so with itself.

"The eternal surge  
Of Time and Tide rolls on and bears afar  
Their bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,  
Lashed from the foam of ages."

## II.

But I have stated, that this is an age of *literary decline*. It is true that more books are written and published, more newspapers and periodicals printed and circulated, more extensive libraries collected and incorporated, and more ink indiscriminately spilt, than at any former period of the world's history. In looking about us, we are forcibly reminded of the sarcastic couplet of Pope, who complains—

"That those who can not write, and those who can,  
All scratch, all scrawl, and scribble to a man."

Had a modern gentleman all the eyes of Argus, all the arms of Briareus, all the wealth of Cræsus, and lived to the age of Methuselah, his eyes would all fail, his fingers all tire, his money all give out,



and his years come to an end, long before he perused one tenth of the annual product of the press of Christendom, at the present day. It is no figure of rhetoric to say, that the press groans beneath the burthen of its labors. Could the types of Leipsic and London, Paris and New York, speak out, the Litany would have to be amended, and a new article added, to which they would solemnly respond: "Spare us, good Lord!"

A recent publication furnishes the following statistical facts relating to the book-trade in our own country: "Books have multiplied to such an extent in the United States, that it now takes 750 paper mills, with 2000 engines in constant operation to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavoring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produce 270,000,000 pounds of paper every year. It requires a pound and a quarter of old rags for one pound of paper; thus 340,000,000 pounds of rags were consumed in this way last year. There are about 300 publishers in the United States, and near 10,000 booksellers who are engaged in the task of dispensing literary *pabulum* to the public." —(*Home Circle*, Feb. No., 1859.)

It may appear somewhat paradoxical to assert that literature is declining whilst books and authors are multiplying to such a fearful extent. Byron wrote:—

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book 's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

True enough, but books are not always literature. A man may become an author without ceasing to be an ignoramus. His name may adorn a title page without being recorded in *aere perenne*. He may attempt to write himself up a very "Lion" in literature whilst good master Slender may be busily engaged "in writing him down an ass."

Not one book in a thousand is a success; not one success in ten thousand wreaths the fortunate author with the laurel crown, and lifts him up into the region of the immortal. Tell me, ye who prate about the *literary glory* of the nineteenth century, wherein it consists? Whose are

"The great, the immortal names  
That were not born to die?"

I cast my eyes up the long vista towards the Temple of Fame,

and I behold hundreds of thousands pressing on to reach the shining portals. They jostle each other by the way, they trip, they fall, they are overthrown and ruthlessly trampled into oblivion, by the giddy throng, as they rush onward and upwards. One, it may be two, of the million who started out, stand trembling at the threshold and with exultant voices cry aloud for admittance. One perishes before the summons can be answered; and the other awed into immortality by the august presence into which he enters, is transformed into imperishable stone.

Let us carefully scan the rolls of the literature of our era and select if we can, poet, orator, or philosopher, whose fame will deepen as it runs, and brighten as it burns, until future generations shall drink at the fountain and be refreshed, and kindle their souls at the vestal flame and be purified, illuminated and ennobled.

In poetry, aye, in the crowded realms of song, who bears the sceptre? — who wears the crown? America, England, France and Germany can boast of bards *by the gross*, and rhyme *by the acre*, but not a single poet. The *poeta nascitur* is not here. He may be on his way — and I have heard that he was — but this generation must pass before he arrives. Is he in America? If so, which is he? Is it Poe, croaking sorrowfully with his “Raven,” or Willis, cooing sweetly with his “Dove?” Is it Bryant, with his “Thanatopsis,” a Prentice, with his “Dirge to the Dead Year?” Perhaps it is Holmes, with his “Lyrics,” or Longfellow, with his “Idyls.” Alas! is it not self-evident that we have no poet, when it is utterly impossible to discover any two critics in the land who can find him?

True, we have lightning bugs enough, but no star; foot-hills, it may be, in abundance, but no mount Shasta, with its base built upon the everlasting granite, and its brow bathed in the eternal sunlight.

In England, Tennyson the Laureate, is the spokesman of a clique, the pet poet of a princely circle, whose rhymes flow with the docility and harmony of a limped brook, but never stun like Niagara, nor rise into sublimity like the storm-swept sea.

Beranger, the greatest poet of France of our era, was a mere song-writer; and Heine, the pride of young Germany, a mere satirist and lyrist. Freiligrath can never rank with Goëthe, or Schiller; and Victor Hugo never attain the heights trodden by Racine, Corneille, or Boileau.

In oratory, where shall we find the compeer of Chatham, or Mirabeau, Burke or Patrick Henry? I have not forgotten Peel and Gladstone, nor Lamartine and Count Cavour, nor Lafont, Prentiss, and Daniel Webster. But Webster himself, by far the greatest intellect of all these, was a mere debater, and the spokesman of a party. He was an eloquent speaker, but can never rank as an orator with the rhetoricians of the last century.

And in philosophy and general learning, where shall we find the equal of that burly old bully, Dr. Sam Johnson? and yet, Johnson, with all his learning, was a third-rate philosopher.

In truth, the greatest author of our era, was a mere essayist. Beyond all controversy, Thomas Babington Macaulay was the most polished writer of our times. With an intellect acute, logical and analytic; with an imagination glowing and rich, but subdued and under perfect control; with a style so clear and limped and concise, that it has become a standard for all who aim to follow in the path he trod, and with a learning so full and exact, and exhaustive, that he was nicknamed, when an undergraduate, the "Omniscient Macaulay;" he still lacks the giant grasp of thought, the bold originality, and the intense, earnest enthusiasm which characterize the master spirits of the race, and identify them with the eras they adorn.

### III.

As in literature, so in what have been denominated by scholars, the *Fine Arts*. The past fifty years has not produced a painter, sculptor, or composer, who ranks above mediocrity in their respective vocations. Canova and Thorwaldsen were the last of their race; Sir Joshua Reynolds left no successor, and the immortal Beethoven has been superceded by negro minstrelsy and senseless pantomime. The greatest architect of the age is a railroad contractor, and the first dramatist, a cobbler of French farces.

### IV.

But whilst the highest faculty of the mind, the imagination, has been left uncultivated and has produced no worthy fruit, the next highest, the causal, or the one that deals with causes and effects, has been stimulated into the most astonishing fertility.

Our age ignores fancy, and deals exclusively with fact. Within its chosen range, it stands far, very far pre-eminent over all that



have preceded it. It reaps the fruit of Bacon's labors. It utilizes all that it touches. It stands thoughtfully on the field of Waterloo and estimates scientifically the manuring properties of bones and blood. It disentombs the mummy of Thotmes II, sells the linen bandages for the manufacture of paper, burns the asphaltum-soaked body for fire-wood, and plants the pint of red wheat found in his sarcophagus, to try an agricultural experiment. It deals in no sentimentalities; it has no appréciation of the sublime. It stands upon the ocean shore, but with its eyes fixed on the yellow sand searching for gold. It confronts Niagara, and gazing with rapture at its misty shroud, exclaims in an ecstasy of admiration—"Lord! what a place to sponge a coat!" Having no soul to save, it has no religion to save it. It has discovered that Mahomet was a great benefactor of his race, and that Jesus Christ was, after all, a mere man; distinguished, it is true, for his benevolence, his fortitude and his morality, but for nothing else. It does not believe in the Pope, nor in the church, nor in the Bible. It ridicules the infallibility of the first, the despotism of the second, and the chronology of the third. It is possessed of the very spirit of Philip: it must "touch and handle" before it will believe. It questions the existence of spirit, because it can't be analyzed by chemical solvents: it questions the existence of hell, because it has never been scorched; it questions the existence of God, because it has never beheld Him.

It does, however, believe in the explosive force of gunpowder, in the evaporation of boiling water, in the head of the magnet, and in the heels of the lightnings. It conjugates the Latin verb *invenio*, (to find out) through all its voices, moods and tenses. It inverts everything, from a lucifer match in the morning to kindle a kitchen fire, up through all the intermediate ranks, and tiers, and grades of life, to a telescope that spans the heavens in the evening; it recognizes no chasm or hiatus, in its inventions. It sinks an artesian well in the Desert of Sahara for a pitcher of water, and bores through the Alleghanies for a hogshead of oil. From a fish-hook to the Great Eastern, from a pockot derringer to a columbiad, from a sewing machine to a Victoria Suspension Bridge, it oscillates like a pendulum.

Deficient in literature and art, our age surpasses all others in science. Knowledge has become the great end and aim of human

life. "I want to know," is inscribed as legibly on the hammer of the geologist, the crucible of the chemist, and the equatorial of the astronomer, as it is upon the phiz of a regular "Down-Easter." Our age has inherited the chief failing of our first mother, and passing by the "Tree of Life in the midst of the Garden," we are all busily engaged in mercilessly plundering the Tree of Knowledge of all its fruit. The time is rapidly approaching when no man will be considered a gentleman who has not filed his *caveat* in the patent office.

The inevitable result of this spirit of the age begins already to be seen. The philosophy of a cold, blank, calculating materialism has taken possession of all the avenues of learning. Epicurus is worshipped in stead of Christ. Mammon is considered as the only true savior. *Dum Vivimus*, VIVAMUS, is the maxim we live by, and and the creed we die by. We are all iconoclasts. St. Paul has been superceded by St. Fulton; St. John by St. Colt; St. James by St. Morse; St. Mark by St. Maury; and St. Peter has surrendered his keys to that great incarnate representative of this age, St. Alexandre Von Humboldt.

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EXAGGERATION IN TALKING.—Young people, especially, are guilty of this fault. We constantly hear such expressions as, "I am tired to death," "I did not sleep a wink all night," "I wouldn't do it for the world," "It was enough to kill me," "She turned as pale as a sheet," &c., &c. All such exaggerations affect, more or less, the habit of veracity, and make us insensibly disregard the exact truth. Thousands fall into this error without intending it. Besides, nothing is so ill-bred. When a real gentleman hears such expressions fall from the lips of a pretty girl, he forgets instantly her beauty and can think only of what he considers her vulgarity. All young ladies, who talk in this way, are not, however, vulgar; but they should be the more careful, therefore, not to do themselves this injustice. Next to being uncultivated is seeming to be so.

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HEALTH.—The sight of a pretty face, healthy and merry, gives me almost as much pleasure as the finding of a fine, vigorous shrub, whose flowers blossom gayly to the sun, and whose leaves have never been preyed upon either by worms or insects.

## Spring Fashions

SPRING Fashions are more attractive than those of any other season of the year. The change from heavy to light fabrics, from deep positive colors to the more delicate neutral tints, seems in harmony with nature, which is now throwing off the dreary garb of winter and putting on the delicate and beautiful apparel of leaves, and grass, and flowers which belong to the Spring-time: It is a time for renewal — a putting off of the old, and a putting on of the new. PROGRESSION, the great law of life, is written upon all things; you behold it in the delicate tracery of the leaves and flowers now bursting from their wintry beds; you hear it murmured by the rippling brook, which now, casting off the icy fetters which have bound it for a season, is pursuing its onward course.

The bright, warm rays of the sun, seem to bid doubt and despondency depart, and renew within us the cheering rays of hope; — the very air we breathe seems filled with inspiration, and our flagging energies are renewed within us. All nature is engaged in the great work of renewal, and is putting on the new and beautiful garment of Spring-time. To be in harmony with nature we, too, must renew our garments; and not the external only, but the internal. The beautiful garment of praise and thanksgiving should cover our souls. What a chance for the moralist to enlarge upon this subject. But we may give no utterance to the deep thought-waves surging in our soul.

As the mere chronicler of Fashion, we are but the minister of progression in its lowest and most undignified form. The love of beauty in externals, in color, form, shape and outline, may be so cultivated as to reach the internal. — “Into every beautiful object,” says Emerson, “there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and just as much into form bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as with tones of music, or depths of space.” And Festus says: — “Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty, and by that love they are redeemable.”

So we are content to cultivate a taste and love for the beautiful even in its lowest form, — that form which finds expression in the well-shaped, finely-fitting garment, and in the adaptation of form and color.

We are indebted to Madam Demorest, and her *Quarterly Report of Fashion*, for much of the intelligence on this subject which we lay before our readers this month, and also for the cuts illustrating the new styles of ladies' and children's dress.

**DRESS GOODS.**—After the deluge of wide stripes, and the like, it will be a gratifying fact to small people to announce that small distinct figures appear likely to be the leading style in all kinds of dress goods, from the richest taffetas to the shilling print.

Figured and plain taffetas are the favorite materials for spring promenade wear, the silk being very heavy and lustrous in quality, so as to spread out in the wide, graceful folds, which are now an indispensable part of the toilet. In less expensive fabrics, the figured *barege d'Anglais*, in new and charmingly delicate combinations, a thick sort of mixed summer poplin, plain *chene* and figured, the ground-work being frequently black and white.



**SLEEVES.**—The open and close sleeve having been so determinately contested by Paris designers, a compromise was found indispensable. Either style, therefore, may be considered *La Mode* for the ensuing season.

**BONNETS.**—The Spring Bonnets are very pretty, and of medium size. The popular style is depressed over the forehead, and open at the sides, but the new French bonnets are close at the sides, and raised over the forehead, so as to allow of a good deal of trimming directly in front. Mixtures of silk and straw, and silk and crape, are both in vogue, but the most stylish bonnets are in plain silk, with perhaps a soft lace crown strapped across with silk, or in fine English and Neapolitan straws, ornamented with velvet, silk, lace, and flowers. Puffed *tulle*, trimmed with grass and field flowers, will be a favorite summer style.

**SPRING CLOAKS.**—Black silk cloaks promise to create as much of a *furor* as the French cloth cloaks of the past winter. The styles possess remarkable grace and elegance; they are generally in the form of a *sacque* or *paletot*, and are made of rich silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and *passementerie*. Quite a novel idea is the introduction of colors into the body of the garment, as for instance: The plain French *paletot* has a pointed pelerine cape, and pointed flowing sleeves. The trimming consists of small conical-shaped pieces of colored silk, violet, green, or lilac inserted, and forming a border to the cape, sleeves, and down the sides of the front. These designs (*illuminee*) are surrounded and more exactly defined by a box-quilling of black silk pinked on the edge.

The *Neapolitaine* has a skirt laid in large box-plaits, into which is inserted full-length gores in colored silk, ornamented with fancy designs in thick crochet, with an open centre through which the color is seen. The sleeves of this cloak are very deep and wide, and the waist fits to the form, and is covered by a pelerine cape in crochet.

The *Americaine* has a plaited back and basque front, with one side seam, covered with a *passementerie* of lace and fringe, extending to the bottom of the front, and across the shoulder to the back, where it terminates below the waist in a handsome bow. Full sleeves, with a round, deep cuff, trimmed with lace, gathered to right size, to display the under-sleeve.

All these cloaks reach to within a few inches of the bottom of the dress, and are worn with rich figured and plain taffeta robes. In all cases where colors are inserted in the cloak, the dress should be of the same shade, or a black silk should be worn with the figure of that shade.

WE have just received from Madam Demorest's world-noted Emporium of Fashion, our new patterns of Spring Styles, both for ladies' and children's dress. They are artistic in design, and endless in variety. Our stock comprises everything, from the simplest article of an infant's wardrobe, to the most elaborate garment a lady can wear. Ladies are invited to call and examine for themselves at Hesperian Room 3, No. 6 Montgomery street, *up stairs*.

Patterns sent by mail to any part of the State. See page 152 for description of full sized Paper Pattern accompanying this number.

## Editor's Table.

A GIFT FROM GOD.—Since last we met you, kind friends and readers, our home has been gladdened by the advent of a little fair-haired, bright-eyed boy. He came bringing with him a host of hopes and fears, and awakening us to the consciousness of a new responsibility—the responsibility of maternity—the highest and holiest office of womanhood.

Very welcome we have made the little fellow, although with fear and trembling, for we deeply realize the importance of the new duty laid upon us, and well we know that the impressions made in infancy upon the mind will endure and carry their influence with them, not alone through all the years of this mortal life, but through the vast ages of eternity. Ah, yes! a mother's hand has much to do in shaping the destiny of the future, and if anything can make her feel the need of a faith upon which she can rely, and a strength which is not her own, it is to look upon her babe as he nestles closely to her heart in his purity and innocence, and feel that to her keeping has been committed the destiny of that life. How beautifully this is expressed in the following lines:—

“Write, mother, write !

A new, unspotted book of life before thee ;

Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages

The first few characters, to live in glory,

Or live in shame, through long, unending ages !

Write, mother, write ;

Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter !

The lot is on thee ; nerve thee then with care ;

A *mother's tracery* time may never alter :

Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.”

SAYEEPA.—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the illustration in the front of the Magazine, and also to the interesting and instructive article on “The Women of Sumatra,” which appears on page 119, for both of which we are indebted to the renowned traveler, Capt. Walter M. Gibson; a gentleman who has traveled extensively, and accumulated a vast and varied fund of information in regard to the Islands of the Indian Ocean. His scenes are drawn from actual observation, and his descriptions from personal knowledge. Capt. Gibson is at present sojourning in our State, and it is to be hoped that our people will not fail to improve the opportunity now offered them of listening to the interesting lectures of this distinguished traveler. As a writer he is well known, and his graphic pen-pictures are eagerly sought for. His admirable work, “Prison of Weltevreden,” is, we are sorry to say, out of print—the entire edition having been exhausted. There is one peculiarity about this book which we highly appreciate it is, that it is dedicated to WOMEN, in the following beautiful manner :—

“Consecrated to the elevation of the native races of the East Indian Archipelago’ in religious truths, in morals, and social virtues; and to the mitigation of the selfishness and asperity of European dominion in the East, through the devel-

opment of a closer sympathy between Western Intelligence and Eastern Imagination; under the fostering influence of the faith and enthusiasm of Woman, of the WOMEN OF CHRISTENDOM, to whom this work is earnestly inscribed."

**FLOWERS FOR SPRING.**—Flowers are the symbols, says Mme. Demorest, of whatever is beautiful and kindly, and we welcome the fact of the growing love which seems to be felt for their mute, but exquisite, teachings, as we welcome the appreciation of music, or whatever tends to the general encouragement of the pure and the refined. Fashion for once, at least, has taken nature for her model, and *garnishes* with flowers and leaves. Evening costumes, during the past season, have been profusely ornamented with these lovely floral embellishments, and the spring toilets will display delicate and seasonable varieties, faithfully copied from nature, as their only decoration. Bunches of violets, the sweet pansy, the wood anemone, and wreaths of the dark-green fern leaves have been imported by some of our best houses, whose perfect beauty and wonderfully natural freshness seem possible only to the growth of the sun, and air, and evening dew, it is no wonder that fashion adopts, with enthusiasm, what art has made so perfect, as almost to surpass nature.

**INKLINGS.**—It is mysterious to see a poor caterpillar lay himself away in his hammock, and, watching hour by hour, see him come forth to the world again a "winged worshiper" of the flowers and dew-gemmed meads! Yet more mysterious, and withal as true and full of meaning, to see a young form wrapped in the "winding-sheet," who, ere the brow grows rigid, wings its way to the Eternal City!

The butterfly is a beautiful emblem of man's immortality; we behold its wings, and its buoyancy, as it mounts the swaying leaves, or wings its undaunted flight toward the stars, and wonder how the change was wrought. It was a process noiseless, constant, yet invisible; the only difference between that and the spirit of man is, that we see with mortal eyes the beautiful garniture of the crawling worm, while the wings that soar to the ethereal dome are invisible. How sublime, how real, how glorious!—*Banner of Light*.


#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

WE send this month the "Maintenon," a semi-leg-of-mutton sleeve, three puffs set lengthwise in at the top. The pattern comprises three pieces: the sleeve, puff and pointed cuff. It is both novel and stylish, besides being entirely new.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.**— "Sketches of my Grandmother's Neighbors" reached us a little too late for this number, much to our regret.

Many good articles are unavoidably crowded out of this number.

"The Game at Hearts, or the Young Wife's Confession," is accepted, and will appear in our next number.

**NOTICE.**—We are just in receipt of our Spring Patterns for ladies' and children's dress. Ladies are invited to call and see for themselves at Hesperian Rooms, No. 6 Montgomery St.,  up stairs.





EMPRESS ROBE.

Skirt mode, with nine widths at bottom, 6-7 at top, front breadth reaching up to the waist. Trimmed with puffing, reaching from the shoulder to the bottom of the waist, and extending round the skirt at the joining. Sleeves half wide, gathered into a cuff, large enough to admit an undersleeve, which is made tight at the wrist. Cuffs trimmed with puffing. Scarf of the same material; trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. Graduated buttons down the front. This Robe may be made of steel-gray glace silk, which is a favorite color, and may be trimmed with blue, green, violet, or groselle.





BOYS' CHELSEA APRON.

Cut sack-front, and laid in two box plaits, ornamented with buttons. Skirt is full on over the hips and across the back, with a fancy Polka joined with the seam at the waist. Long sleeves, with plain round cuff, trimmed with binding or braid, designed for a child of three to seven years; requires about three yards of material.



THE CELESTE.

Small flowing Sleeve, the back laid over the front in points, and trimmed with braid and buttons.



TIGHT SLEEVE.





# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 4.

PHILIP WARREN;  
OR,  
MY LADY'S GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

## CHAPTER VI.

[Concluded.]

IN the suburbs of the city of Mobile, is a handsome country-house whose beautiful and picturesque surroundings attract the eye of every passer-by; American wealth, English taste, and Yankee thrift seem combined in the management. And this is true, too, of its precedents. Leonora's uncle, on her mother's side, was a New Englander, who early in life received his education at a New England college, and by subsequent travels abroad perfected a fine taste for art. He was not a man of much wealth, but having engaged in the business of importing rare foreign goods, was so fortunate as to amass a large fortune. At rather an advanced age, he met with and married a southern lady, who in a few years died, leaving him widowed and childless. To divert his thoughts from the disappointment he had met, once more he went abroad; and thus it was that the youthful Leonora, the child of his only sister, was left to the guardianship of a stranger. When he again returned to his home near Mobile, it was only to die of a lingering disease, the effect of a long-cherished melancholy. But he had time to inquire into the fate of his sister's child, and to settle upon her his large fortune in a manner to prevent future impositions from her undutiful husband. Leonora had been brought at once to his house, and introduced to his servants as their mistress. During the time of her subsequent ab-

sence the affectionate blacks had not forgotten the graces of their young mistress, nor ceased to look upon her with the pride of their African blood. When she reappeared among them, quite unexpectedly, showing too in her face and manner that some new trouble had befallen her, their sympathy vented itself in words as well as acts and faithful services. Only Bill, the coachman, Juno's "ole man," took the fact of his mistress's evident disturbance in a purely philosophical manner. Juno, who was head cook, and who had from the first acquaintance with her mistress nourished an intense admiration for her, was often quite put out by Bill's obtuseness, or want of feeling. On the present occasion the couple sat under the vine-covered porch of Juno's kitchen, while the woman's eyes followed the movements of Leonora, who, attended by Catherine, her maid, was slowly pacing the piazza in front of the mansion.

"'Clar', it 'pears Miss Nora's not so peart like as she was 'fore she went to de North," said Juno, with a sigh which moved her massive frame.

"Worrying herself for a husban', like enough," responded her spouse, with masculine complacency.

"Sho' you be 'shamed of yourself, Bill, to say a han'sum' lady like Miss Nora got to worry herself for a husban'."

"Sometimes dey does, though," chuckled Bill.

"Who'd Miss Nora be a wantin', I wonder?" asked Juno, incredulously.

"Laws, how should I know who she be a-wantin. Der be 'nough of dem comin here, I'm sure."

"Jes' de reason why you got no sense, ole man. S'pect she got to fret after dem, when dey come demselves, eh?"

"Right one not come, mebbe."

"Sho!"

When this was said, all was said. Juno's "shos!" were very expressive. After a brief silence, intended to show her contempt for Bill's wisdom, Juno resumed the conversation.

"'Pears some things has to be; but 't was great pity Miss Nora, pretty lamb, fell into de paws of dat ar wolf."

"He's dead and gone, now, ain't he, Juno? Nebber trouble Missus any more in dis worl'; so what's de use of reflection on his sins?"



"You allers askin' de use of tings, Bill; an' dat's 'cause you too lazy to exercise de feelins ob yer heart. S'pect I nebber was quite so awful ind'lent in *my* born days, nebber! If yer was half converted as yer ought to be, you could realize de trouble dat poor Christian chile has had; and de terrible wickedness of dat bad man I calls a wolf."

"Well, when de lamb is all saved, and de wolf killed and destroyed entire, who eber cries any more den?"

"Doesn't a mamma cry an' sob when her baby comes a-near bein' drowned, an' isn't?" S'pose dat man come here, instead of de Lord lettin' him be killed jest afore he got here;—what den? Why he'd be a-carryin' off Miss Nora, and a-tormentin' and a-beatin' her, or shuttin' her up in some place, to make her give him money. Dat's what he'd be doin', I knows."

"I can't see what's de use of thinkin' what might a-been," reiterated Bill.

"Ob course you can't. I a'most wish somebody would run *me* off, to see if yer heart couldn't be touched a little bit, for onct."

Bill laughed silently to himself, as if he almost wished it too, for the fun of the thing, and to see which would feel the worst, Juno or himself. While his eyes rolled about in this noiseless enjoyment, they chanced to fall upon the figure of a horseman slowly coming round a bend in the broad avenue of lindens and magnolias, that formed the carriage road to the house. As none of the "boys" were in sight at that moment, Bill lazily swung himself off the kitchen porch, and advanced to meet the stranger and take charge of his horse, which he did. Meanwhile, he answered such questions as were put to him, in the good-natured, familiar manner of his color.

Whether the mistress of the mansion had witnessed his approach or not, she was absent from the piazza when Philip Warren, somewhat the more dusty and swarthy for long and hard travel, set foot upon it; and not until he had been given time to refresh himself and make his toilet did she receive him. Philip would have given much to know whether this formality proceeded from indifference or from that gentle courtesy which always seemed to consider the comfort of others paramount to her own wishes. Certain it is however, that the business-like address which was being conned over as he

came up the avenue, disappeared from his mind with the dust from his person, and that when he descended to meet his hostess not a word of it would come to his aid.

The greeting was outwardly calm, even cold. The merest strangers often meet more joyfully. Whatever was in the hearts of either was not permitted to rise to their lips, though the restraint was, each knew, painfully embarrassing. The usual inquiries concerning health, friends, the state of the weather, the roads—anything rather than the subject nearest the hearts, and uppermost in the minds of both. The dinner—that little cozy arrangement which had always been so pleasant in New York, came nearest to breaking the ice of reserve by its silent suggestiveness. Philip remembered in particular that evening when he had just come home from N—half wild, desperate, and had been met with such a smile and look as carried away what self-restraint he had left. How he had bandied compliments and been reproved; how he had told his story and been forgiven, yes, even honored with her confidence. Unconsciously he glanced at the ring on his little finger. She chanced to see the movement, and rising as if the recollection stung her, put an end to the pantomime. In the parlor it was quite as bad. Neither could sing. One was out of voice and the other had breathed too much dust that day. It was plain that Leonora was no longer mistress, and Philip her waiting-gentleman, as formerly. A something had altered their relations, and obliged them to begin anew the acquisition of fresh intimacy. The evening was wearing away, and Philip felt that the barrier must come down. Business, he said to himself, was business; therefore why shrink from it? The money he had in his pocket belonged to Mrs. Leonora Caruthers, and must be restored. Proceeding to place it upon a table beside her, he began with the remark that he had found no occasion to use the money deposited with him at the time she had so unexpectedly left New York, never having received any commission from her.

“Did you not get my letter?”

“No letter from you ever reached me.”

“How then did you know how to find me?”

“I found out from your agent in Mobile; and him I discovered by the merest accident, while transacting business with him for another party.”

"Then you have left *my* service?" she asked, with something of the old ease of manner.

"I could no longer remain in it when there was nothing to do."

"Nor any pay coming from it," she added, with a pleasant laugh.

"Mrs. Caruthers, have you destroyed our writing of agreement?"

"If I have not, I will, any moment that you wish it, since now it is unserviceable."

"Then I may ask you questions. When did *he* (Mr. Caruthers) die?"

"In March; just in time to prevent much trouble. He had found me out, through one of my servants who had been to your hotel on some errand of mine. The man lost a note, I believe, which Mr. Caruthers was fated to find, and which led him to make inquiries and subsequent discoveries. Once upon my track, he followed me up until within a few miles of Mobile, where he was accidentally killed by the overturning of a carriage. But did you know nothing of this?"

"Nothing whatever. I partly guessed it—at least that he was following you, and I came to rescue you if possible from your difficulties."

"But yourself—how did you escape from your own entanglements?"

"The charge was withdrawn. The real thief confessed."

"And the 'real thief' was whom?"

"Let me astonish you,—it was a woman."

"Is it possible! what woman could have had a motive for such an act?"

"Iris Morrison!"

"Oh, impossible! And she once loved you, too," she added, gently.

"It was very strange. Do you recollect saying in your letter that there was a mystery about Iris. My mother made the same remark. I think she is not quite sane at times; and as she confessed did that act with the hope of bringing me to her feet. But you know *that* was all past with me, as I told you last winter. Besides, Iris had an accomplice; or rather Mr. Caruthers witnessed the act, and used his cognizance of it as a scourge to keep her in his power."



"Poor Iris, poor unhappy girl! So she could not let you go to trial after all; and humbled herself to confess it."

"Not willingly at first; it all came out when I went to warn her against marrying Mr. Caruthers. She feared that to expose him would cause him to retaliate upon her by informing of what he knew in my case; and then the whole story transpired, but not publicly."

"And you forgave her? You were generous to her, I trust, *my friend*."

"I did forgive her, and pity her: but I should find it hard to respect so unprincipled a woman."

"You should respect her sorrow, at the least. It is much when a woman casts aside her integrity for love of any one, and her suffering in this case should make her sacred in your eyes."

"I recognize the truth of what you say; and especially is it like yourself to say it. But why did you not write to me a second time, when the first failed to bring an answer?"

"I did something which was far less sensible, I fear; that is I wrote to Iris to remind her of her promise to save you from your trial, or rather to inquire of her if she had done it, as the time for the trial was past."

"And what did she answer?"

Leonora's face betrayed her unwillingness to reply to this direct question; but Philip had reasons for pressing the inquiry. "Do not withhold her reply," he urged, "because it is important I should know it."

"She replied," said Leonora, in a low voice, "that it was unlikely her father would permit her *future husband* to go to trial on a criminal charge, when he could prevent it."

There was a silence of a few moments, while Philip paced with rapid strides up and down the noiseless floor.

"And so you think I ought to forgive her for this?" he cried at last, in a voice of suppressed excitement. "Would *you* forgive her, if you were in my place? She has done everything one woman could to mar my life for me; but this last offence I hold the greatest of them all. For I had told her," he continued, standing still before the face of his listener—"I had told her what until now I have never confessed to yourself, that I loved you—loved you, Leonora, as I *can* love, and you deserve to be loved. I did not mean to say

this to you now ; for, though I am no longer your servant, I am still poor, and have no right to avow my involuntary sentiments for the mere pleasure of hearing myself repeat them. You will forgive me therefore the indiscretion forced into my mouth by that woman's treachery. Or, if it pleases you, I will recall the rash avowal, rather than lose your friendship. How shall it be, Leonora ?”

Her face was bathed in blushes, while smiles and tears shone together in her eyes. She held out both white hands, which taking, and keeping, Philip knelt by her side.

“ You are mistaken, Philip,” she said, in a soft embarrassment, “ This is *not* the first time you have confessed your love. I have not forgotten that eventful night at the Academy of Music.”

“ What did I say then, dearest ?—I was not myself, you know.”

“ No matter what you said, Philip ; I was not offended, though I was alarmed, for I saw that you must be delirious.”

“ Would you have refused to pardon me, otherwise ? — Tell me true, dear Leonora.”

“ Philip, I could not have listened : you are aware of that.”

“ Thank God, that you can listen now ; though God knows I am sorry I have spoken, for I can not ask you to marry me in my present poverty ; while to know that but for this I might ask you, makes the denial doubly bitter.”

“ Is it from riches, Philip, that such a proposition must always come ?” asked Leonora, with a half mirthful glance into his glowing face.

“ Do not tempt me dear,” was the reply, “ because you know I can not resist such a temptation as you suggest. I have a little pride, notwithstanding the hard usage it has suffered, and I do not want to humble myself entirely by becoming a pensioner on even your free bounty, my generous Leonora.”

“ If you are afraid of being under obligations to me, Philip, I have no doubt I can find you something to do by way of discharging such obligations. I need your help now, in the same capacity as before, for I have not finished my travels, neither am I fit to have the care of so much property as happens to be mine.”

"And I may come back again, may I, in my capacity as lady's man?" asked Philip, gaily, kissing her two hands.

"Only on one condition."

"And that is?"—

"That you ask me to marry you."

"Will you marry me, Leonora?" This time Philip's tone was low and grave, and the mirthfulness which a moment before had concealed mutually their real emotions vanished before the momentous nature of the question. But the answer came firm and sweet:

"Philip, I will."

"Oh, my own dearest love! I fear all this is but a dream."

If it was a dream that made two young, loving hearts so happy, let us pray their illusion may last forever. But rapture is momentary in its nature, else the real business of this every-day world could not go on. A moment more, and our lovers were walking with arms entwined about each other's waists, after the manner of youth and affection from time immemorial, and indulging their mutual admiration in the use of the whole vocabulary of loving adjectives.

"Then you did not believe, dear, that I would marry Iris Morrison?" asked Philip, when this vocabulary had been exhausted.

"No, I could not quite believe it, Philip, knowing what I did about you: but I perceived a mystery somewhere that might involve us both in trouble."

"Thank you for saying *us*, dear. But tell me, Leonora, how long ago you began to care for me."

"From the first day when you insisted on my waiting for your credentials, to employ you; but more especially from that day when you fainted in my presence for want of food. I did not own it to my own heart, however, until I went to housekeeping: and then the home-like aspect of everything, and our quiet daily intercourse I felt were making a great impression upon my mind; for I had lived so isolated and homeless all my girlhood that this sort of life had a double charm for me. That was why I sent you away, for I could not help seeing that if by any cause this secret of ours came to be spoken of between us, it would be the occasion of much trouble, and perhaps a complete separation."

"Just as wise, as good and beautiful! I knew my Leonora had no peer in worth;" was the ardent comment of her admiring listener.



It was settled between our lovers that the marriage should take place before Philip's return to the North, which was fixed for the first of June. In the meantime he wrote to acquaint his mother, and proceeded to finish his business in New Orleans, preparatory to resigning his agency. Only one day he took for the arrangement of all this important business; but that was long enough to win the good regards of the servants at Magnolia Place.

"'Clar', dat's a gemman as Miss Nora 'll like, I reckon," said Juno, as her "ole man" came in from seeing Philip off.

"Now yer right for onct, Juno, honey," answered Bill, rubbing his hands with the delight of having something important to communicate to his majestic better half.

"Hi! what's dat you intimatin to me now, Bill?" asked Juno, resentfully, for she remembered a former insinuation of Bill's.

"Oh, nothin; only reckon yer'd better be savin' up de fresh eggs for de weddin' cake, dat's all!" and the laugh which rolled like oil out of Bill's wide-open mouth kept gurgling on for a wonderfully long time, while Juno disdained a reply.

"Reckon I heerd dat mighty nice gentleman sayin' to Miss Nora — says he, 'Remember de fust ob June, dear!' — dem is de berry words: and I seen Miss Nora wid de tear and de smile in her eye, peepin' a good-by at him trough der curtains — dat's so!" and the triumphant Bill went off into another fit of silent laughter, longer than the first.

Juno refrained from making any comments; but worked with unusual energy all that morning; a sure sign that there was inward dissatisfaction. But when she was at last called up to hold a private consultation with her mistress, and learned the particulars as to time and preparations, her self-complacency returned, and Bill was given to understand that he was no wiser than usual.

There were no friends near enough to be bidden to a wedding so suddenly projected; but there was no lack of either happiness or good cheer, and Leonora's servants had a regular season of rejoicing, in the midst of which the young couple started on their northern tour. That was a delightful journey; first to Leonora's home in Mississippi, where her old teachers and pupils were remembered with substantial tokens of regard, and where of course her singular history, her grace and her *prosperity* made her the cynosure of all

eyes. Having taken leave of these friends they continued their way northward, going out of the great highways of travel whenever a day's quiet or any object of interest invited them. Thus the summer was well nigh consumed when they arrived at N—— on a visit to Philip's mother and sisters. The length of time which had elapsed since any letters had been received by the travelers prepared them for hearing news. In answer to Philip's inquiries after the inmates of Pine Hill, he was told that the mansion was now deserted; both father and daughter being dead.

"Dead!" echoed Philip and Leonora in one breath.

"You did not get my letter, then? — I was afraid I had written too late to have my letter reach you at Mobile. That day on which I received the news of your engagement, Iris was visiting here. She seemed more cheerful than usual, and asked me many questions relative to your prospects, quite in the old way; and notwithstanding what had happened, I could not help compassionating the poor girl's trouble, and rejoicing to see her so well. After hearing that you were gone away for the summer upon business, she said, blushing a little:"

"I am going to make Philip my heir, upon condition that he does not marry for a year after my death."

"I treated her statement as a pleasant jest, but I saw that she had set her heart upon the matter, and that she began to look sad after it was spoken of. When your letter came, I thought the best thing I could do was to break the news to her immediately; and I did so, giving her the letter to read. She said nothing, but sat with her cheek resting in the palm of one hand, by an open window, looking out, the letter lying in her lap. I sympathized with her disappointment, and wished to tell her so; but concluded that solitude and an opportunity to commune with her own thoughts would be the greatest kindness. With this intention, I made an excuse to go out for a short time, leaving her alone. When I came in again I noticed that she had not stirred from her first position, and going up to her I touched her shoulder from behind. She still did not stir, and the rigidity of her frame frightened me. Looking in her face, I saw that she was dead, and cold."

The tears which stopped Mrs. Warren's utterance were answered

by other tears in every eye in the company. Leonora could not stifle her sobs.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, clasping his hand, "we broke her heart."

Philip's agitation was equal to her own, but different. He shed the few, brief tears men sometimes shed, after which he was silent and nervous, often glancing at Leonora, as if to read her thoughts. And she crept closer to his side, as if she feared the will of the dead might part them.

"You have not told us all, mother," said Philip, when his emotion was somewhat conquered.

"The grief of Col. Morrison was overwhelming, and the old man soon died. Within a month both were buried. It seemed that Iris had made a request of her father to that effect, for her body was deposited in a tomb built for it in a lonely place on their own grounds. Was that where a certain event happened, do you think, Philip?"

"The same, I have no doubt. Indeed she once mentioned it to me."

"When her will was found," continued Mrs. Warren, "her estate and personal property were all given to you, unconditionally. She might have wished to make the proviso she mentioned to me, but it was not in the will."

"You must take me to see her tomb, Philip," whispered Leonora.

"I will, dear; and we will keep it as if it were Juliet's tomb, or Virginia's: for it is of a woman whose whole life was in her one passion."

The fortune which Iris had left to Philip he, by request of Leonora, settled upon his mother for her lifetime, that she might live in easy independence and have a home in which to shelter her daughters. It was soon arranged that the young couple were to go abroad for a year, and to take Louise with them. Marion, who was engaged to a young professor of languages, preferred to remain at home until such time as he could accompany her. Anne, the old maid of the family, was too essential to her mother's comfort to be parted with.

One mild September night, just before sailing for Europe, Philip and Leonora were on a pilgrimage to the lonely tomb of Iris, to take a last farewell.



"What is that light over the trees, Philip ; the moonrise would not be as red as that, surely ?"

Philip ran up the hillside to get a better view. "It is the house, Leonora ; the house is on fire !"

"Oh ! Philip ! how could a deserted house get on fire ?"

"I do not know, dear ; a forgotten match perhaps, and a mouse. Let us run and give the alarm. Quick, and mount our horses !"

But the fire had got already too much headway, and no effort could save the mansion from destruction. A few persons had collected before the roof fell in with a crash. Philip and Leonora sat on their horses watching it from a distance, in a sad excitement.

"A fated house," said Philip, as the light decreased, and they turned their horses' heads toward home. "I can remember when Pine Hill was the gayest place in all this region. Now, while I am still young, the family have all perished, and the very house itself is consumed."

Reader, bid us *bon voyage*.

*The end.*

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DISEASE A DEVELOPER.—Our best writers, our most ingenious inventors, our most acute metaphysicians, clearest thinkers, and ablest discoverers, can generally trace some sharpening of the intellect and refining of the nervous system to a sickness or enfeeblement at some period or other of life.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY'S simple, eloquent advice to his daughter should be engraved on every female heart :

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long ;  
And so make life, death and that vast forever  
One grand sweet song !

## THE EVENING OF LIFE.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

Gently the clear, sweet melody of peace  
Steals o'er the senses with a holy calm,  
Bidding all turbulent emotions cease,  
And all the wayward passions to be still.  
Eager Ambition's once strong, soaring wing,  
Is folded into rest, he weareth not  
The gay, wavy plumage, nor the proud crest,  
That erst so dazzled the enraptured eye,  
In the bright morn of life, that early time,  
When to the young knight in life's great tournament,  
The visions of a greatness yet to come  
Were worth the world's treasure.

What if triumph  
And wild plaudits followed? He feeleth now,  
That always the stern trophies of victory  
Upon the wearied brow hang heavily;  
And the full fruition of living fame,  
Is cold beside its feverish pursuit.  
The dearest niche in Fame's proud Temple won,  
Oft places man too far above the world  
To share its gentle sympathies and hopes;  
The multitude's admiring gaze may turn,  
Half blinded at the specious spectacle,  
While shouts and votive pæans rend the air;  
But his ungladdened eye in vain may search  
For the magnetic light of genial eyes,  
Whose glance his own interprets into love:  
And the far distant murmur, indistinct,  
A mingled burden beareth to the ear,  
Yet bringeth no fond voice that melts the heart.  
Then, too, his glory, like an exhalation,  
Will fade sometimes, and the neglectful world  
Forget it and its hero in a day:—  
How oft, indeed, a brilliant, fleecy cloud,  
With gorgeous hues, at sunset meets the view,  
But turns to murky vapor in the night!

Thrice happy he, who having passed the time  
When the quick pulses urge the youthful blood  
In the fierce struggle for commanding pow'r,  
Looks back upon the contest with a smile,

And can exclaim, with one inspired of old,  
"All, all is vanity!"

Then the calm thought  
That lulls the willing senses to repose,  
And lures him into dreams of memory,  
In which he reproduces early scenes,  
But with refining touches that subdue  
Their salient points to harmonized effect,  
And paint a flower where a bramble grew,—  
Is like refreshing slumber to the frame  
Of the toil-worn husbandman, who, at night,  
Although his autumn harvest has been scant,  
Dreams of fair fields, and yellow, waving grain.

Oh, gentle, hallowed evening of our days!  
When Recollection forms the charm of life,  
And in her bounty pays us double joy;  
When mercies past seem present blessings bright,  
When mild-eyed Peace comes nestling to the heart,  
And Hope looks forward to a purer world.  
Oh, hour serene and calm! No garish light,  
Of joys illusive, or Ambition's blaze,  
Such as bewildered in our early day,  
Pains with its brilliance; but the placid beams  
Of long-tried friendship yield a gen'rous glow;  
And in the gleam a rich heart fragrance dwells,  
That cheers the soul. E'en so the noontide glare,  
Which seemed to burn the landscape while it shone,  
Is mellowed into softened tints at eve;  
And Nature, resting from the fervid heat,  
Sends grateful odors forth upon the gale.

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KNOWLEDGE can not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure water; but when once you come to the springs, they rise up and meet you.

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THE malicious censures of our enemies, if we make a right use of them, may prove of greater advantage to us than the civilities of our best friends.



## CALIFORNIA MARYIOLD SHRUB.

(*Encelia Californica*.)

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BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

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WE invite the attention of cultivators and admirers of the native flora of the Pacific to our figure of the *California Marigold Shrub*.

This little beautiful and gay shrub would be greatly improved by judicious culture, and we doubt not amply repay any labor bestowed upon it. In its native state, it is a showy, humble bush, thickly branched with numerous little golden sunflowers at the top of its branchlets. In the sketch before us, one of these flowers is seen from the under side, showing the form and imbricated arrangement of the flower-cup or involucre.

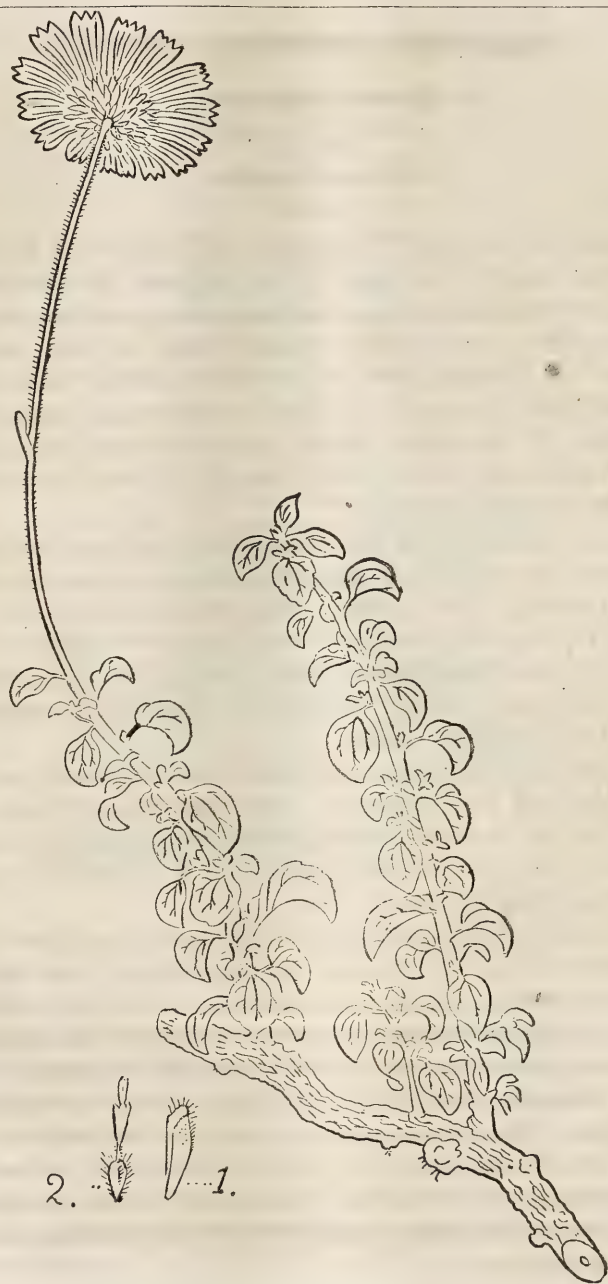
No. 1, the membranous boat-shaped chaff, hairy on the back at the obtuse top, and numerous golden glands covering the entire summit (probably viscid in the growing state)—three-nerved.

No. 2 represents a compressed or flattened seed, slightly notched at the top, with a funnel-formed floret attached. The hairs, it should be carefully noted, are in four lines, or longitudinal stripes, the longest being on the two edges.

The plant, as its common name implies, has the odor of our California Marigold (or Calendula). The bark creamy white, wood yellow, like the boxwood of our engravers, and exceedingly compact, hard and brittle, yet for small pegs or pins it is remarkably tough and strong, being sufficiently pliable.

The specimen here represented was brought from Cerros Island by our friend, Dr. J. A. Veatch. As this differs in some respects from the original one found on the mainland in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, it will be interesting to note a few points wherein this island species varies from the received description of Nuttall.

The receptacle is not "flat," but convex, pappillary and chaffy throughout. The rays are glandular, hairy on the back and claw-yellow; but the disk florets are *purple*, and not yellow, as described; teeth velvety, on others yellow. As observed above, the seed has also two intermediate hairy lines besides the hairy margins as in the generic description.



CALIFORNIA MARIGOLD SHRUB.

## A R E V E R I E .

BY MRS. J. S. TOLLES.

Sitting by myself this delightful evening, inhaling the fragrant breath of roses, while the silvery crescent is bathing all surrounding objects in a hazy, dreamy light, my thoughts have reverted to other years, and I can almost fancy myself in the dear New England home, where I have dreamed away so many evenings similar to this; such glorious dreams, too! dreams that only haunt the brain in the bright spring-time of life.

In looking back to the period of youth, when the soul is filled with holy aspirations after all that is great, and good, and beautiful in life, while young Hope inspires us with the belief that coming years will be only a realization of those glowing visions, we can not help an involuntary shudder, as the present reality forces itself upon the mind — one by one, the beautiful temples we then reared have been dashed to the earth, and disappointed, and oftentimes dismayed, we have mourned over the ruins. In bitterness of spirit we often ask, will it be ever thus? are we never to realize the good to which we aspire, or are we forever doomed to disappointment and sorrow? Listening to the voice of reason and revelation, came the reply — no! not forever. Trials and disappointments are the lot of all in this imperfect state of being; earthly hopes are often doomed to decay, but be sure that every holy aspiration, all the ardent hopes and longings for the good and beautiful, will be realized in the hereafter. When this mortal shall put on immortality, like the pearl freed from the worthless, uncomely shell, the soul freed from all that is gross and earthly, untrammelled by the flesh, will beam forth pure and resplendent, and crowned with a glorious reality. Then let us strive to wait patiently for the beautiful, after life awaiting us.

O! beautiful the after life,  
Designed for us above —  
There is no sorrow there, nor strife,  
But all is peace and love.

O! beautiful the after life,  
Let us repeat each day —  
'T will help to smooth our rough earth path,  
And cheer us on our way.

O! beautiful the after life,  
Then let us not despair,  
Though clouds and darkness here are rife,  
There's light and glory there.

*Home Cottage, 1861.*



## SKETCHES OF MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS.

POOR FATHER ALLSWELL.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

AGAIN we are seated, you and I, reader, in the cushioned recess of my grandmother's favorite window which looks out upon the warm South and West. The picturesque view which we described in a former number, is before us,—the magnificent bay in its grand unrest, dashing its waves against its rock-bound margin, asking for larger freedom evermore; the cultivated farms in the forest openings, with cattle grazing; the ranges of evergreen hills with sunny slopes which wall it round with tranquil beauty; and, pervading all, and infused through all the rest and unrest of the scene, intensifying its effect, the spirit of immortal repose. How lovingly the holy quiet of Nature descends upon us from the bending heavens! penetrating the mysterious depths of our being, like the voice of the pitying Father, saying to his erring children in tones of pleading tenderness: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

In that gable-roofed cottage, near the southern margin of the bay, gray and moss-grown with years, "poor father Allswell" lived and died. Its "out-houses" are in ruin now, its fences are prostrate, and it appears, in its dilapidation, to form a part of the "ancient burial-place," before described, which it was once said to have adjoined. The few trees still standing, like sentinals upon the site of the old orchard, to mark the flight of years, have grown neglectful of the office. Time rushed past with his mighty phalanx of hours, minutes and seconds, and they make no record. Decay has penetrated their heart also, and the parasitical lichens have fed upon them until they look like "remnants of themselves," and impart to the place an air of greater desolation.

"Poor Father Allswell" was not blessed with a bright meridian of manhood, if, indeed, he enjoyed any; for his intellect had but little culminating power. His life appears to have been composed of two mental twilights, the first and second childhood. The latter, with its bewildered, vacant stare, as if the light of the soul were extinguished within the mortal casement, "was pitiful—was wondrous pitiful."

The NEIGHBORS declared that his second childhood was premature, rendered so by an unfortunate marriage with a "strong-minded woman." From which it appears that that famous class of dreaded females, denominated by Mrs. Stow "women of capacity," are not the peculiar product of modern times. And it does not appear from the history of the past that "strong-minded women" have ever been popular with the other sex. And yet, although men monopolized the learning, wrote the books, and were the teachers who furnished public sentiment in the social eras of past ages, they did not leave on record a model of a woman for imitation, by those who should come after, possessed of the exact amount of *weakness* to render her altogether delightful and desirable in the relations of companion, wife, and mother. Lord Chesterfield, it is true, attempted to edit a "charming creature" of the sort, and he left a stereotyped edition of her for the benefit of posterity. But she is not greatly admired as a pattern woman; is too much of an automaton to please even the most fastidious of men. The lords of creation prefer one more queenly, more human and life-like. They are better pleased with an intelligence, capable, at least, of understanding and appreciating them, and that will, sometimes, act independently of their tutelage, while they repudiate strength of intellect for woman. But they would have the intelligence so modified by obedience, admiration and love, that it would be incapable of asserting its own individuality in opposition to their peculiar tastes and inclinations.

The inauguration of a new social era in any community, the result of geographical and political changes, has always been attended by a *female panic*. Men take alarm at any manifestation of increased ability and self-reliance — women develope under the new order of circumstances. They apprehend a kind of moral chaos. They fear that women will forsake the nursery, kitchen and drawing-room to enter, *en masse*, the learned profession, and convert themselves into public teachers and political leaders. They torture and terrify themselves with the idea that they will eventually become competitors for place and power, and the emoluments of office, and will aspire to the highest gifts of government; and that plebeian broomsticks, scissors and pokers will usurp the place of time-honored canes, bowie knives and revolvers, those effective arguments

of distinguished statesmen in the halls of Congress! "The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to the tender tie" by which women are held in their "proper sphere;" and they tremble for the consequences to society. They would have them surrounded with more stringent social restrictions; and they invoke the Law, the Press, and the Pulpit, to unite their mighty forces to restrain their progressive proclivities.\* But no adequate controlling power has yet been brought to bear upon women, because the difficulty is radical. These progressive tendencies result from the peculiar constitution of their minds; they are the natural expression of mental faculties in action, and nothing less than an entire change in the structure of the brain will answer the purpose.

Perhaps some wise metephyician of the day, some rival of the Divine Creator, will be able to invent an apparatus, a kind of phrenological machine, for the remodeling of woman's brain; one that will depress some portions and enlarge others, and so hold her ambitions and aspirations in check, and to cause her to move in a uniform circle of prescribed duties; in modern parlance, in her "proper sphere!"

But, so long as such an attempt would be attended with many difficulties, and *might not* prove successful, why would it not be an admirable thing to accept the woman God made, and pronounced "good!" and to accept her at once, and as we do man, just as He created her — sensitive, sympathetic and loving; — with a condition of the reasoning powers so active that she sees the relations of principles and grasps conclusions with a readiness that often appears like inspiration; — with a spiritual nature ever aspiring, ever seeking to ally itself with the beautiful and the true, — and with a physical organization as delicate as the gossamer, and yet so enduring that she survives sickness, calamity, and the hardships of pioneer conditions better than man, with his stalwart frame of bone and muscle. How wonderful to observe her intellectual and moral powers, calmly rising to meet the exigencies of circumstance, and infusing into the mortal part a portion of their own immortality. How finely it exhibits the superiority of mind to matter — the supremacy of the soul over the accidents of the body. Aye, let us

\*The *female panic* assumed the above form of expression in California a few years ago; as reference to some of the principal newspapers of the time will show.



accept woman just as God made her! why seek to alter His noble, crowning work. It is development woman requires; not remodeling.

"Poor Father Allswell," in the early part of his life, when he was called "a good young man, although not overly bright," became a member of parson Kindly's church. The charitable, good-natured parson thought him wise enough for a lamb of his fold, and many of the pious NEIGHBORS, also, believed him "capable of perceiving christian truths, and living in accordance with them." And they "fellowshipped him as a member of good standing, one who would never disgrace, if he could not adorn the christian name." And when they met together at their social afternoon tea-parties, they would discuss the matter elaborately, and strengthen each other, in the view taken of his case, by apt quotations from the Bible. One would repeat with earnestness: The path is so plain that a way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein; another would respond, fervently: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.....that no flesh should glory in His presence." And thus he found acceptance at the sanctuary, and his seat was never vacant there through the long, dim twilight of his years.

Not many months after his union with the church he married a proud, ambitious woman, who was regarded as one of the most intellectual and stylish maidens of the village. The event occasioned much gossip and speculation among the NEIGHBORS. It was one of the marvels of the day for which they could not adequately account. The peculiar genius of Polly Spoonall and Becky Clipper were then in embryo, and as there was no one who had leisure and ability to explain the mystery, it was left to the natural development of Time, the mighty solver of all social enigmas.

It might be more correct to state that "Poor Father Allswell" was courted and married by Amelia Glenfield, as the event would never have occurred had she not resolved, as a matter of expediency, to become Mrs. Allswell. And she satisfied herself that she acted rightly in forming the alliance, by the following mode of reasoning: "I am an orphan dependent upon the kindness of relatives for a sustenance, and this condition is exceedingly mortifying to my pride, and a source of constant unhappiness — I cannot conceive of a po-

sition more humiliating. If I marry this man I shall have a home of my own where I shall, at least, feel independent and have a fortune at my disposal; for he is wealthy by inheritance, while I am poor. It is true that I do not love him, but I shall strive to render home comfortable and attractive; and, as he is good and kind-hearted, we cannot be miserable, if we are not supremely happy, in the relation of husband and wife. He is weak and feeble of purpose, while I am strong and self-reliant, and we can mutually aid each other — my superior talents and intelligence answering as an equivalent to his money; he can supply the purse; I can furnish the brains. The business of the estate which must be a burthen to him, will afford me attractive occupation, and I shall be able to keep the property from being wasted through unskilful management." And so the weak and the strong became one.

"Poor Father Allswell" did not reason at all upon the subject. He felt too proud and happy to be the chosen husband of a beautiful woman to question the future of its revealings. Indeed, it was not the habit of his mind to look forward, it involved too much mental effort. Being too negative in character to act either from choice or principle, he floated, contentedly, on the tide of circumstance. He united himself with the church because the tendency of his nature was religious, and because all his friends and relatives were members, and he was taught that his "everlasting salvation" depended upon the act: the two words were long and impressive, meant a great deal, and heightened the importance of the duty in his estimation; why, he could not explain.

But there was a remarkable change in "Poor Father Allswell's" character, for a while after his marriage. He appeared, suddenly, to acquire self-appreciation, and to develop a will-power strangely in contrast with his former self. It amazed and amused the NEIGHBORS, while it was a matter of surprise and wonder to "Mistress Allswell." His countenance assumed a pleased and perplexed expression — he was trying to account satisfactorily for his wife's preference. At one time he would imagine that there must be something interesting and charming in his personal appearance, a kind of floating capital of attractions of which he had not been aware, but which her superior discernment enabled her to perceive at a glance, which must have won her admiration and love. And then he would

observe himself more closely in the mirror to discover, if possible, the talismanic power. At another time he would fancy that the attraction might exist, somehow, in his mental endowments, and he strove hard to take a peep into his soul-mirror too, and shook every latent faculty of his being to question if it were there, and waked up, for a brief space, to a sort of spasmodic life from which he passed into the dreary, second childhood.

"Mistress Allswell" was wholly unprepared for this wonderful change in the man whom she had married to mould to her wishes. He gradually assumed toward her a consequential, dictatorial manner, as if he felt it incumbent upon him to sustain the dignity of the family in his individual capacity; and was particularly jealous of any interest she manifested in business affairs. Presuming that his wife had chosen him for some personal attraction, or mental superiority that she recognized, he determined, if possible, to keep up the illusion, and to convince her that he was fully competent to manage his family estate.

Among the peculiar developments of this period of his life, was an extraordinary desire to distinguish himself as an inventor. It was all for *her* sake that he thought to become famous; for he had never before endeavored to *do*; he had been satisfied simply to *be*. Many of his ancestors, he proudly informed her, had been wonderful inventors in their day, and he had only to try, he doubted not, in order to achieve success as great as they. And the poor man expected the "Mistress" to place full confidence in this newly awakened faculty, and admire him as a genius! He would invent something useful, he said, and do good in the world in addition to winning distinction — "It would be such a fine thing!"

His first effort in the new career which he had proposed for himself, was an attempt to manufacture brick from flour, which should be "cheap, durable and ornamental," he assured his wife, "and eventually supercede every other kind of building material!" The idea was suggested, he told her, by observing that bread and dough become very hard and rock-like when thoroughly dry. He would use straw in their manufacture, after the manner of the children of Israel when they sojourned in Egypt, and if he only knew the exact amount they used for each brick, he was sure he could not fail.



The "Mistress" endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, assured him that if it were possible to manufacture brick from flour, they could not be durable and must, necessarily, be very expensive as flour was very high in the market. But her opposition served only to increase his determination to persevere, and convince her by ocular demonstration that the invention would be a success. The flour was accordingly purchased, wooden boxes for forming the brick constructed, and experiments made. But, unfortunately, the mixture was never of the right proportion and consistency. Sometimes there would be too much straw for the quantity of flour, and at other times too little. Sometimes the preparation would be too thin and rose out of the seams of the boxes in a most provoking manner, leaving nothing but straw in the moulds; and sometimes it would be too thick and adhere with irritating persistency to their sides. And, finally, "Poor Father Allswell" was obliged to abandon the hope of distinguishing himself by manufacturing brick from flour, which should be "cheap, durable and ornamental."

"Mistress Allswell" submitted patiently, although reluctantly, to the first trial of his inventive powers, believing that he would learn wisdom from experience and relinquish the idea of becoming a famous inventor before he had sacrificed his fortune. But he could not be persuaded to give up the darling ambition, which became dearer in proportion to the accumulation of difficulties, and at last, took entire possession of his thoughts; and the poor man rushed with childish eagerness from one puerile invention to another still more worthless and expensive, until his property was entirely wasted.

Meanwhile "Mistress Allswell" entreated and remonstrated; assured him that he would ruin himself and family if he persisted in such a course; implored him for the sake of their helpless child — a deformed, rickety boy, alike feeble in body and mind — to give up the expensive and abortive labor that *he* might not be left penniless upon the world. Her arguments and entreaties pained and embarrassed, but did not persuade him. He did not like to act in opposition to her wishes, and was unable to defend himself against her arguments; and so, whenever she addressed him upon the disagreeable subject, he fell into the habit of clearing up his vocal organs, to gain time and relieve himself of the embarrassment it

occasioned, and would uniformly repeat the following pacificatory words: "Hem, hem, hem!—Well, well, well!—Let us see how this will operate!" He felt sure, poor man—like some wiser ones of our own time—that the thing would operate well in future, that the wonderful invention, which was to secure fortune and fame, would yet be made. And he did not awake from the pleasing dream until poverty had tapped at his door. Then he started up alarmed, and his hope, ambition and will-power, which had been unnaturally stimulated by associating with a mind superior to his own, all died within him, leaving him a passive, feeble imbecile.

And "Mistress Allswell" was left in the prime of life, destitute of the means of subsistence, with her helpless family depending upon her labor for daily bread, exhibiting the sad picture of a wife without a husband; a mother without a child. For they who represented these beautiful and sacred relations to her, were both feeble innocents in their first and second childhood, apparently devoid of thoughts, purpose and rational affection.

Ah! who can portray the anguish, the utter desolation, the "living death" of one who, each morn, takes up her burthen of daily toil, feeling herself to be more than widowed—more than childless! To labor for helpless infancy with its rich promise of maturity—to labor for the friend we love, prostrated by lingering illness, who can appreciate our efforts and return a glance of grateful recognition—to labor for the homeless stranger who is kindred in our common humanity, and has a sacred claim upon us, is blessed occupation, in which we feel that we have a large compensation, and our courage and strength are renewed day by day. But it is indescribably pitiful for an intellectual, sensitive woman, in the prime of existence, when she feels the powers of life strong in her for noble effort, to be impelled by circumstances to exert every energy of mind and body to feed and clothe helpless imbecility which gives no response through the long, dreary years, and shows no improvement of condition. No renewing comes to the overtaxed energies—no joy, no hope, to the heart desolation.

It does not lighten poor Mistress Allswell's gloomy history, or relieve us of the debt of pity due the suffering, to know that she brought the evil upon herself—"had no business to marry a simple-minded man," as the NEIGHBORS charged home upon her, and as we

of the present are prone to repeat after them, when we hear of those who ruin themselves through errors of judgment. Every human being has a claim upon every other for sympathy in misfortune, whether it result from her own course of conduct, or the errors of another. Indeed, the evils which we bring upon ourselves are even more deserving of commiseration, inasmuch as self-reproaches are harder to be borne than the indiscriminate censure of the multitude; to the keenness of the calamity, they add a double edge.

"Poor father Allswell" never alluded to the loss of his property, or his disappointed ambition; but his small, childlike face became pointed, sallow, and withered, and very mournful in its expression. And as he daily wandered about the village with an abstracted manner, and a vacant stare, he fell into the habit of clearing his vocal organs in the way we have before described, and of repeating, in a rapid, solemn undertone: "Hem, hem, hem! well, well, well! Let us see how this'll operate."

The NEIGHBORS declared that the poor man was "crazed," and that "Mistress Allswell must have treated him very cruelly, or it could not have happened." And this view of the subject, added to her sin of marrying him, sealed up the fountain of their sympathies, and chilled her into a cold, melancholy woman. How *alone* she must have felt, with no companion at home, no loving friend to greet her abroad.

"Lone—as a solitary cloud,

Lone—as the corse within its shroud."

And thus she journeyed sadly on from year to year, seeking occupation which was grudgingly bestowed, because of the prejudice against her, to sustain her helpless family, and her own gloomy existence, which she would gladly have resigned for the rest of the grave, even without its promise of resurrection. Do not blame her too severely for this! Drop by drop her lacerated heart had wept tears of blood for love and sympathy that never came to soothe and comfort in her terrible isolation.

Precious human companionship and love! how unutterably lonely must the heart be without them, even though sustained by the conscious presence of the Heavenly Father. Blessed human ties! how they strengthen the heart to bear—how they nerve the soul with



courage for life's conflict. Let those who possess them thank God and be happy, even though their lives should be checkered by disappointments, and Fortune should sometimes frown.

Visiting was the sole occupation of "Poor Father Allswell's" second childhood. Once a week he made the round of his village acquaintance, receiving a cake or an apple, or other trifle from each, which he uniformly thrust into the deep pocket of the old brown coat he wore, with the same forlorn recognition:—"Hem, hem, hem!—Well, well, well!—Let us see how this 'ill operate!" These were the only words that ever escaped his thin, compressed lips, either at home or abroad. If he felt emotion it was not perceptible to others. If thought ever agitated the turbid waters of his spirit, it never found expression in language. Silent, solemn, and with feeble step he wandered down the declivity of years to the "Valley of the shadow of Death."

It is recorded of "Mistress Allswell" that, although she was frequently heard to complain of her hard fortune, she was never known to neglect her duty to her unfortunate family. But this noble perseverance in well-doing under the sternness of the trial, was not appreciated by the NEIGHBORS until the grand whole of her life passed in review before them, and she was beyond the need of their kindness. Then they repented of their uncharitableness, and wept for the misfortunes that they could not alleviate.

It is further recorded that her note of warning was ever sounding in the ears of the young. "Don't marry early in life, for you will be sure to regret it if you do—you don't know what is before you—poor things! if you only did! But it is well you are ignorant. Alas! alas! there are so many changes in life, so many ups and downs in the world—heaven help us all. "If *I* could only be young once more," she would continue, brushing away a tear with the back of her hand the while, and consoling herself with a generous pinch of snuff, "I should never sacrifice my precious youth and prime as I have done; but it is too late to repent now, too late."

Occasionally some one of the NEIGHBORS would express pity for her protracted toil and sufferings, and marvel that "Poor Father Allswell" had so much life in his attenuated frame. "Old Lady Spoonall" declared that she believed he had the "dry wilt," and would never die. "People of that sort never did—they would dry

up and blow away ; but it was not in their *nature* to die like other folks."

The unfortunate son to whom we have alluded, passed away in his youth, and was mourned by the stricken mother as all mourn a blighted hope, with a sorrowful, heart-yearning regret — if it could have only fulfilled its early promise, what a blessing "it might have been."

" Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The sadest are these : It might have been."

But, while we sympathise with "Mistress Allswell," we would not be understood to justify her course in marrying as she did, for the reason that the union was unnatural, and consequently could have only been productive of misery. The strong and the weak are not fitted for life-long companionship ; they can never reach the same mental and moral altitude, and cannot, therefore, attain to harmony of sentiments and opinions ; or generally agree to disagree in that expansive view of liberty of thought for all, which is only taken by the first order of minds. And where harmony does not exist, and cannot be effected, there will be discord, and consequent unhappiness in the relation of husband and wife.

The law of marriage is high and holy ; it requires pure affection, based upon respect for the intellectual and moral qualities of each, in those who accept its obligations. The world is full of misalliances because the law is so generally ignored. Caprice, interest, or passion, or sickly sentimentality, govern the many in their choice of companions. But, thank heaven ! there are a few who honor its obligations, and the garden of society is made beautiful by their blooming roses that conceal no thorns. Of such unions the poets delight to sing,—

" Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms  
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,  
Heaven-born and destined to the skies again."

" Oh ! if there be on earth a spot  
Where life's tempestuous waves rage not,  
It is HOME—a HOME of LOVE."

Mistress Allswell violated the law of marriage through motives of interest, yet, with a determination to do her duty faithfully in

the new relation ; but the penalty was not the less certain ; it did not regard her high resolves, and obedience to after obligations. Is it not written all over the universe of God, and impressed upon the hearts of men in characters of fire : "A broken law will claim its penalty." Let the persevering wrong-doer tremble for the consequences of his actions, and "be wise to-day."

The natural result of this *unnatural* union, was, as we have already shown, an offspring deformed and diseased, physically and mentally ; who had a sorrowful entrance upon life, and a gloomy going out. One can hardly refrain from weeping to think that any face of human existence could be so rayless. It is some consolation to hope that such as he may find development in the hereafter, and share, at length, the knowledge, light, and joy of the more favored children of the Father. "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right ?"

The NEIGHBORS did not intend to be harsh, or unjust, in their treatment of "Mistress Allswell" ; on the contrary, they meant to be as kind and charitable as Christian men and women ought to be toward those who have erred in judgment, and on whom Providence appears to frown. For the "dealings of Providence" were regarded as indications of Heaven's wishes toward the wrong-doer, and the NEIGHBORS felt it to be their imperative duty to enforce the chastisement to the utmost ability of the bruised spirit to bear. And we must not censure them too severely for their lack of Christian charity. It was the fault of their education. They desired only to recognize the Divine retributive justice in which they believed. Could they have judged of "Mistress Allswell" from our point of view, her life might not have been a long night of sorrow.

Few persons, comparatively, have been fully appreciated by their contemporaries ; for the reason that each human being, isolated in his little dwelling of clay, and occupied with his own peculiar feelings and interests, has but a limited view, can take but an occasional peep from "the windows of the soul" at another equally isolated in his, and, consequently, observes partially, and predicates his judgment of character upon disjointed actions. And there is yet another reason, in the law of proportions, why the character of some is so little understood : "The less can not measure the greater." Individuals of large mental or moral stature, and those who



have been made perfect through suffering, attain eminences that the multitude never reach ; and from their sublime elevation above the clouds of earth, into the sunlight of the Father's truth and love, they shine like points, only, to those who grovel below them, vainly striving for place, and power, and fame.

But it is no marvel that MY GRANDMOTHER'S NEIGHBORS did not better understand "Mistress Allswell's" character, when it is remembered that we of the present, with all the additional light which phrenology and psychology have thrown upon the operations of the human mind, estimate each other so imperfectly. Ah! we need more of that "charity which suffereth long, and is kind \* \* \* that thinketh no evil." We need more faith in God and man. We need more love, more of the Christ within us, that we may not be "overcome of evil," but learn to "overcome evil with good."

One immortal bard has said: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Another has termed the world a "battle-field," where they who conquer win immortal spoil." We prefer the "battle-field;" it symbolizes better the stir and strife of life, which is no mimic show to those who truly live. And let us hope, as we occasionally meet our fellow soldiers in the excitement of the conflict, and have but a limited view of observation, that another generation, following after, will do better justice to us all than we have been able to do each other. They will review our battle-field with curious eye, marking its monuments that will rise as milestones along the highway of the centuries, with the names of the actors and their doings inscribed upon them, and will pass a calm and dispassionate judgment upon our character.

On this spot a hero fell, full of honors and years,— he was scarred all over in the conflict, and the symmetry of his manly beauty was marred ; but he came off conqueror at last, and bore aloft the standard of truth and justice for which he bled, and it became the rallying point and hope of millions.

And *here* an humble private rests — but yet a hero — for he possessed a hero's soul. No personal ambition dwarfed his powers, and he struck high for right — "God and the right" — and bravely won ; but left the laurel for another's brow, not caring for a name, but to fight well. He died in armor ; "nobly died as he had nobly lived."

And *here* a martyr sleeps. The turf is bright above his precious dust, kept green with grateful tears. He was a man who "loved his fellow men," and strove to do them good with every power of heart, and mind and soul. The million in their blindness, knew him not, and crucified their truest, ablest friend. But when they learned that he bequeathed his stainless life, and noble aims and works to them and to their children — a priceless heritage — they mourned, too late, another Saviour slain. And as he rose immortal from the tomb, they felt his loving presence, like a mantle, fall upon them as he soared, and heard the far-off voice echo in silvery tones from star to star: "Father, forgive! they know not what they do."

Ah, there have been many more heroes and martyrs in the world than have found recognition here! I have sometimes thought that all who live *earnest* lives belong to one of the two great classes. The vultures have preyed upon many a Prometheus, whose only crime was that, filled with the divine afflatus, he rose too high above his fellows, and sought to bring down the truth, light and love of the heavens to animate their forms of clay with a higher spiritual life. In his sublime elevation they lost sight of his humanity; and the truths, too high for their comprehension, were regarded as "cunningly devised fables" to delude the multitude.

The 19th century will be luminous in the moral heavens with its brilliant constellations of heroes and martyrs; for the missionary spirit is abroad, and the people are still "wedded to their idols," and there will be contest and persecution "until He, whose right it is to rule, shall govern the nations," and the Golgothas of earth shall be converted into fruitful gardens."

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SENSUALITY.—If sensuality were happiness, beasts were happier than men; but human happiness is lodged in the soul, not in the flesh.

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AN advertisement lately appeared headed "Iron Bedsteads and Bedding." We suppose the linen must be sheet iron.

## HEART RICHES.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

JOHN NEWTON called one day on a lady who had lost her house and all her goods by fire a few days before. "Madam," said he, "I congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!" replied she. "What! that my house is burned, and all my goods consumed?"

"No," he replied, "but because you have so much goods that the fire can not consume."

John Newton knew that her true wealth lay in her heart-riches, and that all that fire could do could not make her poor. Not that he despised the beautiful outward things that she had just lost: that was a false philosophy which the old Stoics preached and practised — the same which led the crusty, cynical old Diogenes to go stamping with his great, dusty, clouted shoes on Plato's gorgeous carpets, and, with every contemptuous kick he gave, to say, "See, how I trample on the pride of Plato!"

"Yes, and with more pride," replied that noble, truth-loving, spirit-searching philosopher.

Not unlike in its significance to this speech of Diogenes, was that of the night-loving Young, who, on walking over Dorset's splendid grounds, exclaimed: "Ah, these are the things which make us so unwilling to die!"

If the beautiful things of earth make us unwilling to die, it is because we pervert their use; for they were intended for a blessing and "a joy forever." They are good gifts from the All-Father, and demand our gratitude, by the exercise of which we are made more willing and fit both to live and to die.

Better than these examples was that of a good man, whom we once knew, to whom God had given abundant wealth, and who knew how to use and enjoy it.

"See," he would say, as he led visitors over his grounds and gardens, filled with fruits and flowers, and then through his pleasant mansion, adorned with rare paintings — his library, filled with rich gems from the "grand old temples of the mind" — "See what a pleasant place my Father has given me to live in. Is it not kind in



Him to provide me these entertainments on my way home? And best of all, is the presence of others sitting with me at the feast. While striving to make them happy, I sometimes feel that I am all the time going from one heaven to another, only the last a little the highest."

One of the old rich caliphs of Spain left it on record, on a tablet in the hall of his palace, that he could remember but fourteen happy days, during all his long life. Gibbon, the historian, could only remember about the same number of miserable ones. What made the difference? A celebrated living writer thus answers the question: "The man of riches had no inner life, and without it you may pile Golcondas round one, and existence will be a poor, meagre thing. How Gibbon could have been truly happy must be to some people quite astonishing. His dwelling-place was not a gorgeously decorated palace, but a simple commoner's house, whether at his father's, or in London, or at Lausanne; and his externals of life were not gorgeous possessions and attendants, and ceaseless feasts, but mainly a simple study, with books of reference and means of writing. Ah! but the man had a magnificent inner life. He called up from the far past — and in imagination made live again — rich and glorious pictures: the crowned and sceptered king, the old bearded archbishop, the austere hermit, the armed soldier and the simple peasant; the church, the field, the camp, the cloister." But it was *inner*, and not outer life; and witness the superb satisfaction with which the philosophers of Greece contrasted their great and rich life of the soul, with the gaudy, visible life that the mob of other men hungered and thirsted for. I know of no fact more significant.

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IGNORANCE.—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There can not be a greater folly in the world than to suppose we know everything.

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A man flexibly good seems all the better for living in the midst of bad men, just as roses and violets are said to spring more fragrant near garlic and onions, the latter imbibing all the ill odor of the earth.

## WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER

How often do we hear the question asked, what is happiness? And almost always do we receive an exclusive reply. I opine we might propound that same interrogatory to ten thousand persons, and in all essential particulars we should receive as many different responses. This proves that what is sweet to one, is bitter to another. The farmer who has never traveled twenty miles from the little plot of greensward upon which his youthful form performed its first summerset, derives, perhaps, the most deep and pure glory, and self-contented satisfaction that mortal capacity is capable of experiencing from the cultivation of his native soil. And although in many cases such genuine, unsophisticated pleasure is founded upon the principle of "Ignorance is bliss," it is none the less the deepest, and most desirable happiness that mortals have ever yet attained. The sailor is never so happy as when he is being tossed upon the foaming billows of old ocean's briny waters. There he will sit upon the top of the highest mast, and armed with the panoply of perfect self-composure, each surge of the noble ship will bring him almost against the angry waves, without exciting in his manly breast one solitary conscious fear. The penetrative student of nature is never in his proper sphere except when he is delving into her undeveloped but exhaustless treasures. One tourist, if permitted to travel all his days, would always visit such cities as Paris, London, New York, &c.; while I am free to confess, that had I the same privilege, I should spend the first year amidst the crumbling ruins of Pompeii, in solemn, sad, and awe-inspiring meditation upon the terrible fate which befel her eighteen hundred years ago; after which I should spend the remainder of my brief career in exploring that portion of this terrestrial sphere which is lost, and that which is nearly lost to history. There could I find food in rich profusion, congenial to my, perhaps, somewhat anomalous taste. There could I sit almost a boundless period of time, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze upon the decayed ruins, until those ancient landmarks of fallen greatness grew to the magnitude of a tiresome view. And when I had thus become wearied in contemplation of the mighty reality, I could profitably and pleasantly await until my

lease of life expired, and dim light became extinguished, in oblivious bliss of surrounding objects, while thought bounded back through the immensity of ages, and pictured to my craving imagination the species of humanity which once dwelt there in all the luxury of civilization. Ah! *that* would afford *me* a greater degree of happiness than all else combined. But how few of the more intelligent portion of the human family can afford a pecuniary competence requisite to purchase *the* treasure of their lives. Believe me, they are so scarce, that I am at a loss to conceive the object of our mortal existence. That an intelligent man should be placed upon this mundane sphere without any exercise of his own will, furnished with an unconquerable desire to see many foreign lands, without the ability to accomplish the first single object of his dotage, is a freak of Nature's divine manifestation that I cannot adequately comprehend the justice of. But justice—I *suppose*—there is in it, although it lay beyond the vail of my feeble penetration. Then ye philosophers, ye poets, ye mighty men of science! tell me, *where* we have missed the mark so far, that a world should now be reeking in solemn, cold discomfort. Tell me, O, tell me why it is, that through the cold, stern, matured stage of manhood, we should so seldom see a countenance wreathed in smiling lines of joy. Even the Bible says there is a time to laugh; but I opine that there are few men after the age of thirty-five that have much inclination to obey the golden precept.

But perhaps it may be objected that I have the "blue devils," and don't reflect the visage of this beautiful world. To this I have only to say, that I don't pretend to *reflect* the sentiments of the majority, but only those of the more intellectually inclined, which of course is the minority. But few will deny that the more studiously inclined are almost invariably craving after additional stores of knowledge. But I can not think of taxing the priceless pages of the HESPERIAN with further remarks upon this unimportant topic.

AGASSIZ "SOLD."—At a very learned discussion on strata the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B. asked if there were any strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, yes," said B., "and it was called a *strata-gem*!"



## THE LITTLE LADY IN BLACK.

BY PHOSPHOR.

“A lady overboard! Stop, stop the boat!” And while I was divesting myself of hat, coat and waistcoat, the cry was repeated by every male on deck.

The huge water-wheel suddenly reversed its evolutions, and the trim little steamboat lay quietly on the bosom of the Sacramento. Springing over the railing, I plunged into the water just when a few air bubbles and a white hand appeared on the surface, but they were disappearing for the third time ere I caught the flowing robe and drew the inanimate form I had been for some seconds in search of, to the small boat that had been lowered for us; placing it therein, we were soon taken on board the steamer.

“Why, it is the little lady in black,” said half a dozen female voices, as they beheld the dripping figure in my arms, and with many speculations on the accident, they assisted the stewardess in putting the scarcely conscious woman in dry apparel and to bed.

I alone of all the passengers knew it was no accident that had plunged the little lady in black into the deep waters of the river. I noticed her sad countenance, for I was standing near her on the moon-lit deck when she took the fatal leap. I saw her place her tiny foot upon the bench, then on the railing — and, though I cried “hold,” and sprang forward, I was too late to save her from the water, though, thank God, I was enabled to save her from a sudden death.

What could have caused one so young, so beautiful, and apparently so unconscious, to attempt self-destruction, I was at a loss to imagine.

Though the ladies questioned her in regard to the accident, they received no satisfaction. She could not tell how it happened, and unwilling to satisfy idle curiosity I, too, remained silent on the subject.

Feeling no inclination to sleep, I sat down in the cabin and ruminated on the strange and unaccountable adventure, yet could come to no satisfactory conclusion.

She had not the look of one who had seen either poverty or trouble, neither had she the appearance of a lunatic. But I was again

startled by the little, black-robed figure as she stepped noiselessly from her state-room, and fearing another effort at self-destruction, I arose and stood in the passage, saying, "Excuse my seeming boldness, but after what I have this night witnessed, I dare not permit you to visit the deck alone."

"I promise you, sir, that I will not again attempt" — She paused, and shuddered, unable to proceed, and pitying her agitation, I said: "Your secret is safe with me; what cause you had for committing the rash act, I know not, yet, for fear of another attempt, it were safer to place a guard over your actions; be not offended, fair lady, though I appoint to myself that office, and insist on accompanying you."

She hesitated but for a moment, then gave a reluctant assent, and drawing her slender arm within my own, we went on deck together.

The night was charming, and a more glorious sight than the broad river, as it lay, a silver sheet, spread out before us, can not be conceived. Occasionally high banks rose on either side, fringed with trees, through which, ever and anon, as we passed, glimpses of farm-houses and white cottages were seen.

Villages, too, in repose, we passed; not a moving thing was visible; even the cattle on the hillside had laid them down to quiet and undisturbed slumber.

Not a sound fell on my ear save the splurge of the huge water-wheel, and the crashing sound of the heavy machinery.

They drew near to the rocky shore on the right, and the moonlight was suddenly obscured by a passing cloud, when a voice, seemingly from the shore, called out three times a name I could not distinctly understand.

I was about to answer, when the little lady in black, pressing my arm, said, "Do not reply."

"Some love-lorn swain up among the rocks calling to his mistress," I said. "Did you understand him?"

"Yes, distinctly," she replied, clinging still closer to my arm. "He said, 'Arminia, let us go below!'"

"And who is Arminia?" I asked: but she did not answer, and turning to look again in the direction of the sound, I beheld a figure scarcely human standing on the brow of the hill. Though his body

was of no ordinary size, his legs were not half the usual length, yet what was lost in the lower limbs seemed made up in arms, which reached nearly to the ground on which he was standing. Add to this an overgrown head, with stiff, gray hair, descending nearly to the waist, and you have a picture of this monster of the palisades, who stood in bold relief on the rocky eminence, and again reëchoed the name of Arminia. "What caliban is that?" I asked, pointing to the frightful figure.

Without answering my question, she said, in a trembling voice, "Let us go below!"

I complied, and, shutting herself in her state-room, I saw no more of her.

Seating myself in the gangway, I soon fell into a drowse, from which I was aroused by the bustle and confusion on board, for we were already at the dock. Surprised, I started up: I had slept some hours. My first move was to look after the little lady in black, but my mother's smiling face met me in the passage, and, after a hasty salutation, I begged her to make room in her carriage for a lady who seemed to be traveling alone, and who had, unfortunately, fallen overboard the night before.

Now my mother—cautious woman—had a breast keenly alive to the misfortunes of her sex, yet she had set her heart so firmly on my marrying Annie West, the heiress and only daughter of a dear friend, that she looked quite aghast on hearing of a lady's being rescued from drowning by her gallant son. Nor would she consent to give her an inch of room in the carriage until she had questioned me closely in regard to the fair incognita.

My reply, "She is not older than yourself, dear mother, and from what I could judge, decidedly plain" (I wonder the words didn't choke me), had the desired effect; her heart expanded at once, and I rushed back to the stateroom with an invitation from my mother to her to join us, but, alas, the door was open and the bird flown!

I looked among the crowd of passengers that were momentarily leaving the boat, but she was nowhere to be seen, and I began with some reason to fear she had passed me in my sleep on the boat, and made the river her grave.



Once more I stepped into her stateroom. A handkerchief bordered in black—just such a one as I had seen her use the night before—lay on the threshold of the door. I picked it up, and discovered in one corner the name of “Arminia Burt.”

Arminia! yes, that was the name she had pronounced the night before, when she begged of me to go below.

The frightful image of the palisades again occurred to me, and as I folded the handkerchief and placed it in my pocket, I wondered what connexion he had with the little woman in black.

Again, on the wharf, my mother called with something of impatience in her tone, for me to give up the search and go home without her.

How did I know—and justly too she asked—but that the lady had a host of friends in the city who, at the moment of landing, had taken her away with them.

My mother, who was overjoyed to have me home again after a six months' absence, talked almost incessantly, and I, who should have given her my attention and behaved with propriety, seasoned my coffee with salt and sprinkled sugar on the steak; and when she touched upon that unfortunate subject of conversation—my marriage with Annie West—I said (I was glancing over the market statement in the morning paper), that “people interested in live stock had better take them to some other market!” which so vexed her, that she arose from the table with tears in her eyes and left me to myself.

The truth was, the little lady in black had taken such firm possession of my mind that I thought of, cared for nothing else.

Ashamed of my inattention, I soon arose, and following her to the drawing-room, effected a reconciliation. But no sooner was the frown on her brow replaced by a smile, than the hateful topic was again introduced, and I was informed that Annie and her mother were to visit us on the following week.

This, then, was why our domicil from attic to cellar was undergoing such a thorough cleansing, such a turning inside out.

I now understood why my mother was in such a fever to engage a French cook and a sempstress; for our visitors were residents of a sister city, and my mother—who had, on her visit to them the fall

before, eaten soup and chicken, and beef-a-la-mode, prepared by the choicest cuisines—determined not to be outdone.

For a few days I kept myself as much out of the way as possible (I always had a horror of household revolutions), and dreamed of the little lady in black.

As the week drew to a close, the hubbub and confusion consequent on inducting a new servant to the mysteries of the culinary department, gradually died away; the new sempstress, too, proved just the thing; and so I settled myself down to my books, trying to coax back the interest I had formerly felt in them, and drive a sweet, sad face from my thoughts.

[To be concluded next month.]

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## KISSING THROUGH THE VEIL.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

We had been on a long sleigh ride,  
The night was keen and cold,  
The wind swept on in stately pride  
Across the wintry wold;  
The moon shone down serene and calm,  
Upon earth's vesture pale,  
As round me Blanco threw his arm,  
And kist me through my veil.

I nestled closely to his breast,  
For I was far from warm,  
And with a will those dear arms prest  
My cold and shrinking form;  
And never shall these lips forget,  
Till they in death grow pale,  
The sweet, warm, melting kiss that wet  
The frost upon my veil.

*San Francisco, Cal.*

## Editor's Table.

A little musical ballad which chanced in our way this morning, vividly and peculiarly impressed us with a realizing sense of what we lose by heedlessness and neglect. The words run,—

“He came too late—the toast had dried  
Before the fire too long;  
The cakes were scorched upon the side,  
And everything was wrong.  
She scorned to sit all night for one  
Who lingered on his way;  
And so she took her tea alone,  
And cleared the things away.”

And who could blame her? Her's was the disposition which drew the principal sweets of life from those “little-or-nothings” which comprise, as Cowper says, “A map of busy life, its fluctuations, and its vast concerns;” and yet, which owes all merit to *intent* and *appreciation*. In the peaceful retirements of that domestic roof which was consecrated by love as the center of her world, the tendrils of her heart, like the vine, had reached out, time and again, in search of an object on which to cling for strength and support, but only to be torn and repulsed. The ready hand of welcome was not wanting at the door—kisses had perished untasted upon faithful lips—little surprises of affection had been coolly passed by unheeded and uncared for, until now in despair she had taken

———“Her tea alone,  
And cleared the things away.”

ANOTHER MONTH has been numbered in the great record book of Time, and May, with her full, flowing rivulets, and her warming sunshine and her flowers, and her song of birds and merry hum of animated nature, came in joy to greet us! Dearest May, thou knowest naught but welcome. Every page that comprises thy earthly experience is beautifully embellished with flowers. Baby fingers wantonly entangle the delicate petals of roseate bloom, while deep carnation, full blown, decorates the May-day bridal, or brightens up the dull and listless eye of the sick and dying. Nature reserves her gayest robes for May-day attire, and whether garlanded at the festive hall, or silently blooming over the sleeping dust of departed life and excellence, the rose and the passion flower are sweet and appropriate attendants. With May day comes the genial warmth, also, which gladdens the heart of the husbandman, and while with glowing cheek, bright-eyed beauty sings—

“I shall be queen of May, mother!  
Oh, I shall be queen of May!”

the father, with a “God bless you, darling!” shall feel confident of a coming harvest, and of an abundance of bread.

But while May-day strews so many blessings upon us directly at the hand of budding Nature, let us examine ourselves and see if our special and individual



work is equally well done. Alas, no! for with our festivities are mingled the envious grumblings of discord. On the same breeze which wafts upon its bosom the shouts of merriment from happy hearts, is borne, also, the death-shrieks of dying countrymen!—of brethren engaged in deadly internecine war!

It is useless to indulge in vain regrets. An ocean of tears can not now substitute the rivers of blood that in red calamity threaten our country and the cause of Human Liberty with the deluge of a lasting submersion. Deity alone can stay the flood and roll it within the prescribed shores of a progressive reformation.

“ Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.”

And so it may be in his dealings with us now.

War is indeed a great, a fearful calamity—civil war most terrible of all. Even now, as the roses of May are merging into those of June, and sweetly blooming in deeper luxuriance, while the glorious sun, warming into more prolific life, is freely diffusing his beneficent blessings upon the fair face of mother Earth, the latter may be drinking deeply of the blood of our kindred—of those we love! There is hope, however, even in the darkest hour, and therefore we should not cease to trust in Him who maketh even the “wrath of man to praise Him.”

RECOLLECTIONS.—To Californians there is perhaps no indulgence more pleasing, more hallowed to the feelings, than that of retrospection. The loved scenes of childhood—the days of *lang syne*, never to come back to us, but to be renewed as often as accident or design shall turn the key that opens the door to living memories—how sweet they are! We love the sympathetic charm that calls them forth, and, whether old or new, equally admire them. The following lines, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, will bear republication, while the human heart is susceptible to the sunny reflections of a genuine sentiment:—

Do you remember all the sunny places

Where, in bright days long past, we played together?

Do you remember all the old home faces

That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather?

Do you remember all the happy meetings,

In summer evenings round the open door,

Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words and tender greetings,

And clasping hands whose pulses beat no more?

Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter,

The voices round the swing in our old garden;

The dog, which, when we ran, still followed after;

The teasing frolic, sure of speedy pardon?

We were but children then—young, happy creatures,

And hardly knew how much we had to lose;

And now the dream-like memory of those features

Comes back, and bids my darkened spirit muse.

Do you remember them?

Do you remember when we first departed  
 From midst the old companions who were round us,  
 How very soon again we grew light hearted,  
 And talked, with smiles, of all the links which bound us?  
 And after, when our footsteps were returning,  
 With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain,  
 How our young hearts kept boiling and burning,  
 To think how soon we 'd be at home again?  
 Do you remember this?

Do you remember how the dreams of glory  
 Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;  
 How we thought less of being famed in story,  
 And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure?  
 Do you remember, in fair countries, weeping  
 When a light breeze, a flower, had brought to mind  
 Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,  
 And made us yearn from those we left behind?  
 Do you remember this?

Do you remember when no sound woke gladly,  
 But desolate echoes through our homes were ringing:  
 How, for awhile we talked—then paused full sadly,  
 Because our voices bitter thoughts were bringing?  
 Ah, me! those days! those days my friend, my brother,  
 Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,  
 For we have nothing left but one another;  
 Yet where they 've gone, old playmates, we shall go.  
 Let us remember this.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR. — From an old literary journal of much merit we clip the annexed beautiful thoughts, which are worthy of re-perusal.

"What is it," says this writer, "that makes life a reality, that gives it a purpose, that makes it worth the thousand ills incident to it?"

———"That so well repays  
 The toil of struggling through it, and atones  
 For many a long, sad night, and weary day?"  
 The heart responds, true to its holiest instincts, it is—  
 "To love, and be loved again—to feel  
 That one heart beats responsive to our own.  
 To cherish joys that words can ne'er reveal,  
 Gently and lovely as the dying tone  
 Of far-off music ———  
 To listen to a voice whose every tone  
 Tells us that we, on earth, are *not alone*."

"It is not in the nature of things to be truly happy and have nothing to live for, and to love out of and beyond self. In view of this want, our Heavenly Father claims the first place in our affections. But, in his goodness, He has so ordained that, in giving our whole heart to Him, we thereby only develop unbounded resources, still to be bestowed on other objects as well—since the more

we love the more we become capable of loving. Then, how yearns the soul for another kindred spirit, a loving heart—one that can commune with its own, some dearly loved object on which to lavish the unsearchable riches of the heart, with whom to enjoy the untold wealth, that as yet no eye, save one, hath seen. Such an object, my friend, was thine. How gloriously dawned thy future! each the blessing and sunlight of the other—rich in quite every gift that mortals know. Oh! stay, happy day! Vain prayer! Shadows, ominous and fearful, already gather, come and go, and thicken, and so soon, alas! in overwhelming night have settled down o'er thy soul. When thou had'st counted most on joyous life, delusive Hope bade thee turn —”

**DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.**—We this month present our readers with a pattern of *THE JULIE SLEEVE*, which is in the half-flowing style now so much in vogue. It is plain at the top, and has a pointed cap which extends down upon the front of the arm. It is very handsome made in silk or poplin, and trimmed with quilled velvet or ribbon.

**OUR TRAVELING AGENT.**—Mrs. M. A. Heslep is fully authorized to receive subscriptions, advertisements, etc., for the *HESPERIAN*. This lady is now traveling in the interior, and any attentions bestowed upon her by the brotherhood of the press, or other friends, will be gratefully appreciated by Mrs. F. H. Day.

WE regret exceedingly that the beautiful article by Caxton, “The First half of the 19th Century in Relation to Literature, Art and Science,” which appeared last month, was so marred by typographical errors as to make necessary the following

#### ERRATA.

In second line of page 140, after the word profane, insert “the characteristics of former ages.” In the 20th line read “Israel” instead of “Isaac.” In the 25th line read “Apelles” instead of “Opelles.” On bottom line, read “profusely” instead of “purposely.” In 11th line of page 141, read “Lorenzo” for “Lorego.” On page 142, 10th line from bottom, for “kiass and reess” read “kings and peers.” On page 144, 6th line from bottom, read “immortals” for “immortal.” On page 145, 22nd line, read “Thanatopsis” for “Thanatopesis.” Commencement of 23rd line, for “a Prentice,” read “or Prentice.” In 30th line, read “spokesman” instead of “spokeman.” On page 146, 3rd line, for “Lafont” read “Sargeant S——.” Same page, in 3rd line of paragraph 3, read “sculptor” for “sculpter.” In the next line, “Canona” should be “Canova.” In 27th line of page 147, read “invents” for “inverts.”

NEXT Month will commence a new and highly interesting story, entitled “The Game at Hearts; or, the Young Wife's Confession;” by Phosphor, whose well-known reputation as a writer, secures, both in the Atlantic States and California, hosts of readers.

PATTERNS of all articles of Ladies' and Children's Dress kept constantly on hand and for sale at No. 12 Hesperian Rooms, Montgomery street. Scientific Dress and Cloak-making, done at short notice.







COMING TO SCHOOLS.



EVENING DRESS.





# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1861.

No. 5.

## THE CRISIS.

BY A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

“ Even now the sea  
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves  
Life's great events are heaving into birth,  
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds  
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,  
And struggling to be free.”

THE history of nations bears record to the necessities of *fomentation*, as it were, in the brewing process of national progression. Certain ingredients are necessary in the component admixture for a keg of beer; and if, in the chemical test through which it must pass, the laws of nature are verified in the product of temporary internal commotion, well and good: *It is simply a stage in the process*; and which will eventually brew down to the purified and refined element of a perfect beverage. If any of the essential ingredients have been overlooked, the entire scheme is a failure! If every minutiae has been combined, and yet the labor has been neglected, there follows still a failure! In all these particulars, the same rules will hold good when applied to governments.

Up to the Fourth of July, 1776, humanity had failed in every attempt at the establishment of those equitable laws for government, resulting in the “greatest good to the greatest number of citizens.” Mankind had not yet learned the secret of *sovereignty in citizenship*. The great principles of equalization had stranded upon the quick sands of individual inertia and distrust upon the part of the masses, enabling the “blind to become leaders of the blind,” precipitating them to the extremes of anarchy in the people, or absolutism in the monarch. But true to the marches of intellectual progress, and of

"Western Empire," the discovery of America, and her Anglo-Saxonization by constitutional Britain, opened out the channels of mental development in their true and most enlarged capacity.

At an early day the seed of liberty was planted in a genial soil, and, to the great joy of the world, took firm root at Charlestown, at Jamestown, and at Plymouth. These sturdy plants expanded their leaves and sent forth their branches out into an atmosphere that had never been tainted by the breath of tyranny, and which drew additional strength from every vital inhalation. The "Age of Reason" was now come, and though in its infancy, like Hercules, arose at once from the cradle, in its own mighty defence. Here were combined all the concomitants of success; and with the "Declaration," in the ever memorable year 1776, the great national malt of a successful Republican Government was set for the brewing. With the first gun at Charlestown, Massachusetts — whose deep-throated eloquence proclaimed the signal of a mighty conflict — the *first great purification* actively commenced its working, and which ended with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis' sword at Yorktown. Again was this outside pressure renewed in the war of 1812, ending with the final triumph of our cause at New Orleans. The treaty closing the late war with England gave the New World rest from all outward disturbance, ushering in the more peaceful, but not less important period, of *internal purification*, which has marked the second era of our national progress.

It could not otherwise be expected than that this era should be characterized with unquiet and rebellious commotions. The rude marble, though blocked out and shaped for the Goddess of Liberty, was not yet polished down to the excellencies of a life-like finish — to the perfect "form divine." This was to be a work of time. Discordant elements were to be blended into the great *harmonium* of a unit head. "*E Pluribus Unum*" was not to rely upon simple *permission* for existence, but was destined to infuse its spirit into bone and sinew, trunk and branches, head and heart, so that, "*bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly—Liberty first, and union afterwards: but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole*



*heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."*

The time elapsing since the war with Great Britain, though finally predominating in intellectuality and judgment, has been disciplined with the scourges of ignorance and selfishness. Well might one imbued with poetic spirit, and with sound patriotism cry out :

"God give us men! A time like this demands  
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and steady hands;  
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
 Men who possess opinion and a will;  
 Men who have *honor*—men who *will not lie*;  
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
 And con his treacherous flatteries without winking;  
 Tall men, sun-browned, who live above the fog  
 In public duty and in private thinking—  
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
 Their large professions and their little deeds,  
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps."

Notwithstanding the dissensions which arose from selfish misrepresentations on the part of unprincipled leaders, and even the temporary wrongs following *as the special offspring of ambitious fanaticism*—the chief advocates of censurable extremes—it was most preposterous folly to claim, as some even now do, that Government must be limited in its corporations to the pitiable boundaries of similarity in *labor and traffic*. If human liberty and human development be the basis on which Government is founded, protection is, or may be, bounded only by the four corners of the globe.

There are, must be, individual concessions to the privileges of a well regulated neighborhood — concessions also to communities and Governments, but which, *if right*, are more than counterbalanced by the general good. In the meantime, the national malt continues to brew, and, as the body politic becomes purer and more positive through the yet undefined excitement of national tendency, wrong will become more and more rampant. Its advocates will grow more fierce and exacting, gathering whatever of strength they may from either sympathy or blinded prejudice, until, arriving at a climactory of folly, they will hazard all upon an issue which, hitherto, in the history of nations, has buried both good and bad within its general

ruin, but which, in the present difficulty, as *the cause of human progression requires*, will surely result in the overthrow of those who conspire against the strong arm of that Government which alone can afford them protection.

He who is familiar with the history of our country, is well aware of the gradual tendency upon the part of portions of the South towards disunion, and against which damning evil the great and good, both in the North and in the South, have nobly battled; demonstrating by argument that the interest of every State and Territory in the Union was centered in a common Government; and that in loyalty alone an integral section might hope for justice and protection.

In evidence of the impending crisis which ushered in the *third* era of National purification, the signal gun of which was set booming at Fort Sumter, only a few months ago, the annexed extract of a speech, delivered in the United States Senate, in 1850, by Henry Clay—the pride equally of Kentucky and of the Union—will suffice the present purpose:

“MR. PRESIDENT:—I have heard with pain and regret a confirmation of the remark I made, that the sentiment of disunion is becoming familiar. I hope it is confined to South Carolina. I do not regard as my duty what the honorable Senator seems to regard as his.

“IF KENTUCKY TO-MORROW UNFURLS THE BANNER OF RESISTANCE, I NEVER WILL FIGHT UNDER THAT BANNER. I OWE A PARAMOUNT ALLEGIANCE TO THE WHOLE UNION—A SUBORDINATE ONE TO MY OWN STATE.”—[Benton’s Abridgement of Debates, Vol. 16, page 584.]

In eighteen hundred and fifty, though fulminating with intense excitement, traitorous speech was yet too weak to find an echo within the same walls which reverberated the eloquent voices and patriotism of such men as Webster and Clay. Hushed in the silence of the tomb, while yet, as it were, the muffled requiem for the mighty dead was still sounding in the national ear, demon traitors stole in upon the sorrowing and unguarded sentinels, and with, alas! too much success, turned the tears of many into the very gall of bitterness, annihilating the heart’s truest and noblest affections.

The *crisis* is now upon us! and, whatever may be the grievances of our Southern brethren, or the wrongs inflicted by an exasperated North—patriotism may not pause to consider what may be the

minor rights of a State, or number of States, which, disregarding the higher laws of a common country, sealed by the kindred blood of our forefathers, hallowed by mutual suffering, made honorable through triumph, and strengthened into noble maturity by wholesome and successful legislation, will yet dare to strike the fratricidal blow which perfidiously aims at dissolution, and shameful annihilation!

Not until the "prodigal" returns to his injured parentage, in submission, may he ask for favors. In demanding the presumptuous right of secession, they not only make shipwreck of the noblest fabric of national liberty that was ever fashioned by material hands, but also aim a fatal blow at human hopes in self government, for ever! If enlightened America fails, to whom may the world look for an example? It can not be. In the great book of prophecy, the brilliant light of whose illuminated pages are unfolded with each progressive step of intelligence and reason, it is written—"America have I chosen as an inheritance for my people!" as "a city set upon a hill that can not be hid—as the House of Refuge for all people and languages—the fruitful field and broad acres, wherein shall flourish the Tree of Knowledge, the liberal indulgence of which shall be light to the eyes, food for the stomach, and joy to the heart, shall this land be unto *Me* forever!" Thus has spoken a higher power than that of man. It is "Manifest Destiny;" and who that can read the developments of time, and the marches of intellect, can doubt it?

The North and South, the East and West, are all necessary parts of the grand and undivided *whole*, which Deity has unquestionably marked out for us. The differences that now exist have been necessary to the formation of a greater and more distinguished character; and though the chemical process of fermentation has been severe, and is yet to be finished by, it is feared, a most sanguinary settlement, *it will be done*. Destiny has said it, and justice demands it. We owe it to each other as coinheritors of a common, and a noble principality; and *palsied be the arm* which, if need be, would not draw in its defence. The loyal North owes it to the loyal South; which latter portion is infested with traitorous rebels, who have desecrated their altars, and usurped their right of suffrage and their inheritance; and who with earnest and loyal yearnings are, this moment, turning their eyes of hope upon us by hundreds of thousands. The



land of Sumter and of Marion is not all lost to honor and to its first love. Savannah has not yet entirely forgotten her noble Lawrens. And everywhere throughout the Sunny South—and long may she yet flourish in loyal strength and beauty; noble as are the natural impulses of her own most valiant sons—are there those to be found who, recognizing our undivided Confederacy, as the only safeguard to human liberty, will say to them, of whatever section who take up hostile arms against our Government: *yield thee or die the death of a traitor!*—Not that we have no tears of compassion for our misguided and suffering brethren—not that “we love Cæsar less, but Rome more.”

The “Crisis” is indeed upon us! The malt has approached the brewing of its final purification; and the end will be *peace!*—peace to an undivided Government, made strong through suffering—dignified and ennobled through sorrows.

Let it be remembered that Government wars not against the South! Her weapons are drawn only against rebels. It is the fate of war, that the innocent, to a certain extent, must suffer with the guilty. The sooner, therefore, that the majesty of the law is recognized, the less will be the extent of their wrongs. Let the prayers of every Christian freeman go up to Jehovah in earnest supplication in behalf of the loyal South. May the smoke of battle pass over their fields and their homesteads without leaving upon them the smell or shadows of its blighting curse.

In the settled Government which reveals itself to the eye of loyal faith, after the turmoil of war shall have passed away, justice and magnanimity surely will predominate. The right of one section will be the right of all; and this without tyranny, fear or favor.

The Constitution will be the safeguard of the humblest citizen; the terror of the boldest offender. The question of slavery settled forever, within its constitutional bounds, will not enter as a blighting curse into either elections or national legislation; leaving no rivalry between North and South, save emulation in good deeds. Then, in the language of one whose memory will live forever, blazing within the brightest pages of history, “The sun in his course by day, will shine on no land more highly favored than this our own peaceful and happy country.”

Say not that this our glorious and noble Union is dissolved!

Thousands and tens of thousands of brave and fearless hearts throughout the free and sunny South shout *No!* And hundreds of thousands in the loyal North echo back the answer, NEVER! The United States of America will continue to be known as the land of Washington, and of his worthy, free and prosperous children. Future generations will rise to bless the hand that now wisely chastens; while the friends of liberty and of human freedom, everywhere and in all nations, will exult in the championship and prowess of a people worthy their reputation and noble parentage.

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### EYES.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

I sing of eyes, of woman's eyes,  
A theme from earliest ages sung,  
But which, till all of nature dies,  
Shall ever bid the harp be strung.

There is the eye of sober gray,  
Which seems to shadow forth regret,  
As if the spirit mourned alway  
Its starry hopes forever set.

There is the eye of hazel bright,  
Which wins and dazzles where it falls,  
Reviving with its showers of light  
The happy bosom it enthralls.

There is the eye of tender blue,  
Soft as the heaven at set of sun,  
Which many deem is ever true,  
And smiles on all, but *speaks* to one.

There is the eye of darker hue,  
Which rivals Midnight on her throne;  
Now softly bright, as streams that through  
The shady forests wander lone;

Now like a cloud that hides from sight  
The beauty of the rolling spheres,  
And flashes far with angry light,  
Or sinking downward melts to tears.

As sages loved in ancient days  
To read the heavens when darkness fell,  
So on those orbs of black we gaze,  
And feel our inmost bosoms swell.

As lovely as the worlds that lie,  
Reposing in the Night's embrace,  
Is the soft meaning of that eye,  
And deeper than the depths of space!

I cease—for all description's vain ;  
Let each one choose the eye he likes,  
That melts the heart or soothes the brain,  
Or like the dreaded lightning strikes;

But as for me, I love those eyes,  
No matter what their hues may be,  
To which the heart's warm feelings rise  
In overflowing love to *me*.

Alternate fount of light and tears,  
Their smiles are sweet, their sadness too,  
And I could joy or grieve for years,  
As those fond eyes might bid me do!



FEW men have in their souls a locomotive strong enough to draw a train of thought.

THE poor man has often, recently, complained that he has nothing to live on; the rich, still oftener, that he has nothing to live for.

THE love of truth is root to all the charities. The tree which grows from it may have thousands of distinct and diverging branches, but good and generous fruit will be on them all.



THE GAME AT HEARTS;  
OR,  
THE YOUNG WIFE'S CONFESSION.

---

BY PHOSPHOR.

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"You have surpassed yourself to-night, truly, my beloved Leona," said Frederick Waldebridge, as he surveyed the fairy-like form of his wife.

How brilliantly beautiful she looked in her princely attire, as, leaning on the arm of her husband, she entered the gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms, for it was the commencement of the "winter season," and they were to give the select circle in which they moved on this evening a grand entertainment.

Her beauty was of that type seldom seen in the pale of New York society, but once beheld, never forgotten.

One glance satisfied the gazer that no artificial aid had given to the brow its clear transparent hue, to the cheeks their peach-bloom tints, or to the lips their coral dye; the large eyes, gazelle-like in their depths of shade, outrivalled in brilliancy the diamonds that bedecked her person, and even the sunny hair never yet submitted to the curling-tones or pasted with bandoline, hung in the same loose curls that nature gave it. Her features, clear and well defined, bore just enough of the Roman stamp to save them from the Grecian, yet were they none the less lovely; and the husband glanced with a feeling of pride, akin to adoration, on the beautiful being beside him, as she received with that easy and graceful carriage which characterizes the true lady, group after group of the invited guests.

"Dear Leona, excuse the liberty," whispered her old friend, Charles Haynes, "George has brought a distinguished stranger with us; let me introduce you." Then, in a louder tone, which opened all ears present, and stopped for a moment the buzz of many demitones, "Mrs. Waldebridge; Count La Fargué—Captain Waldebridge."

A deepening shade of rose for a moment dyed the cheeks of the lady, as the titled stranger was presented to her; and whispers of "a Count! — a live Count!" ran from one coral lip to another throughout the assembly.

As Leona moved about among her guests that evening, she often met the large dark eyes of the Count fixed admiringly upon her features, and they sent a thrill through her delicate frame — why, she knew not, for she had been accustomed since her first-entrance into society to receive not only the admiration, but the homage of mankind in general, without feeling either flattered or affected by love-glances or honied expressions : now, it was with a mingled feeling of fear and pleasure that she often caught his eagle eye reading, as it were, her very soul.

Time sped, on lightning wings, and with the small hours departed one after another of the gay group, until, with the first gray blush of dawn, the drawing-rooms were deserted and silent as the chambers of the dead.

Wearily, Waldebridge threw himself upon a couch, without disrobing, to catch a few hours' rest, prior to attending to the business of the day ; but Leona, feeling no inclination to repose, stole softly to her boudoir, and throwing open the shutters to the east, sat musing, while she watched the glittering sunbeams painting first the light clouds in the softest hues, then blazing in all their sparkling brightness upon the ornamented church-spires which fell in the range of her eye.

"What ! Leona, have you not yet unrobed ?" asked her husband, who, aroused by the breakfast-bell, found his wife, at nine o'clock, sitting still by the open window, in all the gilded finery of the previous evening.

"I was not aware of the lateness of the hour," said she, blushing, like one guilty of some sad misdemeanor. "Step down, will you, and see if Olive is in the breakfast-room ; if not, send Kate to call her ; I will follow you directly."

Waldebridge obeyed instructions, rubbing his eyes as he went, for he was but half awake himself. Finding Olive already there, looking over the morning paper, and apparently as fresh as though she had not been dissipating the night previous, he sent Kate directly to her mistress, who soon made her appearance.

Both her husband and sister rallied her on her jaded looks, which were glaringly apparent, though she turned attention from herself, with woman's tact, by gossiping on the various toilets of the ladies who honored her *soirée* with their presence.

Never mind the dress—those outward signs or symbols of gentility, as you ladies term them” — said Waldebridge, breaking in upon the conversation of his wife and Olive, “but tell me what you thought of the people themselves—the Count, for instance.”

“I thought him rather stiff,” replied Leona, with the slightest perceptible blush.

“And I thought him rather formal, also,” said Olive, “I don’t think he spoke half a dozen words the whole evening.”

“That is the way with these foreigners when they visit America,” said Waldebridge, smiling. “They use their eyes here, and their tongues when they get home, but we Americans are half to blame for it. What a sensation his introduction occasioned—I mean among the ‘fairer portion’ of the company. No doubt every marriageable young lady in the room was ready, at the first glance of his eye, to exchange hearts with this ‘wonder’—this ‘planet’ out of his sphere.

“Have a care, brother Fred,” said Olive, shaking her slender finger at him menacingly.

“No offence, sister mine,” continued Fred. “As for yourself, you are considered a tame maiden of five and twenty, instead of a child of seventeen, and I should as soon suspect my grandmother, of ninety, of flirting as you; so please don’t fit the coat to your own back, when I say there was not a maiden in the room that did not set her cap for the Count (always excepting my grandmother, of course), so you are safe.”

“There is no such folly known, now-a-days, as a gentleman falling in love, I suppose?” said Olive, in an ironical tone. “They have grown too wise for *such* follies.”

“There is now and then a case, I believe, but they seldom prove fatal. As for me, I fell in love with my wife over again, last night; and when Somerton slapped me on the shoulder and called me a lucky dog to possess such a ‘jewel,’ I echoed his words, and they came from my heart: do you believe it, Leona?”

“Scarcely,” said the wife, smiling as he took his departure.

The sayings and doings at the *soirée dansanté*, given by Charles Waldebridge, and which was really a grand-affair, furnished food for the gossips of upper tendom for the space of a week; then it was left to die away, and events of a later date commented upon, while



the daily routine of life at the Waldebridge's remained about the same, with one exception: a new visitor was added to the list, Count Armand La Fargué.

He was a particular friend of the Haynes's; the attachment was of long standing, having been formed some years before when George was making the tour of Europe; and as the Haynes's and Waldebridge's had always been on intimate terms, it was but natural that the young Count should make the acquaintance.

Olive treated the young nobleman with as little ceremony as any of the every-day callers at the house; in fact, as the ladies say, "she never particularly fancied him." If she was reading when he entered, she bowed and continued it; or, if embroidering, seldom laid aside her work, and the Count seemed not to feel himself slighted, at least he did not show it in his manner. Dropping in quite unceremoniously, either morning or evening, as best suited his convenience, and few words passed between himself and the fair mistress of the mansion, though he never seemed to tire of gazing upon her sweet face, and watching the fitful glow that like aurora's blush came and went with every passing thought.

It was on a cool December afternoon that the Count found himself in the drawing-room of Charles Waldebridge, sitting beside the lady herself; and they were alone. She was, as usual at this hour, bending over her embroidering frame, now busily engaged working in the last shades of a moss-rose bud, that completed a pair of slippers — a Christmas present to her husband — and the young nobleman remained watching the movement of each slender finger, as she placed the needle here and there in the embroidery until it was finished.

"One would think you an attentive scholar," said she, smiling and blushing, as she threw aside the work: for she could not yet meet his penetrating gaze without a blush.

"Happy Waldebridge!" he murmured. Leona looked up, startled, and it seemed in vain her efforts to remove her eyes from the sad yet fascinating countenance of the Count.

Olive had entered the room unperceived by either, in time to catch the words he uttered; aye, in time to perceive the glances that spoke plainer than words of the attachment already existing between them. The secret fell like a dead weight upon her heart, and

with pale lips and paler cheeks she left the drawing-room noiselessly, as she had entered.

"My sister *must* be saved," she murmured — but how? — kind heaven, tell me how!"

She bowed her head upon her trembling hands, and sat for an hour in deep thought.

"Olive!" said a soft voice, as light footsteps entered her room, and, looking up, she beheld Leona beside her.

"What, Leona?"

"I have changed my mind about going to the Sociable to-night."

"What, will you go?"

"Yes, I think so."

"But Frederick will be absent at the club."

"I know; but the Count has kindly offered to attend us, and we will go early."

"Very well, I will be ready; and, if you please, Leona, you may send up that casket of jewels, and the pink lustre robe with the point flounces and *berthé*."

"What a creature of freaks and whims you are, Olive. Only a week ago, when I wanted you to wear those jewels at Charles Hamilton's, you declared the casket should never be opened unless necessity demanded it."

"Necessity does demand it, to save my sister's honor," said Olive to herself, as Leona left the room.

That night, at ten—the appointed hour—Count La Fargué again entered the drawing-room; but this time Mrs. Waldebridge did not command his entire attention: she was still lovely, charming as ever, in her elegant evening attire, but Olive surpassed her.

Her eyes were sparkling, and her cheek wore the brilliant hue which excitement often lends to the pallid complexion, and a smile — how different from the cold, calm look usually there — played around the ripe lips. The long, luxuriant hair, laid in heavy plaits around the brow, which shone resplendent with diamonds, and the finely formed neck, which the gauzy texture scarce concealed, was encircled by a necklace of the same costly stones, in a filagree of silver. Bracelets of excellent workmanship adorned the finely rounded arms, and the slender fingers now, for the first time in her young life, glittered with rings. As changed was she to the

young Count in manner as in attire. The haughty, reserved, almost repulsive look with which she used to greet him, was superceded by a smile so becoming to her—so genial and warm, that it set the tendrils of that bulbous plant, “love,” growing at once.

He gazed for a moment on the queenly figure before him without speaking, then, recollecting himself, with a polite bow to both, handed the sisters to the carriage.

“Did you ever see one so suddenly changed as Olive Ringold is this evening?” said one of the young ladies there assembled, in a whisper, to a friend beside her.

“No,” was the response. “I was about to make the same remark to you.”

“At Charles Hamilton’s ball she looked more like a Quakeress than anything else, in her fawn silk, made high in the neck, and worn without ornament, even a brooch.”

“I always thought, from her wearing high necks and long sleeves, that her neck was either scarred or ill-shaped; but she has got a dress made low enough to-night to satisfy one as to that,” said the first speaker, gazing at the beautiful girl as she stood, not far from them, leaning on the arm of Count La Fargué.

“I shouldn’t wonder if those jewels were borrowed or hired for the occasion,” said the second speaker, looking with envy on the glittering necklace and bracelets.

[To be concluded next month.]

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THE upsetting of a gig was the occasion of Washington’s being born in the United States; an error of a miner in sinking a well, led to the discovery of Herculaneum; and a blunder in nautical adventures resulted in the discovery of the island of Madeira.

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A FALSEHOOD. — On being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a falsehood.



## TO SOPHRONIA.

BY C. C. P.

Dear sister mine, though far away  
From thee and those I love most dear,  
Yet memory roams back to the day  
Thy merry laugh and voice so clear  
Like music seemed to me.

But now, alas! that time has passed,  
Far, far from home and thee;  
Midst summer suns and wintry blasts,  
My home's been on the sea.

In Artic's clime, sweet sister mine,  
Midst Artic's ice and snow,  
'Twas thoughts of thee, and mother kind,  
That nerved me to withstand the blow  
That fortune aimed at me.

When death was near, and other cheeks grew pale with fear,  
'Twas then I thought of thee;  
For well I knew, a mother's payers, a sister's tears  
Would intercede for me.

And when, again, sweet sister mine,  
I lightly trod the main,  
Then came the blow that caused my mind  
In mental anguish and in pain,  
To sink in sad despair.  
The tidings of a mother's death  
Was more than I could bear;  
That mother kind, whose dying breath,  
Had wished her son was there.

Our father, too, dear sister mine,  
Whose frosty locks, with grief and care  
Are whitened ere their time—  
Speak gently to him, sister dear,  
While he is left to thee:  
We all a mother's loss have mourned,  
But not so deep as he,  
Whose heart lies buried 'neath the sod, while he is left alone  
With blighted hopes and broken heart—a wreck upon the sea.

Dear sister mine, though time has seared  
The wound within my breast,  
Yet tears will flow when I think of home, which once to me was dear;

Where a mother's smile and mother's voice hath lulled to rest  
Her loved, and loving boy.

But mother's smiles and mother's voice are stilled forever now,  
And deep, deep grief, without alloy,

Stamps anguish on my heart, and sadness on my brow :  
For home can never be again, what home was once before.

I often think, sweet sister mine,

Of days long since gone by,  
When thou wast but a tiny thing, the favorite pet of mine.

How oft, when winter's winds blew chill and high,  
Thou'st nestled in these arms of mine, when on thy way to school ;  
Then gently chide our Alice, dear, if she  
Should vex thee for a while —

For ne'er did I speak cross to thee,  
So follow thou my rule.

Oft in my dreams, sweet sister mine,

My brother's wife appears —  
With her sweet smile, fair face and form,  
I think an angel's near  
To guard me as I sleep.

My brother, too, so kind and true,  
Who wanders o'er the deep ;  
God guard his life : for her and you  
A blessing true and sweet.

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THE following beautiful lines are from the pen of Charles Chauncey Burr, who has very few equals in adroitly turning a compliment to the ladies :

My sweet lady fell asleep  
Upon a bank of flowers,  
Where the dewy odors keep  
Their sweets with morning showers.

The honey-bee comes there and sips,  
And oft this doubt discloses —  
"Are the roses there her lips?—  
Or are her lips the roses?"

## THE LITTLE LADY IN BLACK.

BY PHOSPHOR.

[Concluded.]

As usual, since my trip down the river, I fell into a fit of musing, from which I was aroused by a strange, sweet voice, coming apparently from a window above.

I looked, but in vain, for the bird-like warbler ; neither face nor form was visible, so I contented myself to listen, and, for a time, forgot all else.

The sun went down, and as twilight approached the music ceased.

I arose, and taking my books, which had lain useless by my side the whole afternoon, was about leaving the arbor, when a figure flitted past me.

One glance was sufficient ; and, dropping my books, I caught her in my arms : the little lady in black was my mother's sempstress !

She screamed, and sought to disengage herself, but I would not release her until I had made myself known, and told her how, in our short acquaintance, I had learned to love her.

"Is not Oscar Bronnell pledged to another ? — and does he address words of love to his mother's sempstress—a poor, nameless, unknown ?"

"I pledged to another ? No, fair lady ; nor have I ever spoken of love to woman before. Believe me, not for a foolish whim of my mother's will I throw away my happiness."

"But the young lady : will she not feel the disappointment ?"

"As to her : I have not seen her for the last four years, and then I gave her not even a love glance. She is doubtless as averse to the proposed union as myself."

"From your mother's remarks, I thought otherwise. Four years have doubtless made a great change in her."

"I hope so, from my soul ; for when I last saw her she was both ugly in person and disagreeable in manner. And my mother, foolish woman, imagines me an Adonis, whom all young ladies are in duty bound to worship with an adoration equal to her own—so, you see, she is a *biased* judge."

"But she is coming soon—this Miss West."

"So I hear from my mother ; but I shall be absent."

"That would be cruel."



"Not cruel, but just. Have I not told you that I loved but you: then why stay to make Annie West unhappy by my presence?"

"But she is your mother's guest, and as such has a claim on your attention."

I was about to explode; but, placing her little hand playfully over my mouth, she cried: "No rash oaths; see the young lady, and treat her civilly, at least, or I shall feel obliged to leave the service of your mother."

"The service of my mother!" — how that grated on my ear.

Of course I *promised*, for I felt that by yielding to her wishes in this respect I might gain a hold on her affections: — the little lady in black—how she *did* torment me.

Every opportunity that offered I seized eagerly, and was not slow to press my suit, yet she would not say she returned my passion.

"Wait till you have seen Annie West," was her only reply to my protestations of love.

I was wise enough not to let my mother know that my lady acquaintance of the boat and her pretty sempstress were one.

The only interviews I had with her were stolen; for my mother, from some strange crochet or other, kept her close in her room, not even allowing her to come out at meal times.

I expostulated, but she was immovable, and I learned afterwards that it was not considered *genteel* to bring employés to the table.

Well, the dreaded day arrived, and, with a heart filled with trepidation, I peered through the half-closed blinds of my window, down at a traveling carriage that had stopped before our door. A fat, dowager-like lady in black alighted. She was alone. She was evidently deeply affected when she met my mother, for I heard her sob from the landing at the head of the stairs, where I had stationed myself to *eavesdrop*.

I heard her say in tremulous tones—"Annie has gone"; drawing one long breath of relief I retired to my room, and there remained until summoned to the drawing-room. When I entered the presence of Mrs. West, I noticed my mother's eyes as well as her own were red with weeping.

"What has happened?" I cried, in affected astonishment. "Pray, tell me what has happened to *our* Annie?"

"Alas!" sobbed Mrs. West, "the ungrateful girl refused to obey

my wishes, and when I commanded she fled, no one knows whither."

"Is that all, dear madam?" said I, taking her extended hand. "She has done no more than I would have done under similar circumstances. I applaud her resolution and courage in thus acting for herself, and now to show the fickle Miss that I do not take the disappointment so deeply to heart as she may perhaps desire, I will marry another without delay."

"*Marry another!*" exclaimed my mother, in a tone of astonishment.

"Perhaps Annie may return, and repent," sobbed Mrs. West.

"I could forgive her, but she can never be my wife," said I; and hurrying from the parlor, I sought the little woman in black. She stood in the centre of the room looking somewhat agitated and frightened when I entered. Her coral lips parted as if to speak, but I interrupted her by catching her in my arms and pressing her closely to my bosom.

"What means this strange behavior," she said, trying to free herself.

"It means, sweet lady, that Annie West has refused to fulfill her engagement, if engagement it may be called, and left me free to choose for myself. Once for all, will you be my wife?"

The little woman in black blushed, hesitated, looked down, tapped the carpet lightly with her delicate foot for a moment, and then said: "If you will take me without questioning, I am yours." A kiss sealed the compact—a kiss dearer to my Arminia than the most costly ring; and I led her to the drawing-room. Both ladies sat with their handkerchiefs to their faces as we entered.

"Behold my betrothed," I exclaimed, pausing in the centre of the room, while the little lady in black clung to my arm.

Both looked up, my mother with a groan of anguish, when she beheld me linked arm in arm with her pretty seamstress; Mrs. West with a cry of joy, and rushing forward, she fainted in the arms of Arminia.

"What means this," I exclaimed, looking puzzled, while my darling chafed the temples and kissed back to life, my mother's guest.

"What means this," cried my mother, looking equally puzzled: but all was in a moment explained, when Mrs. West returning to consciousness exclaimed: "My darling Annie! My truant child!"

Turning to me the young lady said: "I owe an explanation to you, sir, for my strange conduct on the boat."

"Ah! Is this the young lady you rescued from drowning?" asked my mother.

I replied in the affirmative, and she settled back upon the sofa, murmuring: "Old! plain, forsooth!"—while Annie West continued—

"You already understand *why* I left my home. To escape detection I donned a suit of black, and took passage for San Francisco on one of the Sacramento steamers, preferring to maintain myself by my own exertions to marrying a stranger, and one whom I felt sure I could not love. But my heart sank within me as we glided down the river. I felt that I was plunging into a city where my fate might be more terrible than death itself. My mind became suddenly depressed, and I felt a perfect horror of my lonely and unprotected situation creeping over me. I looked out upon the water, and beautiful was its glittering surface to my tearful eyes, inviting me, as it were, to a calm, delightful sleep beneath its silver coverlet. Death seemed for the moment a happy release from all my earthly troubles—so easily accomplished that I could not hesitate. I looked up at the moon so graciously lending me her beams, then down at the smiling, rippling waves, and in a fit of lunacy—for I can call it by no other name—my determination was taken. I gave a fearful plunge into the pellucid depths, to be rescued by the one I had so dreaded to wed—the one I was running away from—though I had not a suspicion of the fact until I stumbled upon you in the garden, a few nights since.

"As Arminia Burt, I sought an intelligence office immediately on my arrival in the city, and there applied for a situation as seamstress. Fortune favored me at last: I had not long to wait. An order had just come from a Mrs. Burrell for a seamstress, and though there were several waiting for a similar situation, the clerk after having heard my forlorn and friendless situation from my own lips, gave the place to me. On arriving, I handed a card from the intelligence office to the servant, and soon the lady appeared.

"Imagine my surprise when I recognised in her my mother's old friend, Mrs. Bronnell. The clerk had doubtless misunderstood the name. So confused was I at the discovery, that I could scarcely



answer her questions. She, doubtless, attributed my confusion to bashfulness, for she bade the servant show me to my room, saying, I would find my work awaiting me there.

“Once in my apartment, I sat down to think what course to pursue. While I was ruminating, my dinner was brought to my room. It was now evident that the lady did not recognize me, or some illusion would have been made ere this. On interrogating the servant, I learned that my meals would always be served in my room. So I concluded to remain, for a day or two at least, until my mind became settled, and I could determine how to act.

“At the time Mrs. Bronnell last visited my mother, I was fortunately from home. Years had passed since she had seen me, and as I had changed greatly in my looks during that period, I felt I had little to fear from a recognition.

“After having fled my mother’s protection, I did not think she would pay the promised visit, or I should have taken French leave of my new mistress, before her arrival.”

It is scarcely necessary to add, when she had ended her narrative, there were no farther objections made to my marrying the little lady in black. And on our wedding trip up the Sacramento, while passing near the heights in open day, we had a fair view of the horrid figure which had so startled us. It proved to be a bowed tree; the limbs, stripped of the bark, were extended in such a manner as to give it, by moonlight, the appearance of a huge human figure. What the sounds were, or from whence they came, I have not ascertained, though the distant lowing of a cow just at that moment, made us both smile at the resemblance of the sound to that we had heard on the night of our first interview.

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DUTY is the little blue sky over heart and soul—over every life. Large enough for a star to look between the clouds, and for the skylark happiness to raise heavenward through and sing in.

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POOR BACHELORS.—In China, if a man is not married by twenty, he is drummed out of the town. No place for bachelors among the fum-fums.

## WHITE LEWISIA.

(*Lewisia Alba*—KELLOGG.)

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BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

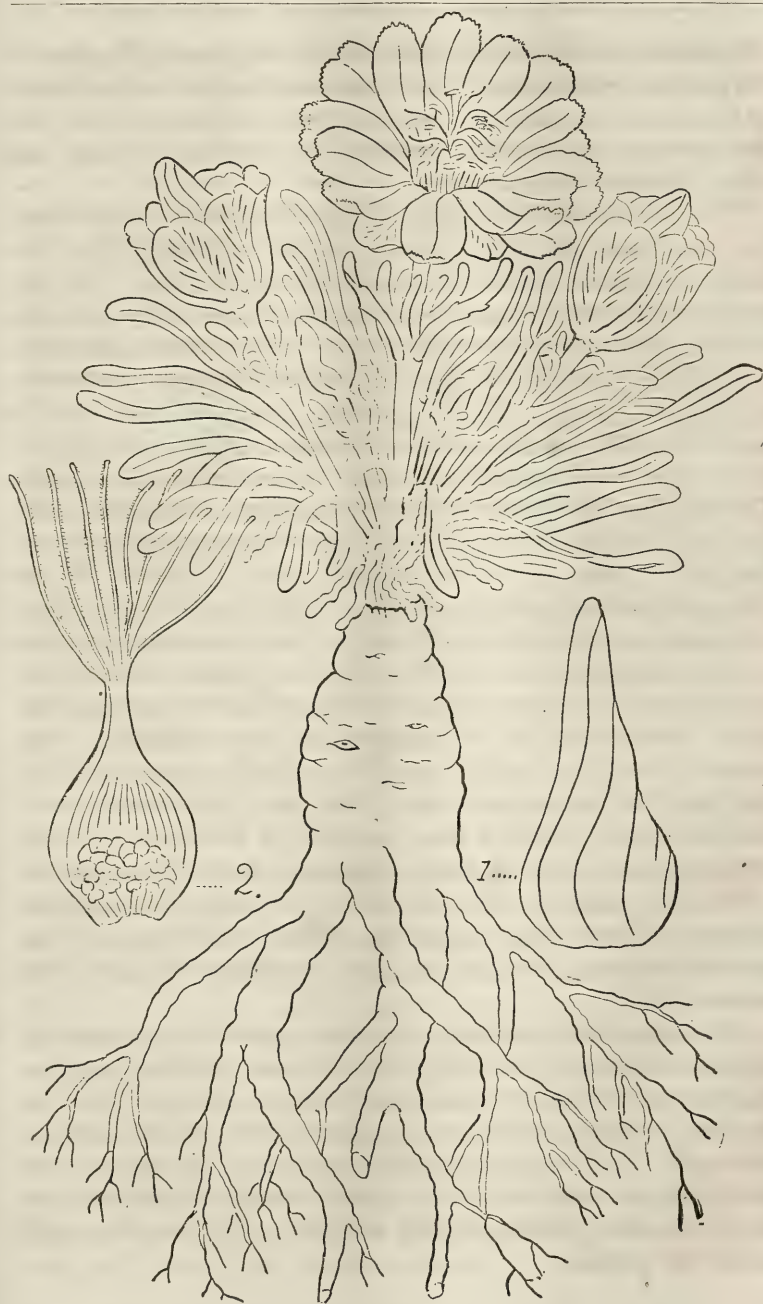
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THE beautiful, scarlet-flowered *Lewisia*, with a red root, has been described and figured; but a full description of the white-flowered species, with a white root, we have not seen.

Our specimen—the outline sketch of which is here given—was brought from Washoe by Mr. Andrew A. Veatch, and cultivated by Mr. H. G. Bloomer, Botanical Curator to the California Academy of Natural Sciences.

In a prospective agriculture and horticultural point of view, probably no native plant in our State promises more for the future resources of the country, than the one under consideration. Vast quantities of these roots are annually dug and consumed by the Indian tribes of North America, under the name of *Spatulum*. They abound in concentrated nutriment, as is evident from the fact that a single ounce, or even less, of the dried root will suffice for a meal, to a hunter or traveler, while undergoing the greatest fatigue. Mr. Geyer says this is the *Racine amère* of the Canadian voyagers; also long known by employes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In a very interesting and erudite article on "*The principal Plants used for Food by Man*," by Dr. F. Unger, translated from the German expressly for publication in our Patent Office Report for 1859, will be seen a brief allusion to this plant. See, also, W. J. Hooker's *Bot. Miscellany*, Vol. 1, page 344; also, a long account in the *London Journal of Bot.*, Vol. 5, page 306. Drs. Torrey and Gray, in the *Flora of N. America*, speaking of the red species, observe: "The bark being stripped off, the white inner portion is boiled in water, when it forms a substance similar to *Salep*, or boiled *arrow-root*. The dead root, according to Mr. Nuttall, almost dissolves into starch by maceration in cold water. The roots are so tenacious of life, that specimens in Lewis's Herbarium, as Pursh records, showing some signs of vegetation, were planted in a garden in Philadelphia, where they grew for a year; and Douglas' specimens, treated in the same way, vegetated for a short time in the garden of the London Horticultural Society.





Some authors consider this plant akin to our common Purslane of the gardens ; while others think it more nearly allied to the *Ficoids* or ice-plants : its position is near the former or between this and the cactus family, which it resembles in its choice of rocky, and often otherwise barren localities.

When we consider how easily the tap-rooted plants are developed in a rich, loose soil, there remains not the slightest doubt of our ability to increase, indefinitely, the product of this plant. The carrot is a wild, native plant, along roadsides almost everywhere, but without a soft tap-root, yet placed in a well-cultivated garden for two or three years, we all know the wonderful changes produced—so, also, the parsnip. Yet if they escape, and, as we are wont to say, “run wild,” their peculiar root disappears, but generously returns again when suitably cared for. Specimens of the scarlet *Lewisia*, from the Tulare section of California, brought to me by Dr. J. A. Veatch, a few years since, had roots more than half a foot long, and at least an inch in diameter, taken at random. If this plant under merely natural conditions yields thus, while the carrot and parsnip under similar conditions yield next to nothing, is it not a fair presumption, that with like care and patient culture it may also be made to yield its thousand to fifteen hundred bushels to the acre ? These roots, let it be observed, are not perishable. They are easily dried, and may be ground into flour for exportation. The root is a little pungent and spicy, when raw ; but scarcely one of our domesticated plants is either palatable or wholesome in its native state ; and many are virulent poisons, or more or less narcotic.

We have made no effort whatever to develope its capabilities hitherto, but have simply placed the plants in small pots, and neglected all culture ; our object being to investigate and sketch their natural forms.

The enterprising benefactor has here a plant to experiment upon, of such pertinacious vitality that it is even capable of performing a voyage around the world in a dry paper, where all moisture has been studiously avoided, and yet growing again as soon as placed in the soil. It is readily multiplied by dividing the crown of the root, or by the seeds, or by pulling and transplanting sprouts, similar to the sweet potato—probably even the leaves themselves would answer the purpose.

Unless this new genus proves unusually variable, we think the white species, as here described, must be distinct from *L. rediviva*.

*Technical description.*—*L. alba*. (Kellogg.) Leaves succulent, linear-spatulate, obtuse, grooved above below the middle, the membranous margins waved, base similar, expanded; the upper half thickened and flattened with a somewhat depressed line along the mid-rib; surface slightly roughened and corrugated; glaucous green, turning to red in withering.

Scapes succulent, about as long as the leaves (two to three inches in length), subterete, articulated at the crown of the root by a constricted base, also above the middle, where they are involucrete (?) in a whorl of about seven unequal leaves, the two leaves opposite the largest diameter of the scape about an inch in length, dentate; all grooved above, convex on the back, linear, obtuse, articulated at the insertion. Sepals eight or so—somewhat obovate emarginate, base and middle portion thick and fleshy, margins thin, sometimes slightly crenulate above, faintly colored. Flowers white, about sixteen to twenty petaled, sub-equal, oblong-obovate, obtuse or emarginate, base cuneate into an obsolete incurved claw, summit crenulate. Stamens extrorse, short, anthers pink colored; style eight parted or eight filiform stigmas.

Root, large fusiform, branching below, the loose outer back dirty white, the inner portion snowy white and ferinaceous.

A beautiful ornamental plant, blooming in clear sunshine only, closing up early in the afternoon.

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ORDER.—Never leave things lying about—a shawl here, a pair of slippers there, and a bonnet somewhere else—trusting to a servant to set things to rights. No matter how many servants you have, it is a miserable habit, and if its source is not in the intellectual and moral character, it will inevitably terminate there. If you have used the dipper, towel, tumbler, etc., put them back in their places, and you will know where to find them when you want them again. Or, if you set an example of carelessness, do not blame your servants for following it. Children should be taught to put things back in their places as soon as they are old enough to use them; and if each member of the family were to observe this simple rule, the house would never get out of order, and a large amount of vexation and useless labor would be avoided.

## TRUTH ·

BY CORA WILBURN.

TRUTH demands the entire obedience of the heart; the complete submission of all worldly aim, and the utter abnegation of self. In order to be an uncompromising truth-teller, you must be ready and ever willing to render the utmost sacrifices; to renounce the most cherished plans, and to incur undeserved and harshest censure; not from alien lips alone, but from those whose smiles and loving words have mayhap been revered for years. You may be called upon to give the verdict of conscience, and thereby incur the blame and misconstruction of minds less sensitively constituted; less wedded to the divine allegiance of truth. Friends, fortune, influence, may all be lost for truth's sweet sake, and her worshipper may be left alone, without one aiding human hand to upraise, or one human voice to whisper cheer; yet will the angels of our God minister unto him!

The earnest seeker for truth may traverse all the theological field, and yet roam on unsatisfied, finding not in creed or dogma the celestial light that is to warm and illumine the inner realm of consciousness. Yet such an one is indelibly stamped with the world's stigma of "changeable, fickle, discontented." Such natures are not trusted, for, by a strange course of reasoning, it is sought to prove that they who change their religious belief, are inconstant in their affections, and unstable in character. They might remain for a lifetime observant of the outer forms of some established creed, while doubt and onward longing surged within; their lips might repeat time-honored formulas in which their hearts had no share, and they would be respected and beloved. But the true, earnest disciple, seeking in the trained garden of our Father for the immortal rose of truth, he is scorned and despised, because strong in reliance upon the power that urges him from the beaten track of centuries, he dares to question his own soul, and seek for the kingdom of righteousness in his own way and time.

The brow of the best friend will darken if the spirit of truth prompt to the utterance of an adverse opinion in religion, ethics, or politics. The speech that is in advance of the received conventionalities, is proscribed; and the holiest indignation, and the most sa-



cred defence of principles is hushed into ignoble silence by the voice of public opinion, and the haunting fear of "the world's dread laugh."

Insincerity is the fondly nurtured vice of the day; not only in our legislative halls and fashionable assemblies does it make its abode—it lives with the poorest, and sits beside us a prompting evil genius at the daily board, and in the very gatherings of home. "We are so glad to see a person" whom in our hearts we desire at the antipodes. "Do come again, soon," we say to those we wish we might never behold again. Visitors we despise, are urged with sweetest smiles to remain to dinner or to tea; and ladies meet their ostensible bosom friends and known rivals and detractors, with an exuberance of delight at once ridiculous and painful to behold. Judas kisses abound in the daily greetings; and if some finely attuned ear could arrange the chromatic scales of insincere and hollow professions in hourly vogue, what a discord would arise from every parlor in the land. The mandates of truth are broken without reflection or compunction: and many a one guiltless of direct and wilful falsehood, will yet evade and circumvent, and so screen the truth as to make the misrepresentation none the less demoralizing in its effects, and warping in its tendency to the possessor's conscience. "I don't know," is one of these common-place every-day evasions of the truth, and more doubt and suspicion and conjecture has been caused by this form of speech than by the lengthiest details, or the most straightforward narration. Hints, inuendoes, shrugs of the shoulder, doleful shakings of the head, deep-drawn sighs when the neighbor is assailed or defended, are so many arms presented in the service of false dealing. If you are called upon to unmask treachery and vileness, do so boldly, and use your organs of speech bravely. If to defend the unjustly accused in the name of humanity, let no fear seal your lips, but speak the living, pure and beautiful truth.

Why should we pretend a liking where we feel it not? Why drag ourselves into society that is uncongenial, simply because "it is expected of us?" Does our conscience, heart and reason demand the sacrifice? Must we return visits that are a task and no pleasure? Are we compelled by any law save that of conventional insincerity to press the hospitality that is unproffered by the heart? Must we make false assertions in every act of life, in calling the surfeit we

know was caused by our midnight gluttony, a visitation of Providence? and the loss occasioned by negligence and forgetfulness, an accident that could not be foreseen? Must pride, calling in the aid of falsehood to uphold its ever tottering dignity, take refuge in the meanest subterfuges?—such as concealing with a hundred flimsy veils of pretence its interior and external poverty; never daring to say frankly: “I cannot afford it.” Why not acknowledge the shortcomings of education or intellect, instead of screening ignorance under the plea of forgetfulness? Why not confess at once that you are not inordinately fond of children, instead of calling the baby “a precious dear,” in presence of the watching mother, and then wishing to yourself the “torment” was out of your sight and hearing? Why admire your friend’s house and furniture to her face, then go away and call it ‘a miserable place, with gingerbread adornments?’ Why praise the new dress, and the last bonnet, then go home and call the one “a dowdyish, cheap-looking thing,” and the other “a perfect fright? Why make believe that the room is warm enough when you are shivering all over? or that it is very comfortable, when you are gasping for air? Of what use is it to say that you came only for a flying visit, and then remain to tea and spend the evening? Wherefore caress the strange dog or cat you inwardly dislike, and appear to be enchanted with them for the sake of approbation? Why seek to give yourself the appearance of wealth when you are laboring hard for the daily bread? Why give the idea of a meekness never attained unto?—a forgiveness never put to the trial? Why seek to appear at all different from what you really are? Think you not penetrative eyes can pierce the thin disguise—that any sham can long remain established—or daily insincerity be indulged in without leaving its traces on the soul, and spreading its influence afar? Besides, with the truly great, the nobly rich in mind-culture, as well as in externals, these pretences avail not,—they will not win one loving heart, or gain the admiration of those whose motto is the true “Excelsior.”

Why, in the fashionable exercise of tale-bearing, is so much care taken to prevent the “I told you,” from being repeated? If it be the truth, why not give the authority? Why should not every human being be held accountable for their words, and willing to confess to their own representations? Why change from the extreme

of cordiality to the very freezing point of reception, without an adequate reason duly expressed? Why call a twenty-four hour's acquaintance, a dear friend; and write: "dearly beloved friend," and "my very dear, &c.," to those you have had no opportunity of knowing, or to those you feel far from friendly towards? So many persons are taken with a sudden fit of affection for one elevated to fortune or position. It is wonderful to behold how the neglected serving girl is advanced to importance by the accession of wealth or eligible marriage. She is at once the darling of many hearts—but it is not herself they worship—only the outer wrapping of cloth of gold. Woe to the uninitiated heart that is deceived by this worldly homage. The wreath of fame is twined for those who have reached the gilded eminences. Genius in linsey woolsey, in the farmer's smock and the operative's garb, will remain unhonored, until it has won for itself the world's approved dress of distinction. If true admiration were given unto modest worth and retiring virtue, flaunting assurance would not occupy the thrones and shrines of art and labor, and the title of "great" would be more worthily bestowed. The General obtains the world's applause, while the humble soldier remains unknown and uncompensated. Seldom does the artizan receive his meed of praise. The skillful fingers of the toiler are never kissed by the aristocratic lips of the ignorant admirers of the wonders they achieve; but insipid forms and heartless seeming take the superior position that should be given unto worth and toil alone. There is a way of gaining the world's heart that no conscientious spirit can enter upon: it is to flatter the weaknesses, and exalt the *appearances* of good, without seeking for the realities of character. The worship of the present time is given to externals. We are beloved for what we seem, not for what we intrinsically are worth. Refinement is associated with ideas of wealth and splendid surroundings; and goodness and gentleness with the bewitching smile and gracious manner. Our lives are one continued series of false appearances, and insincere professions. How many a seemingly cordial hand-clasp is given, in which there is no heart! How many confidences are sought that they may be betrayed! Before one slight foundation of truth, how many errors are upraised: and how basely, yet how closely imitated are the most sacred feelings, simulated only in order to deceive. "Thou shalt not bear



false witness against thy neighbor," is violated in a thousand cruel, reckless and thoughtless ways. Not gifted with the clairvoyant sight of angels, groping blindly because of our own imperfections, how often we mistake our position, and take to our hearthstone the human viper destined to sting us unto death. We hear the low spoken tones of friendship, and not a warning whisper thrills us with the revelation of untruth. Oh, for the *moral* courage to dare and act sincerely under all circumstances. Oh, for a deeper worship of our God's essential attribute, beautiful and holy TRUTH.

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### A MOTHER TO HER LITTLE GIRL.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

Lizzie, I am far away  
From my little girl, to-day —  
But I often think of you,  
Far across the waters blue,  
And I pray that God will keep  
You, when you wake and when you sleep.

And I hope that you will be  
All a mother loves to see —  
Gentle, loving, good and kind,  
To others' comfort never blind;  
Ever willing to obey  
All who guide in Truth's pure way.

And I trust that we shall meet  
In the coming years, so fleet,  
And be happy with each other  
And your little laughing brother:  
May our Father keep our lives  
Till that happy hour arrives.

Think of me at morning light,  
When the sun is shining bright;  
Think of me at stilly even,  
When the stars shine bright in heaven;  
And far o'er the deep blue sea,  
Lizzie, I will think of thee.

## A SUNNY SPIRIT.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

DR. JOHNSON used to say, "that the habit of looking at the bright side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year."

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "Heaven be thanked," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man."

Bishop Hall quaintly remarks: "For every bad there may be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful it is not his neck. This reminds me of the story of the philosopher, who, when he had the gout, used to thank God it was not the stone, and when he had the stone, "God be praised," he would say, "that it is n't both gout and stone at the same time."

Some spirits are so sunny that they carry "rainbows in their eyes which cover every black cloud with golden hues." To them no cloud is so dark but it has its silver lining; and they see angels' faces peeping behind them all. Such a spirit is beyond all price. It not only bears sweet blossoms, which bring joy and gladness to all around it, but when the blossoms are gone, the golden fruit appears—a whole harvest of sweet remembrances for the sunny heart to feed on.

Of all music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the music of a loving heart"; and of all sunshine, that which throws its light deepest into the heart, is the sunshine of a cheerful spirit. No matter where you meet it—in the hovel or palace—its magic power, like the touch of Alladin's lamp, changes all to gold. The vines rustle more musically at the window of the cottage where it dwells; the fire burns more brightly in the grate, and even the clock has a merrier tick.

"He lived in the sunshine!" These were the words that met my eyes as I was one day wending my way among the tombstones of a country churchyard, gazing on the tablets with which affection loves to commemorate the virtues of the dead. To me this simple epitaph spoke volumes. I seemed to see a singing angel, singing songs and scattering flowers through all his earthly way, while all might read the sunbeams in his eyes. His heart was like a fountain, bubbling up and running over with bright, laughing water, and making all around it smile.

Very different is this kind of joy from that which comes and goes by flashes, like the sudden streams of lightning after a hot summer's day—similar to that which a good, but rather weak brother said he felt when, on riding home one evening on horseback from a revival meeting, his wife being seated on a pillion behind him, his pious joy arose to such a pitch that he begged her to keep a tight hold on his coat flap, for fear he “might mount up at once, and fly away to glory!”

One of the best illustrations of a sunny spirit that I have ever seen, is given by Theodore Parker in his description of a happy man, and said to have been drawn from real life. He says:—

“The happiest man I have ever known, is one far enough from being rich in money, and one who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, and rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning; with his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with a little flower in his hand, and a *great one blossoming out of his heart*. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love to those around him, and to all the world. His life is a perpetual *trap to catch a sunbeam*, and it is always springing and taking it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men and learned men; men of great social position, men of genius—but a *happier man* I have never known.

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USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

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It is a just saying of an old writer, that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility; and we may add that there is oftentimes nothing better between the two.



## THE PIASA.

### AN INDIAN TRADITION.

No part of the United States can vie in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluffs of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore, is a level bottom of prairie of several miles width, extending to a similar bluff that rises parallel with the river. One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends, with a few intervals, for many miles along the banks of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. In descending the river to Alton, the traveler will observe between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine, through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. The stream is the Piasa; its name is Indian, and signifies in the language of the Illinois, "the bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents, was called by the Indians "the Piasa," and from this is derived the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the Upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly this:—

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great megaloniz and mastodon, whose bones are now being dug up, were still living in the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons a full-grown deer. Having obtained a human victim, from that time he sought human victims as his prey. He was artful as he was powerful—would dart suddenly and unexpectedly down upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves of the bluff and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, fear and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illinois. At length, Owatoga, a chief whose fame as a warrior extended even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great

Spirit—the Master of Life—that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of his fast, the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to take twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrows, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of concealment another warrior was to stand in view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant that he pounced upon his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected, and placed in ambush as he directed. Owatoga offered himself as the victim: he was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the open bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched upon the bluff, eyeing his prey. Owatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death-song of the warrior. A moment after the Piasa rose into the air, and swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim when every bow was strung, and every arrow sent to the feather into his body. The Piasa uttered a wild, fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Owatoga was safe; not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him. The Master of Life, in admiration of the noble deed of Owatoga, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved upon the face of the bluff.

Such is the Indian tradition; of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain: the figure of a large bird, cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How, and for what purpose it was made, I leave for others to determine. Even at this day, an Indian never passes the spot in his canoe, without firing at the figure of the bird. The marks of the balls on the rocks are almost innumerable. Not a great while since, I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois river, and also above that of the Piasa.

My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of the caves connected with the above tradition, as one of those to which the bird had carried its human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide, who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress I

stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot ; the unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering we reached the cave, which was about fifty feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on a projecting rock, and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it.

Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of the cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us—high over our heads, a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff, on the blasted top of which was seated a bald eagle. No other sound of life was near us ; a Sabbath stillness rested upon the scene, not a cloud in the heavens, not a breath of air was stirring ; the broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same beautiful, wild aspect as it did before it met the gaze of the white man.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height — the shape of the cave was irregular, but, so far as I could judge, the bottom would average twenty-five by thirty feet. The floor of the cave through its whole extent was a mass of human bones ; skulls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extend, I am unable to decide, but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here, how and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible to conjecture.

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#### DEATH OF EDGAR A. POE.

“At the dead of night, the morn of anguish broke upon the silence of the crowded hospital. The large city had sunk to rest, but the hospital was full of light ; pain was there, and madness, and lamps burning to the socket, shone over corpse-like faces with great hollow eyes flaming with fever and death. There was one dying there who moaned not nor spoke a word. His slight form extended on a cot, his pale thin hands laid gently on the coverlet ; he gazed up-



wards with his large tranquil eyes. He moved not as the nurse held the lamp near his face, but looked steadily upwards, as though he saw faces that others could not. His hair was glued to the broad forehead with the death sweat. His white lips moved, and moved as though he was talking with spirits, but no sound was heard. From every nook of the hospital came the cry of pain, or the moan of sadness, but his death-bed was silent. He was passing away from a world that was not worthy of him—broken down by the temptations and trials of his life-battle, he was gathering up his soul, with all its good and ill at the throne of God. Something there seemed to him comfortable in the thought that the world had done its worst with him, and that it was good to lay one's life with all its good and evil, in the hands of a paternal God. You could see this thought in the sad smile on his lips, in the sudden brightening of his eyes. What was the history of his life? Bred to the hope of affluence, at the age of twenty-one he had been cast forth upon the world a man of genius, sensitive as a child, and poor as a beggar, he had married, and seen his wife suffer not only the physical but mental pang of poverty. His whole life had been a battle between high and noble nature and the necessities of rent and bread. His wife had died in his arms one winter day. Since that hour he had gone the road of life alone. And now he was dying in the public hospital in the City of Baltimore—dying alone—but with no sadness on his face. He felt that it was better to trust to the justice of God than to the tenderest mercy of man. He was dying all night long with his motionless head on the pillow, his motionless hands on the coverlit, his great eyes gazing upward all the while.

“When he was dead all the world fell to praising him, of whom, living, ‘it was not worthy,’ and the lonely man of the hospital became a great man in literature.”

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TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

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COLD in the head is n't half so common as cold in the heart; but it is a great deal oftener complained of.

## THE ILLUSION.

BY RUTH HALL.

The last dream and the maddest ; but 'tis past,  
While the heart bleeds, and echoes, 'tis the last ;  
Yet was the waking fearful, though I scarce believed,  
And fain myself would have myself deceived,

I loved so blindly,  
Was roused so kindly.

To think man could give love, for love alone,  
Nor youth, grace, beauty, in the balance thrown,  
*Could* prize the eye, that the heart only brightened  
Beyond the glance that conscious power lightened.

The hope has flown,  
I am again alone.

Deeming the soul might through the clay so shine,  
Proving the flame that lit the vase divine —  
(And as thou said'st), by manner, mind and sense,  
In thy case with the grosser aids dispense :

Alas for me !  
It could not be.

Thou wert but mortal ; I myself to blame,  
That when a younger, lovelier sister came,  
Gave up my *life*, with such a wild despair,  
And almost hated her for being fair.

I was insane,  
I am myself again,

And now can look on fading cheek and eye,  
Smiling in scorn, that there's no need to sigh.  
Fearing these should repel thee : mute despair  
Is now my portion in the world so bare ;

My dream is past,  
The wildest and the last.

## THE COMMON SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY GEN. L. V. BIERCE.

WE too seldom reflect upon the influence of the teacher. We hear much of the influence of the press, of the clergy, etc., but who reflects upon that wielded by the thousands of common school teachers scattered through our country?

What power has the press upon one who has never had the influence of the common school teacher upon his mind? What is the influence of the clergy on a people whose minds have not been enlightened by the mental rays from the same source?

The character of the man, in a great degree, is formed during the days of childhood and youth, and those are usually passed with the common school teacher. Whatever the teacher may be, he stamps himself upon his pupils. He is their model—their Alpha and Omega—his word their criterion. “That the master says so,” is a decision which settles all controversies, and from which there is no appeal. They look to him as an example and specimen of perfection, and his actions as worthy of imitation. This, too, when their minds are easily moulded to any shape—when impressions are easily made but firmly fixed. They copy after him, imitate his walk, his speech, his manners, sympathize with his feelings, and adopt his opinions unexamined.

It is thus the teacher gives character to the nation. Give me the teaching of the *child* and the *youth*, let me impress my mind on his while it is uninfluenced by the cares and business of life, and I may almost defy the press and pulpit combined to change the *man*.

The necessity of virtue and intelligence among a free people is always admitted, yet the great majority of our citizens are almost wholly indifferent to the condition of our common schools, the very sources of a nation's intelligence. Even *reflecting* men seem seldom to look so near to the beginning of things as to see that the blessing and perpetuity of our free institutions, are in the hands and under the control of the common school teacher. He sows the seeds of virtue or of vice — of tyranny, anarchy or liberty. If the teachers in our common schools are ignorant or vicious, the youthful portion of the nation will be like them, and it may be added “just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.”



## Fashions.

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ONE of those important revolutions, which take place sometimes in the empire of Fashion as well as in the realm of any other potentate, has sprung upon us. It is no trifling innovation, no slight alteration, no considerable addition—but a radical, fundamental change. The full skirt has been repudiated, and in its place we have the quaint, old-fashioned gored skirt of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. The premonitory symptoms of this change have been apparent for some time past. The moralist and the politician may both deduce a useful lesson from this fashionable revolution; and it is this: that while the lesser lights of fashion were trifling away their time and distracting public attention, fluctuating between the admissibility of belts, waists and pointed waists, flowing sleeves or tight sleeves, the real point of danger was overlooked, and their insignificant local sleeve and waist squabbles were overwhelmed in the general cataclysm which has fallen upon us. So even changes in dress may “point a moral.”

We venture to assert that the gored skirts will, when they become, as it were, naturalized among us, be very popular. The quaint little pockets, which seem a fitting receptacle for the display of a handsome handkerchief, used, in the time of our venerated grandmothers aforesaid, carry the “open sesame” to many a closet rich in preserves and sweetmeats, and many a bureau well stocked with household linen; but such vulgar things as keys could never be associated with these dainty little pockets. They are too shallow, too superficial—they lack the depth, the profundity, the liberal, hospitable look that was so characteristic of those receptacles of the dames of ancient days. As to materials: they consist of the usual summer styles, organdies, pineapple silks, bargees, grenadines, summer silks, poplins, muslins, and a host of mixed fabrics suitable for warm weather.

The skirt is worn as long as ever, trailing a little in the back, and very full at the bottom, where it measures seven yards in width. The skirt is gored, and each gore is piped, generally with some color that contrasts tastefully with the dress, or, if it be a figured silk, the prevailing color of the pattern is used for piping. Some of these skirts are made with flounces almost to the waist, others with alternate folds and flounces; but it is generally conceded that the most *distingue* are those which have three or four small flounces, or rather frills, around the extreme end of the skirt. This permits the graceful sweep of the skirts to be plainly distinguished, and if the gores are piped with contrasting colors, the gay diversity is not concealed. Two tiny pockets are arranged on the front breadths, which are plain, and the dress is closed in front with buttons, or trimmed with noeds of ribbon or velvet. Any misguided individual consoling himself or herself with the idea that this style will take less material, will soon find out their mistake; a dress measuring seven yards round the edge of the skirt will not be a very economical one. There is still another way of trimming the skirt which we must not omit to mention, and that is, that the flounce

ing is carried up the gores, thus developing another way of disposing of the material, which appears to be the desideratum of the present *regime*. This style offers a security that the hoop skirts will still be indispensable, for the gored skirt requires a kind of frame to show its proportions.

**THE CORSAGE.**—The corsage may be considered as a kind of appendage to the skirt, being frequently cut out with it in the one piece. It is made high to the throat, and generally without trimming. The only kind which this style admits is a surplice trimming crossing the shoulders and terminating at the waist. It sometimes extends as far in front as the pockets.

**THE SLEEVE.**—There is nothing arbitrary about the fashion of the sleeve; it is the only portion of the dress which may be regarded as free. All the varieties which have pleased and puzzled us for the last two or three seasons still remain—the flowing, the slashed, the puffed, the Georgian and many others. The latter is a very handsome specimen of the genus flowing sleeve, whose varieties are almost infinite.

**BONNETS.**—Bonnetts of figured tulle are very much worn. Lilac, eglantine, azaleas and May are the favorite flowers. The mixture of black, though still much worn, is scarcely so much in favor. One is getting almost tired of that incessant mixture of black and white lace; however, black, in silk and ribbon, is still fashionable, and we have seen lately some bonnetts of black silk, trimmed with pink silk, have a very good effect.

**CLOAKS.**—Among the last patterns received from Mme. Demorest—whose authority in matters of fashion is unquestioned—are the “Gored Circles”—fitting companions for the gored skirts. They are composed of eight pieces, and put together with a cord of contrasting color. They are graceful and elegant in the extreme, and unusually well adapted to a San Francisco climate, as there are no loose sleeves or pendants to catch the wind; which is so liable to disarrange a lady's dress at this season of the year. We have also the Chesterfield back and sleeve, composed of one piece; full back, confined at the waist, and covered with the small round cape now in such general favor.

**COLORS.**—The contrasting colors most in favor are black and purple, black and white, and black and blue, steel and solferino, steel and blue, pompador and blue, black and pink, etc.

**NOTICE.**—We have on hand and for sale the patterns of all the styles described, and many more, which our limited space forbids us to mention. We have also imported, for the accommodation of our patrons, a few choice pieces of new style trimming, both for cloaks and dresses; also a few of Mme. Demorest's celebrated hoop skirts, spiral pads, etc. Ladies are invited to call and see for themselves, at HESPERIAN ROOMS, No. 12 Montgomery street.

## Editor's Table.

WHATEVER may be the influence of the *HESPERIAN*, whether much or little, we unhesitatingly pledge it in favor of Government and the Union. In civil partizanship, our magazine ever has and ever will remain "neutral;" but in the hour of peril, when nationality itself is jeopardized; when all the blood-bought privileges of country and of liberty are ignominiously invaded, the most humble citizen may take the field, and will, when wanted, if one spark of the spirit of "'76" glows within his bosom.

Well, the roll is called, and the proclamation has gone forth: "He that is not for me, is against me!" \* \* \* \* \*

We have no sons to clothe and equip for the service, to whom, with a "God bless you!" we could say: Go, my children, and may the God of battles nerve your arms for patriotic and valorous deeds! Go, not in the spirit of malice, but as did our venerable forefathers when they 'pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor,' to secure for us the very principles and privileges that are now invaded. Go! and maternal vigils shall mark the hours till your honorable return, or until we meet beyond the field of consecrated battle!

We have no sons, but to the watchful *Hesperides* whom we assign to what was once the fabled tree of the West—but which, in reality, now spreads far its branches, profusely yielding the golden fruit of *Liberty*—we give this most sacred charge. Wherever the hand of the destroyer is reached out against that noble tree, fear not, but cry aloud! Say to the mothers of America, your country beats the "reveille" for your sons' enrollment!—to the "field of triumph" with your young men of valor! The three great demands of humanity are: to God, to country, and to the domestic hearth—a Trinity of faith, of love, and of duty.

GOSSIP WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—What shall we say to you who have been so faithful—"in storm or in sunshine," in sickness or in health, in contributing the ever-flowing streams, so to speak, which, in their confluence, make up the river of our monthly record? Some of these flow strong and deep; others ripple along through shady bowers, and again through grassy vales, lining whose pebbled banks sweet "pansied turf" vies with the "babbling brook," and makes life joyous, when else the weight of heavier thought would have bowed the shoulders with restless inquietude. We love ye all! And, as did the mother of the Gracchi, of her children, so do we, in answer to a query as to *our* treasure, calling attention to the productions of our contributors, exclaim, with grateful pride: "These are my jewels!" Collecting together, from time to time, in our literary casket, the bright scintillations of your minds, from sea to mountain, and from mountain to valley we joyfully echo back the ready "inklings" of each welcome thought. Bear with us, if at times we seem tardy, as we can only act by rule.

But what have we here?—A series of poems by S. H. Lloyd, Esq., dedicated to his "bachelor friends." At present we can only select the following:



## THE HEART THAT LIVES ALONE.

The heart that lives alone shall die —  
 Its narrow cell its scope ;  
 Though friendly hearts may still be nigh,  
 And lips to whisper hope —  
 Like some frail flower that blooms afar  
 Upon the burning sand,  
 That knows no dew nor passing flower,  
 That falls to bless the land.

Then let us live for friends, so dear,  
 For some fond heart and true,  
 And share the blessings sent us here  
 As blossoms share their dew ;—  
 And let each lad a lassie take,  
 And let each heart expand,  
 As now we pledge for love's sweet sake,  
 Each willing heart and hand!

Quite pretty, is it not? Indeed, it is but a sad and dreary plant which springs forth from burning sands —

“That knows no dew nor passing shower”—

Quite different from those social and affectionate natures which freely

“——— pledge for love's sweet sake,  
 Each willing heart and hand.”

Mr. Lloyd writes from happy experience, and from the romantic story of his late marriage, we can't but think that he and his fair lady comprise a living refutation to those illiberal lines against “Matrimony,” written by Saxe—if memory serves right—and which read:

“Marriage is like a flaming candle light  
 Placed in a window on a summer night,  
 Inviting all the insects of the air  
 To come and singe their pretty winglets there:  
 Those that are out butt heads against the pane,  
 And those within butt to get out again.”

In contradistinction to this foul aspersion, we quote the following advice to gentlemen, by Jeremy Taylor, who says:

“If you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man—an angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellor—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.”

INTEMPERANCE. — Intemperance is indeed the cause of many a fearful sorrow, which, in the use of alcohol, hurries thousands to their untimely graves; many upon whose brows genius has stamped the signet of intended honors; within whose bosoms glow more than common friendships, and whose hand none are more ready at the slightest call of charity. A contributor has met with such a loss, and pours out for us his indignation as follows:—

“Another, and yet another, has fallen a victim to the deadly scourge. Instances are fearfully multiplying. At this moment, hundreds of our near and dear friends, neighbors, brothers and fathers, unconsciously wear upon their countenances the flushed and reddening seal of the destroyer! Strange, is it not, that they laugh, are jovial and merry, though booked and ticketed for the maddening, fatal leap? But they know it not, or if conscious of danger, think to avoid it by the use of superior will, before it becomes too late—before the path they tread leads to the dark terminus! Alas for mistaken strength!—but it is ever thus. The potion stimulates to conviviality, “and surely,” say its apologists, “there can be no harm in that. Pass round the bowl, boys!—here’s a health for all, to-night.” Drink again, the heart is light and the wine is red; see how it sparkles in liquid extacies! “Fill up, boys! Here’s fun for the jovial band!” Harmonious jokes jostle together with the click of flowing bumpers, and wit, keen as the extenuated point of a maddening brain, flashes at each quaff from the radiant cup. Drink again! What now is the burthen of care, which stole in upon the quietude of home, and embittered its pleasures? Gone, gone, at the touch of wine! Drink again! and home itself, with its hallowed shrine, has faded away in vapory and visionary images, and into empty dreams. Drink again! and the light of reason forsakes the eye. And again!—ha! ha! ha! and the brain reels as if forced by the impetus of concentric rings. Ha! ha! ha! *Again!* and demons incarnate swarm around the blurred and diseased vision. And now, with the sting of scorpions and the howl of the damned, he is hurled to the dark gulf of a drunkard’s grave!

Inquiring friends, who, in *lang syne*, were boys together with him, ask—“What has become of my old schoolmate?” The answer is—“Dead!”—“His disease?” “Ah, yes; his only fault was *sociability!*”

Another of our valued contributors who seems to have been preparing an antidote against the extremes and wrecklessness so vividly described above, recommends “marriage—the ties of domestic bliss,” and thus prettily exhorteth:

“For a man in whom the memory of childhood’s hallowed experiences are not lost, and in whose bosom still flickers the spiritual flame of domestic bliss, of maternal love, of sisterly affection—on the altar of whose heart the social graces have not yet ceased to cast their fragrant incense, there exists a sacred duty—even after the lethean waste of ten years’ mountain life in California—and that duty is—procure for yourself wife, children and friends.”

We cannot better close our gossip with contributors, than by submitting to them the following beautiful waif, which is clipped from an old paper, on the subject of “Time and Eternity”:—

“We step the earth; we look abroad over it, and it seems immense; and so

does the sea. What ages had men lived—and knew but a small portion. They circumnavigate it now with a speed under which its vast bulk shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his glass, and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us, walking along the road of life, a year, a day, an hour, shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shortens; but when we lift up our eyes to look beyond this earth, our seventy years, and the few thousands of other years which have rolled over the human race, vanish into a point, for then we are measuring Time against Eternity."

"I came in the morning—it was Spring,  
And I smiled;  
I walked out at noon—it was Summer,  
And I was glad;  
I sat down at even—it was Autumn,  
And I was sad;  
I lay down at night—it was Winter,  
And I slept."

GOING TO SCHOOL.—The steel engraving for the July number of the HESPERIAN is very beautiful, we think: "Going to School!" Who will not recognize the truthfulness of the artist to real life? and who, among our readers, has lost the recollection of those early impulses, in the acquisition of knowledge, which in childhood fills early ambition with such sweetly budding hopes?—

"O I'm thinking of the joys, when you and I were boys,  
But those merry days are gone, John, forever!"

Though childhood, with its schools and playmates, its joys and sorrows, has given place to the cares of increasing days, the pencil of the true artist, like childhood itself, fails not in reflecting back the "light of by-gone years."

THE HESPERIAN.—The present number of the HESPERIAN contains an admirable contribution from the pen of our esteemed friend and contributor, Cora Wilburn: "Truth:" the subject is ably and practically handled, justly assailing many of the heartless follies in social life.

We are also pleased in being able to present to our readers a beautiful little poem, from the accomplished and talented pen of John R. Ridge, Esq., editor of the *Evening Journal*, of this city, and, we are proud to say, a contributor to the pages of the HESPERIAN. The "Eye" is very happily disposed of by Mr. Ridge; but read for yourselves.

FOURTH OF JULY.—What shall we say of the ever-glorious Fourth? There is not one of our readers who is ignorant of the great interests involved in this most memorable day. On the fourth day of July, 1776, the proclamation went forth to the world that "a nation was born unto Freedom!" and, though in the face of burnished steel and murderous artillery, the occasion was celebrated with that determined enthusiasm which none but enlightened freemen can appreciate. On that day local prejudice was forever ignored—buried; and men, forgetting minor grievances, mutually banded together in the great cause of



a popular, enlightened Republic. They did not pledge in vain. The banner which was planted upon the ramparts of government, eighty-five years ago, now proudly waves over the capitol of that confederacy, and, though menaced by insidious foes, will continue so to float, without the obscuration of a single star, and with the addition of twenty-one bright luminaries to the original constellation. Chief emblem of freedom's right: the "Bow of Promise," which, as often as it is set in the heavens above us, gives evidence of "peace on earth and good will towards men." This glorious banner is the especial property of our principal holiday—the ever glorious Fourth!

The Fourth of July! How intimately blended is its hallowed recollection with all the loved scenes of childhood—with everything that was ennobling and patriotic within the young heart! The Fourth of July!—why it is the very cradle of rising greatness—the milk on which infant strength has been nurtured for noble deeds—the foster parent of all that is sweet in protection—of all that is glorious in government. Boy-courage has been developed by it into that of riper manhood, and, keeping pace with these, the confidence of the rosy-cheeked maiden has merged into that of wife and of mother. And as each successive Fourth has with gun and with banner proclaimed the rights of freedom, the perpetuity of those great benefits and the festivities of a day which had its first celebration on the Fourth of July, 1776, the great American pulse, true to its noblest instincts, has beat successively to its call—united as the action of one man. But not since that first celebration, when

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
With the anthems of the free,"

has the welkin rang out stronger, clearer, and sweeter in patriotic anthems than will be the acknowledged tribute to the present most sacred and auspicious Fourth! And never will one again be celebrated the participation in whose observances will be looked back to with more of joy and pride than that of 1861. O, ever glorious day! Athens, nor Rome, nor any other land beneath the sun, ever knew all the merits of thy honor. Here we contribute our mite upon thy sacred altar; and with the same "thank offering" shall generations of American freemen, yet to come, dignify and make joyous thy annual visitation!

JOHN R. RIDGE.—This worthy gentleman, well known as a prominent member of the press in the interior, and recently of the *Marysville Democrat*, is now in charge of the *San Francisco Evening Journal*, an ably edited daily, and which already exhibits the weight of his accomplished pen.

Our readers will remember the name of Mr. Ridge, as one under which some of the most finished and brilliant productions of the *HESPERIAN* have appeared, on different occasions. We extend him a hearty welcome.

A WORD IN TIME.—Now we don't propose to dictate the policy that should govern husbands; and still, as there is so much truth in a waif which we rescue from the "accidental corner" of an old newspaper, we can not help republishing it:—

"Has anybody ever written upon the responsibility which rests upon a hus-

band with regard to his education of his wife? Of course we know what you will say about her being supposed to have 'finished her education' before marriage, and all that; and yet you and we know that she begins as new an education with him as if she had never seen the alphabet. His views, his feelings, his ideas, are they nothing to her, if she loves him? Years after, when they who 'knew her as a girl' come to talk with the matron, do they not find her husband reflected in every sentence, whether for good or evil? Of course, the more strongly a woman loves, the more completely is her own identity absorbed in her husband's. This is a point which is too much neglected by married men. A good husband is almost certain to have a good wife; and if she be "not so good as he could wish" at the commencement of their married life, he can soon educate her up to the proper mark. And, on the other hand, he can so educate her down as to render his home a purgatory, and perhaps bring upon himself and his family the greatest agony and keenest pangs of disgrace which a husband or children can feel."

SCHOOLBOY KISS.—A glimpse at our engraving, "Going to School" brings to mind a few lines, of whose authorship we have not the slightest recollection, if we ever knew, and which runs:

"Who gave that kiss?" the teacher cried;  
 "'Twas Harry Hall," John Jones replied.  
 "Come here to me," old Switchem said,  
 As solemnly he shook his head;  
 "What evil genius prompted you  
 So rude a thing in school to do?"  
 Said Harry, "I can hardly say  
 Just how it happened. Any way,  
 To do a sum she whispered me;  
 And round my face her curls, you see —  
 That's, her cheek — and I — and I —  
 Just kissed her, but I don't know why."

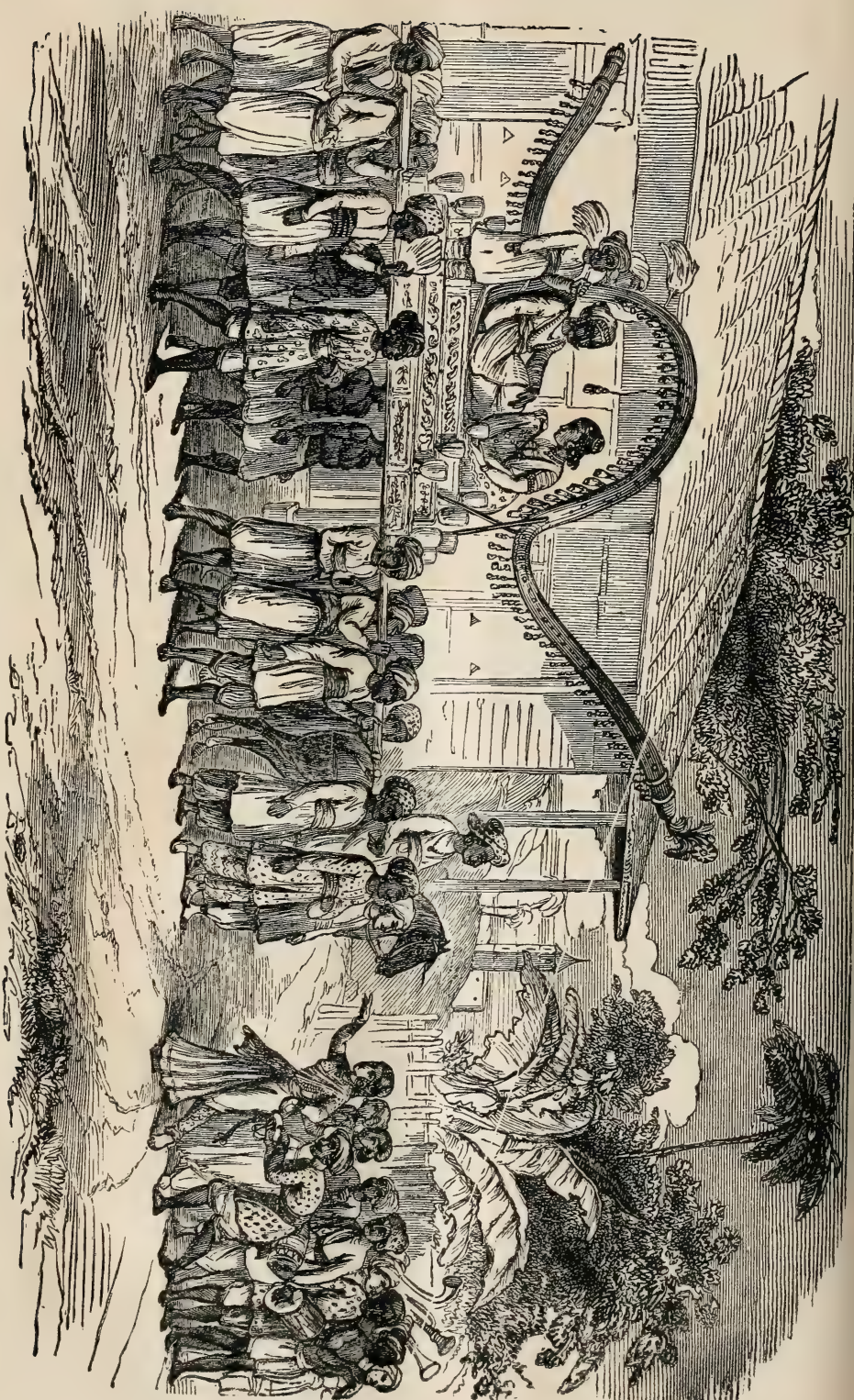
#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

THE CAVALIER WAIST.—We give this month a Pattern of the favorite Cavalier Waist, which is composed of three pieces—front, back, and rever. This Waist is high in the neck behind, and slopes gradually down in front, as will be seen by the pattern; the rever fits neatly around the back of the neck, down to the end of the slope in front; the plain part at the top of the dress, the points falling gracefully—one upon the shoulder, the other upon the breast. The Waist hooks on buttons to the slope, from which it is left open, displaying a rich underbody of lace or nansook, according to the taste of the wearer.





A BRIDAL IN INDIA.







PROMENADE DRESS—HOME COSTUME.





# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VI.

AUGUST, 1861.

No. 6.

## THE GAME AT HEARTS: OR THE YOUNG WIFE'S CONFESSION.

BY PHOSPHOR.

[Concluded.]

"I know her grandmother—one of the old Dutch settlers of New York—died a few years ago immensely rich, but I never heard of her having such an amount of jewelry as Miss Olive has got strung about her person. I guess, as you say, she's hired it to fascinate the Count, and bring him to her feet," said the first speaker.

"She'll succeed, I guess, from appearances," said number two, with a sigh scarcely audible, "he's hardly left her side this evening."

Leona looked pale as she approached Count La Fargué and her sister at the conclusion of a dance in which they had joined, and asked if they were not ready to return home.

"Your sister has promised to be my partner in the next 'set,'" replied the Count, "but I will yield my wishes to those of the ladies;" and he looked inquiringly at Olive.

"Then we will make our adieus to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and depart," said she, looking with a feeling of pity on the troubled countenance of Leona.

Nor had she recovered her wonted happy expression of countenance when the family met on the next morning at breakfast.

"You are ill, Leona," said her husband, as she passed his coffee with a trembling hand. "Indeed, I wonder that you could think of going out last evening; you are now as pale as a ghost."

"She went to please me, brother, so do not worry her," said Olive, taking the blame on herself; "but I will nurse her up to pay for it, and promise not to urge her out again."

"You," said Frederick, opening wide his eyes; "I thought you were the one that needed urging out; but 'presto' is the word now-a-days, and minds and moods change in the twinkling of an eye. See to it, Olive, that you have her looking better when I return home this evening, which may not be till late. If I am not home by eleven o'clock don't sit up for me, it is stealing all your roses keeping such late hours."

Olive had ascertained the sad condition of her sister's heart ere the fearful truth was made known to herself, yet she felt the full force of her unhappy attachment more keenly in the solitude of her own chamber than when amid the gay throng. She had seen the looks of fond admiration from one she had foolishly loved withdrawn from herself and given to another. How humiliating were the thoughts of her madness; and the world—what would the *world* say to her folly?

Frederick wondered, when days passed and the healthful flush came not again to Leona's cheek, yet his business kept him from home during the day, and the club took by far too many of his nightly hours from his wife, until her illness, which had grown to be alarming, kept him for a few days by her side.

Still Count La Fargué visited at the house, yet in Leona's absence from the parlor, his eyes rested content on the features of Olive, for he found new beauties daily to admire, both in her person and manners, and he, who was once so fond, seldom mentioned Leona's name, save to inquire, in a casual way, after her health.

He knew she was not indifferent to his attentions, and he had a suspicion that the love he felt for her was returned; for, in her simple, guileless nature, there was no art to conceal, yet what were her heart-aches to him? The attachment had passed away; like a meteor's flash before the coming of the glorious morning star, so had it gone suddenly out. From the day that the queenly Olive "had opened her battery of charms" upon the young Count he had ceased his attentions to Leona, and the wound he had left in the heart of the sweet wife was as nothing to him; he wasted not a

passing thought upon it, but revelled in the smiles of the peerless Olive, and was happy.

"I think I will go down town to-day," said Frederick to his wife, after she had passed the crisis of her disease—a low nervous fever; "the doctor thinks you will be able to leave your room soon, and my business is really suffering in my absence."

"Well, I suppose I must give you up," said Leona in a mournful tone, "but come home early, for I have something I wish to say to you."

"Then say it now, my dear," said Frederick, returning and seating himself by the bed.

"Oh, no, I can't; at least I'm not prepared, and then it is something so *dreadful* that I don't know but you will despise me forever after;" and Leona burst into tears at the thoughts of the confession she had resolved to make.

"It is, no doubt, some trivial affair which your foolish little head has had nothing else to do but to magnify into a bugbear, just to frighten me home with; so I will hear nothing of it unless you promise to calm yourself," said Frederick, a little alarmed at the nervous excitement she evinced.

"It is *terrible*," said Leona, sobbing; "but go, for I shall not open my heart to you now."

"I will send Olive up to sit with you in my absence, shall I not?" asked Frederick, his hand on the door-knob.

"Oh, no! don't disturb her; she's engaged to ride this morning with the Count;" and Leona sighed as she communicated the intelligence to her husband.

"You sigh as if you were sorry that an attachment existed between them," said Frederick, returning once more to the bed-side.

"I am not sorry," replied Leona, while the faintest perceptible flush stole over her wan features; "not sorry, yet it don't seem quite right that Olive should marry him."

"And why not, Leona? I thought it was the right of every maiden's ambition to win the titled foreigner, and as Olive seems to have outstripped all other anxious fair ones, and settled herself firmly into his good graces, you ought to be proud of the alliance."

"But they are not married yet, Frederick."

"I know it, but my friend George Haynes assures me he is the



'genuine article,' no make-believe, but a *born* nobleman, and the master of 'frances' sufficient to buy out half the city, if disposed. Why do you think they will not be married?"

"I think he is fickle-minded; at least he appears so to me."

"How can you judge, when he has shown no preference for any one but Olive since he came to the city?"

"He has; at least I thought he seemed attached for a time to—to some one else; still, it might have been a fancy."

"And who was that some one else, Leona? pray, out with it at once, and I'll inquire into the matter! Olive is too noble a being to be trifled with. Who was it?"

"It was—myself! and, oh, Frederick, I was silly enough to feel flattered by his attentions."

"Perhaps you returned the passion, Leona; is not that what you wished to tell me?"

"Yes, Frederick, *that* is the terrible secret. I was dazzled by his attentions, and very unhappy when he withdrew them from me, but though I feared it, then, I have since ascertained that it was not love; he is fascinating in his manner, and his eye has the basilisk's power to charm, but I have broken the thrall, thank heaven, and now I can not tell you with what contempt I look upon this man. Can you forgive me my folly, now that I have confessed all to you?"

"Yes; that is, if you continued to love me the same all the while this flirtation was going on between yourself and the Count," said Frederick, with an attempt to laugh, though he looked disturbed.

"Don't call it a flirtation, pray don't!" said Leona, covering her face with her hands, "it makes me think so meanly of myself; besides, to do the Count justice, he never spoke of love to me, never!"

"Then, what in the name of heaven did he say to you?" asked Frederick, rising in agitation and pacing the room.

"He only *looked* at me, and once, as I was finishing off those slippers for you, he said 'happy Waldebridge!' and then he gave me *such* a look—I can not explain it to you, but I have not felt happy since till now. Are you quite sure you can forgive me, Frederick?"

"Yes, yes, Leona, so set your heart at rest. I believe, after all, this fellow has meant no harm; 'a cat can look at a king,' you know."

"But *that* look, Frederick. If you could have seen it I'm sure you would have thought it wrong, and now I fear he is about to mar the happiness of Olive."

"We must put her on her guard, Leona."

"But it may be too late, even now."

"Perhaps not; I will think the matter over, and question Haynes a little more closely in regard to his character to-day."

Leona, as she said, was far happier that day, after the confession of her folly, than she had been for weeks before, and she now began rapidly to recover.

"I feel well enough to go down to the drawing-room to-night," said she to her husband, about a week after the above conversation.

"If you think you can withstand the fascinating attentions of Count La Fargué, I have not the least objection," said Frederick, smiling; "but, on second thoughts, I will, for 'safe keeping,' accompany you."

"Do, Frederick, and if you find a fitting time just slip a word of warning into Olive's ear; it really frightens me the way she is going on; though I have tried in every way to enter into conversation with her, she will not listen, nor, if she can avoid it, hear the Count's name mentioned."

"As matters have progressed so far, I think it useless to say any thing," replied Frederick, "but we will go down for a while, if you like, and break up the tête-a-tête."

Together they proceeded to the parlor; the door was slightly ajar, and the passionate exclamations of Count La Fargué fell distinctly on their ears. They paused on the threshold and listened.

"Ah Ma'm'selle, *ma belle* Ma'm'selle, I come dis night to say, you are de one grand object dat light up my lonely existence. Vill you not return one little spark of affection for dis big heart I lay at your feet? *M'amie!* promise but to be mine, and you shall ever reign sole queen of dis affectionate heart."

He was about to place a ring of surpassing splendor upon her finger in token of their engagement, but Olive quickly drew her hand away, saying in calm, clear tones: "I cannot promise to become your wife, Count La Fargué, for I have never loved you."

"Never loved *me!* Cruel, cruel Ma'm'selle! Vat for den you make b'lieve? *mon dieu!* *mon dieu!*"

"To pay you, sir, for the pain you occasioned my sister, and teach you that there are yet maidens in America who can withstand the temptation of a curling mustache and glittering coronet, and reject a lover kneeling at her feet, even though he be—a COUNT."

The ring dropped from Count La Fargué's fingers, and he rushed from the house exclaiming: "*Von grand mistake! mon dieu! mon dieu!*"

Frederick and Leona had but just time to conceal themselves in an adjoining room, when the Count hurriedly took his departure; and no sooner had the ponderous door closed on his retreating figure, than Frederick, clasping his hands, cried, "bravo! my fair sister! you have done not only yourself but the city a great service."

"Then you never loved La Fargué, after all the fuss you made over him, Olive," asked Leona, coming into the room.

"Never, sister; I felt myself compelled to play 'a game at hearts' with him, to stop the depredations he was bent on making in the bosom of a dear friend."

"Thanks, my gentle sister," said Leona, embracing her, "I appreciate fully the motive." "And I too," said Fred, coming in for a kiss at just the right time. "Your timely movements no doubt stopped an 'elopement,' and saved to my arms a wife."

Count Armunde La Fargué sailed the following day for Havre, and he doubtless returned to his princely château on the Rhine, a *wiser* if not a better man.

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THERE are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

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LOVE cannot fully admit the feeling that the beloved object may die; all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves.

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THE law should be to the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke and temper the force.



## MY MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

BY MRS. BELLA G. MINTER.

Time's fast speeding on, many changes I've seen,  
Full of joys and sorrows my young life has been :  
I've plucked its sweet flowers, I've sipped the sweet draught  
Of pleasure, and gaily with gay ones have laughed,  
But ever through all, whether clouded or fair,  
I've heard the sweet tones of my mother's last prayer.

It rose in a strain I can never forget,  
And my heart's tenderest chords it can move even yet.  
It was pleading and low, it was earnest and wild,  
And O! it was sweet as she plead for her child :  
"Be Thou, my dear Saviour, her bright Guiding Star,"  
Were the sweet, earnest words of my mother's last prayer.

Then on her dear bosom my little head lay,  
While her fond, blessed life was fast ebbing away;  
Her white brow was damp with the cold dews of death,  
Her small hand was trembling and fitful her breath,  
But still it went up like sweet music afar,  
Till the pure spirit fled; my mother's last prayer.

Oh! sad, cold and dreary the earth seemed to me,  
When my mother was laid 'neath the wild willow tree.  
I pressed my hot cheek to her cold, clayey bed,  
And prayed as a boon to lie down with my dead,  
But then like a message of peace through the air,  
Borne on Memory's wings, came my mother's last prayer.

Years fled and I passed from the pure hills of green,  
To dwell with the gay in a bright festive scene :  
The goblet of pleasure was held to my lip  
While I was all trembling and eager to sip ;  
But still from temptation's allurements most fair,  
I turned when I thought of my mother's last prayer.

Oh God, it is sweet when life's storm-sorrows come,  
And moan in the heart like the summons of doom,  
To remember that Thou wilt our guide ever be,  
As our frail barques are floating o'er life's heaving sea,  
And sweet 'tis to feel that the beacon-light there  
Is lit by the flame of a mother's love prayer!

## THAT PEACH SPECULATION;

OR,

### ONE CROP OF MY "WILD OATS."

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER.

AT the time of the occurrence of the following sketch, I resided in the eastern part of the State of New York. Thus much I premise as an introductory to what follows.

The year 1845 was noted for producing a peach-crop of great abundance in various parts of the Union, and particularly in Virginia. So plentiful were they in Virginia, that the only means of saving any considerable quantity of them, was by drying them, which business was conducted on a very extensive scale. The consequence was, that dried peaches, in the latter part of summer and early part of autumn of that year, were sold for almost nothing in the Old Dominion; which opportunity was embraced by speculators in buying them up, transporting them up into Pennsylvania and New York, and disposing of them at a good profit. It so happened that an acquaintance had been down and purchased a cargo of the article in question, brought them up to Pennsylvania, and disposed of them upon very remunerative terms indeed. This had the effect of throwing a young friend of mine, and myself, into a rage for speculation. The days were spent in secretly planning the cushioned road to fortune—*Virginia*—and nights were spent in dreaming of mountains of peaches as high as the Tower of Babel. In the buoyancy of imagination we saw ourselves in Virginia, clothed in the mighty majesty of the speculator's garb, buying cargo after cargo of peaches. Through the same medium we saw ourselves return home, after disposing of our great purchases, loaded down with money, and the road strewn with flowers and bouquets, to the depth of at least three feet, in honor of our boundless wealth. But, alas! it was all nothing but a dream of childhood, as it were, for we were nothing but boys, and had nothing to engage in the speculation with, nor could we have obtained permission from "the powers that be" to do it if we had. How should we manage it? My chum was equal to the emergency. He had an uncle that was just about as wild as he was himself. To that uncle the plot was revealed, secrecy enjoined, and his assistance implored. We ob-

tained it. It was arranged that we should tell the "old folks" that we were going to New York City—an excursion allowable every autumn, after the completion of the season's work—and that after we were gone the uncle should reveal the true state of the affair, in order that they should not be concerned about our welfare, as our absence would necessarily be prolonged beyond the length of time usually occupied in our visit to New York City. But now came the grand obstacle. We could not possibly obtain consent to pay our visit to the city until subsequent to the final completion of the autumn's work, and that could not possibly be accomplished before about the middle of November. That was a poser; but there was no alternative but to placidly submit, and await the arrival of the critical juncture. We did so; and the tenth of November saw us safely embarked on our fortune-hunting voyage. Our spirits were high until we reached New York City, at which place we were informed that we were undoubtedly too late in the season by at least six weeks to procure peaches in Virginia, and so it proved; but nothing short of further experience would satisfy us. However, that timely hint had the effect to induce us to take the precaution of purchasing a quantity of phrenological works to peddle in the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c., to defray our expenses with in case of a failure in our main mission. In Baltimore we ascertained to a positive certainty that we were too late for the peach business, and consequently did not go any farther than Washington City. At this great political mart we played the game heavy enough to bring us out clear of expenses. I will give the programme, viz.:—

The first day we commenced our book business, and peddled away energetically until about two o'clock, P. M., when we happened to see a large, flaming handbill placarded in a conspicuous place, and imparting something like the following startling intelligence, to wit: "The greatest lottery ever known, drawn this evening, at Alexandria, Va. This lottery positively possesses the anomalous feature of containing all prizes and no blanks. Tickets \$1 each, procurable at the office in Washington City, at which place also the prizes will be cashed, within ten minutes subsequent to the drawing, or as soon thereafter as the result can be telegraphed." That put a quietus to all such tame methods of acquiring a fortune as book-ped-



dling, that day. We went direct to our hotel, boxed our books, (I have since wondered that we did n't throw them right down in the street,) went to the lottery office and purchased two tickets each, (would have purchased more, but were satisfied that the four tickets *must* draw as much money as we could ever possibly have any use for,) and devoted the remainder of the afternoon (which, by the way, was the longest afternoon that I ever experienced) to planning the most feasible method of conveying our immense treasure in safety to the Empire State. We agreed that one essential article to our personal safety, as well as to that of our wealth, was a revolver for each, which article we came very near buying, so as to have it in readiness ; but upon more mature consideration we concluded to postpone it until after the drawing of the lottery, as its purchase would occupy but a few moments.

Well, evening came at last, and we were on hand at least one hour too early, which hour we spent in endeavoring to elucidate the mystery of how the worthy, benevolent souls could afford to give such a vast sum of money for simply four dollars, and pouring forth blessings upon them for their precious kindness. The hour arrived, and the matter was elucidated, oh dear ! how plain. The tickets were drawn, the result telegraphed, and posted up in a conspicuous place, and with suspended breath we looked at the result. And what do you think it was ? Why, as sure as you are born, all four of our tickets d-d-drew *b-l-a-n-k-s*. Funny, wasn't it ? Oh ! what a mighty fall ! That night two solitary boys—something in the style of James' "solitary horseman"—might have been seen wending their way from a lottery office to their hotel, wiser, if not richer, for their valuable experience. Reader, need I tell you that I never speculated in lottery tickets the second time ? I never did, *not even where every ticket was a prize !*

The next morning we arose early, and having once more fallen to a level with other people, we commenced prosecuting our old business, which we left the day before in such disdain, and labored away until about two o'clock, P. M., when we resolved to call on the President of the United States. What audacity, for two boys, total strangers in the city, without a soul to present them, resolving to call upon the highest officer in the world ! But we reasoned thus : That the President was public property, and consequently,

under the law of etiquette, bound to receive all who saw fit to call on him. And finally, if we could not distinguish ourselves in wealth, we were bound to attain an individuality in the aristocratic sphere of "first society." So at the appointed hour up we went, and at the old door-bell we tugged. A "gemman ob culler" responded to our call, and advised us that the President was engaged with his Cabinet, and could not be seen until six o'clock in the evening—his usual hour for receiving calls. Thus disappointed, we returned to town, and devoted the afternoon to visiting the principal public buildings, such as the Capitol, the United States Post-Office, Patent Office, Smithsonian Inetitude, (at that time not finished,) the "Washington Monument," (at that time only just commenced,) National Green-House, &c., a description of which would make a large volume, and consequently must be passed by.

Evening came; and precisely at the fashionable hour we rang the bell, and Cuffy says: "You dar 'gin? Walk in, gemmen." The first waiter took charge of our divested apparel, and passed us to waiter No. 2, which functionary passed us to the reception-room, where we met a small man, who proved to be Mr. Walker, a nephew of Mr. Polk, and his private secretary. It so happened that Mr. Walker, Mrs. Polk, and a young lady, a niece of Mr. Polk, were the only occupants of the sitting room at the time—Mr. Polk not having yet come down. We introduced ourselves to Mr. Walker, who very gracefully received us, and presented us to the ladies; and when Mr. Polk came down, to him, also. We really had an agreeable chat with the President, of about one hour's duration, when the members of Congress, foreign ministers, plenipotentiaries, &c., commenced coming in, in a perfect storm; and within half an hour the room was so full that all had to stand up, at which juncture it appeared to us that we were "spreading out very thin," and for fear that we might possibly thin down to a state of invisibility, we suddenly made ourselves "scarce."

The following day we entered upon our peddling vocation with renewed zeal, and moved along smoothly, without interruption, until about three o'clock, P. M., when I met a tall, well-dressed man, and upon putting the usual interrogatory to him: "Sir, please buy a book?" he eyed me for the space of about one minute with a look of vengeance, then drew himself up into a commanding atti-

tude, and broke out in the following charming strain: "Have you a license for carrying on this business? If you have, I demand a sight of it; and if you have not, you are liable to a fine of six hundred dollars, and in default of its payment, imprisonment of not less than one year, nor more than six."

Here was a new kink. We had never once thought of procuring a license. What was to be done? The cars were to leave for Baltimore in about one hour thereafter, and we determined to leave upon them if not prevented; but we were seriously apprehensive of receiving the additional *honor* of a *pressing invitation* to remain and submit to a further introduction to Washington City officials. These were laurels that we did not covet. To have paid a fine of six hundred dollars would have deprived the adventure of its romance; and to have boarded a year or more behind a set of iron grates, at the expense of the District of Columbia, would have been about as forcible an exemplification of the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous, as we would have cared to have been the example of. However, we went to our hotel, settled our bill, boarded the cars, and sat and trembled with fear until we saw ourselves moving off. We were safe; and we thanked our good luck, rather than good management, that such was the case. We very briefly halted at Baltimore and Philadelphia, at which places we disposed of the remainder of our books. While at Baltimore, we ascended the monument erected by the State of Maryland in honor of the immortal Washington—one hundred and ninety-two feet in height.

Well, reader, we reached home in safety, and upon counting our funds, we found that we had made enough on our books to bring us out even; but it was a long time before we heard the last of that peach speculation.

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FORCE OF HABIT.—It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore, and was actually true of Secretary Scraggs, who began life as a footman, that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then, from the force of habit, got up behind.



## "THE SINGERS FATHERLAND."

BY CORA WILBURN.

In my childhood's first awaking, stood I by the blessed shrine,  
Where the minstrel's song of glory floats along the storied Rhine;  
Where the thrilling inspirations of the beautiful and free,  
Link the hearts and hands of freemen in a sacred unity.

And beneath the vintage splendors of those sempiternal hills,  
There arose the potent mandate of emancipated wills,  
And the patriot hearts then writhing in an impotent despair,  
Framed the future's glowing promise in the solemn voice of prayer.

To my child-heart, stilled in wonder, then a voice prophetic said,  
"There are marshalled by High Heaven, by its hosts of angels led;  
Change and failure shall not daunt them: and for Liberty's sweet sake,  
At the time by God appointed, lo! the world's great heart shall wake!

And a spirit, God-commissioned, shall unfold the mighty plan  
Of earth's freedom universal to the raptured soul of man.  
Priests and sated kingly tyrants never more shall wave the hand  
Of their despot ordination o'er the Singer's fatherland!

To the Sunland's shores of beauty, folded to the heart of youth,  
Bore I with me as a triumph this bright prophecy of truth;  
'Neath the palm-trees gracious shelter, and the cocoa's chieftain crest,  
Ever mingling with each home-dream, came my fatherland's behest.

And I met poor Afric's children, singing on a Christian soil  
Plaintive songs of heart-ties sundered, weeping at their weary toil;  
Longing wildly, praying madly, for the dear millennial time,  
That for earth to Heaven united is to ring God's freedom chime.

And my girlish heart it saddened, and my pitying eye grew dim,  
As the trembling invocation of the captive mother's hymn  
Clave the Heavens of azure glory, seeking sorrow's resting place  
'Neath the rays of love benignant beaming from our Father's face.

And the voice of yore that thrilled me, bade me note the signals rare,  
Breaking through the mist of error, and the glooms of life-long care.  
And the slave's heart throbbing loudly with its human right divine,  
Was illumined by the radiance from Freedom's hallowed shrine.

I left the myrtle bowers and the Sunland's dream repose  
When my summer days of happiness had reached their earthly close,  
And I bore with me on heart and brain, from the tropic pearly strand,  
The hopes and aims of Liberty, framed in dear Fatherland!

And now I dwell beneath the folds of the Star-flag of the free;  
Beneath its tricolor of peace I bent the willing knee;

And when aggressed by treacherous foes the battle-cry is heard,  
My spirit feels the kindred glare, whereby all hearts are stirred.

America! beloved land! my foster mother dear!  
Sound thou the trumpet-call to arms! so that the world may hear;  
That loved Germania roused from sleep shall in gigantic might,  
Strive for the morning's dawn of truth, the people's sacred right.

Cast from thy holy banner-folds the dark, ignoble stain  
That mars the glorious Stars and Stripes, while clinks one bondsman's chain;  
The rebel horde shall vanquished be, the mighty truth shall stand,  
The soil of Freedom ever be the Singer's Fatherland!

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.—When little three-year-old sister lays her fair cheek against mine, and, with dimpled arms clasped around my neck, prattles in her innocent way, don't I think of the path her little feet must tread? Are there any thorns to pierce them—any pits into which she may fall? Now I think of it, I must tell you of her little speeches. I think she is so cunning—though perhaps I am partial; if so, pardon. One night last week she crept into my lap, and ere I was aware of it fell asleep. I took her up to her little bed, but before putting her in, I said—"Nellie must not forget her little prayer." She commenced—

Now I lay me down to sleep.

"Dad knows the rest," she murmured; and the white lids closed over the bright eyes, and she was asleep again.

CLERICAL ADVICE.—Recently a clergyman of Buffalo, while announcing from his pulpit an appointment for the ladies of his congregation to meet at the Orphan Asylum on a beneficiary visit to the institution, closed the announcement with the following words:—"The ladies will take with them their own refreshments, so as *not to eat up the Orphans.*"

WE never respect persons who aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men and those we denominate entertaining; we laugh with the former, and reflect with the latter.

## RUSSIAN LOVE.

THERE are circumstances of distress which throw an interest around those involved in them, far greater than the most lavish gifts of a prosperous fortune could confer. Squalid poverty and pallid disease, even while they awake compassion and open the hand of benevolence, excite an almost involuntary disgust; and having relieved, we gladly pass on, unwilling to contemplate longer than may be absolutely necessary, objects so painful to our feelings, so degrading to our common nature. But the distress which still preserves the propriety of better fortune, the dejection evinced only by the pale cheek, the forced and frequent smile, and the reserve that is assumed as a shelter from observation, these are attendant circumstances which plead to the susceptibilities of the heart and seize the imagination.

Thus circumstanced was Frederick Wolmar, when the fate of battle had placed him among the number of the unfortunate prisoners of war at Soissons, in 1813. To a countenance and form noble and expressive, the continual contemplation of his own and his wretched compatriots' misfortunes gave an air of deep melancholy. As he traversed the streets, the abstraction visible in his features plainly indicated that his soul was in his native Russia, and that its pent-up energies burned for freedom and for action. Whether it were that the general ferment in which all Europe was at that period involved indurated the hearts of men, or whether the despotic government of the modern Cæsar were inimical to the existence of the kinder charities of life, certain it is that Frederick found little in Soissons to soothe the rigor of his fate. *Des veritables malheureux*, as the unfortunate prisoners were generally termed, experienced every extreme of wretchedness; and Frederick, whom peculiar circumstances had afforded some little funds, did all in his power to relieve their necessities, while he participated in their sorrows. Thus had passed nearly five months, when he was one day suddenly recognized by Sir Harcourt Aimworth, whom he had known in Russia, and to whom he had once rendered an essential service. After the first warm expressions of salutation, Sir Harcourt introduced Captain Wolmar to a young Frenchman of distinguished air, his companion. This was the first kindly beam of fortune that had risen upon Frederick since his capture. Sir Harcourt Aimworth



was generous and grateful, and sought every means of proving to him how fully he remembered, and how anxious he was to return former benefits ; and Frederick soon found his situation meliorated, and his spirits improved, under the influence of friendship. "Wolmar!" cried Sir Harcourt, one evening before they parted, "tomorrow I go to Compiègne. A grand *fete* is to be given in honor of Adolphe Clairville's coming of age—he who was with me the first day I met you here. The chateau is delightfully situated, and the scene will be new and entertaining; you must accompany me."

"Impossible! you forget that I am a prisoner."

"No, I do not; I have sufficient interest to obtain permission for your leaving Soissons for so short a time, and so short a distance."

"A change of scene, I confess," replied Frederick, "would be refreshing to my wearied eyes; but this dress is unsuited to the scene you lead me to expect."

All minor objections were soon overruled, and the following day, somewhat later than Sir Harcourt wished, they set forth for the Compiègne. Some delay had occurred in obtaining the commandant's permission, which at their outset rather clouded the spirit of both; but as the beauties of the country opened upon them, they forgot their chagrin, and, pursuing their way by the banks of the Aisne, Sir Harcourt gradually reassumed his accustomed hilarity, and Frederick's heart expanded with feelings of pleasure, less apparent, but infinitely more profound.

Compiègne is distant from Soissons about nine leagues. On entering the town, which is neat and pretty, many objects of interest presented themselves to Wolmar's eyes; among these was the magnificent chateau of the Empress, and its beautiful gardens, which before proceeding to Monsieur Clairville's, Frederick persuaded his friend to allow him a hasty view. Money here, as everywhere else, in despite of standing orders to the contrary, threw open the doors, and they traversed many apartments, through which the light steps of Maria Louisa had oft passed. The disposition of the grounds afforded them even still more pleasure. From the middle of the garden an expansive plain, with a fine sheet of water, appeared; the plain continuing till the eye reached a hill thickly crowned with trees, which, having a passage cut through, allowed the eye to range over an immensity of space. In that space, the sole object that met

their view was a marble crucifix of colossal size, apparently touching the heavens. A fine and extensive gravel walk, covered with mahogany, where in all weathers the Empress could take exercise, also attracted their attention. Having peeped into the wood that terminated the gardens, they hastened to resume their route to the less magnificent chateau of Monseieur Clairville.

The soft twilight of a September evening was stealing over the horizon, and had Wolmar consulted his own feelings, he would have chosen to wander in the open air, rather than seek the illuminated mansion they were approaching. However, he did not long regret the destiny which drew him thither, when, amidst a large family circle, to whom he was introduced, he beheld the beautiful Adoline Clairville. Just seventeen, she inherited from her mother, who had been a Parisian belle, the airy elegance of mien, the fine and graceful form, the dark and brilliant eye by which a truly beautiful French woman ever is distinguished; while from her father she derived the Saxon distinction of a complexion exquisitely fine, and a profusion of light hair. Her features, though delicate, were expressive, and animated by a soul highly susceptible and highly cultivated.

Deeply did Wolmar now regret the hours he had wasted in his progress from Soissons; for his heart, with an impulse instantaneous and impetuous, kindled with love to Adoline. Rarely is passion so spontaneous, and still more rarely is its object so calculated to excite it as she was. Wolmar, deprived of all presence of mind, gazed upon her with eyes in whose dark orbs the fire of his soul was too apparent; and he did not utter a word till Adoline left the room.—The spell that bound him was then broken, and, reddening at the recollection of his appearance while so absorbed, he endeavored to ingratiate himself with the family. He had himself been not a little the subject of conversation. His uniform pointed him out as an object of interest in a political point of view; and the gentlemen canvassed him, under the influence of national or party prejudices; while his elegant and expressive countenance, fine form, and graceful air, interested the ladies in his behalf, although, as yet, nothing more than the general bow on his entrance had acknowledged their presence.

It is allowed that an individual seldom appears to less advantage than while under the dominion of the first impressions of love. Such

was the case with Frederick: a stupor appeared to have seized his faculties; his remarks were common-place and unconnected; and he occasionally fell into a silence, which might have rendered his possession of consciousness doubtful, only that he never failed to turn his eyes to the door when it opened. One after another the ladies tripped away to their toilette; some lamenting that the *joli garcon* had not the vivacity of their countrymen, and receiving this specimen of Russian manners as a confirmation of the received opinion of the barbarism of the country; while others, more acute or more liberal, attributed his abstractions to his misfortunes, justly conceiving that such a countenance could not be allied to an insensible or ill-formed mind.

To soothe the fever that was taking possession of his breast, Frederick strolled into the gardens; but he found not the solitude he desired—the domestics were busied in the illuminations and decorations, and the incessant sound of the arriving carriages announced the assembling of the guests. The ball-room opened on a splendid balcony, from which wide marble steps led into the garden. Frederick placed himself in a situation that commanded a view of the gay saloon, desirous to gaze upon *one* only out of all the brilliant assembly. It was not long before she appeared; her gossamer robes were of snowy whiteness, while flowers of the most delicate hue were tastefully enwreathed with her hair. Scarcely breathing, he approached nearer and nearer, till, sheltered under the shadow of a large tree, he stood almost before the steps of the balcony, into which, accompanied by Sir Harcourt Ainworth, Adoline advanced.

A frantic feeling of jealousy instantly seized the soul of Frederick; he thought he beheld a rival in Sir Harcourt; though a little reflection might have told him, that their tardy journey from Soissons was very unlike the progress which a favored lover would have made to such an object. There was a pensive softness in Adoline's air, which convinced him she must feel peculiar interest in listening to her companion; and there was but one subject that could suggest itself to the heated brain of Frederick, as that on which they were conversing. In a few moments he saw Sir Harcourt bow and descend to the garden; and Adoline, returning to the room, was lost in a group of ladies.

Sir Harcourt passed without perceiving him, and enquired of a



domestic if he had seen Captain Wolmar, a Russian officer! "He is in the garden," was the reply. Frederick now advanced, and the moment his friend perceived him he exclaimed—"Where in the name of wonder have you been hiding? How unsought and how unmerited do the favors of fortune fall into the cup of some men, who will not give themselves the trouble to hold out to receive them. Here has the lovely Adoline been in tears at your story, and is willing to accept you as a partner in the next dance." Fervent was the pressure of hand which replied to this welcome news, and, rapid as electric light, Frederick was in the ball-room. Sir Harcourt conducted him to Mademoiselle Clairville, and buoyant with ecstasy he led her to the dance.

The passion that intoxicated him every moment gained new strength; and, without pausing to ask himself what might be the result, he determined to put a period to his suspense, by divulging it to Adoline before he returned to Soissons. Three days formed the utmost limit of his stay, and when might he hope permission to return? A prisoner of war, he had no power to quit the city without the commander's leave. If, hitherto, his loss of liberty had been oppressive, it was now insupportable, and a thousand wild visions of flying with Adoline Clairville flitted across his mind. Before the evening was half over, the silent but eloquent language of his eyes had imparted to her the secret of his heart; and her gentle blush, her soft and downcast looks, as eloquently replied. Animated by hope, spirits that had long lain dormant, mantled into brilliancy, and the severest satirists on his first appearance, were the loudest to declare him as conspicuous for his talent and address, as he was distinguished in person and in air.

At four in the morning, Adoline had quitted the ball-room; and though, from the continual flutter of coxcombs and admirers round her, Frederick had no opportunity of breathing a connected sentence, she carried with her a conviction of the conquest she had made of his heart, and felt how quickly she was surrendering her own.—"Strange, unfortunate fatality!" she exclaimed, "out of the many suited to my rank and situation, that none should have awakened my heart; while to this stranger, responsive emotions rise spontaneously. But it must not be—he is a Russian—he is a prisoner—my father, my brother never would consent. I must shun his presence,

I must banish him from my thoughts." The effort Adoline felt would be painful; but she knew the sequel of such an ill-assorted attachment could only be fraught with the bitterest miseries, and with a resolution which it would be happy for her sex if they more frequently possessed, she determined to nip it in the bud. She possessed a strength of character beyond her years, and an exemption from the vice of coquetry uncommon to her countrywomen. Unwilling to trifle with the feelings of the unfortunate Wolmar, and fearful that her involuntary admiration had already given him too much encouragement, she forebore to join in the various entertainments prepared for those guests who remained at the chateau, and, under the plea of fatigue, did not make her appearance till the crowded ball-room again demanded her presence, and precluded the possibility of her receiving any particular address. Frederick, however, was not to be avoided: the hours passed since he had last beheld her, had wrought his mind to a pitch of desperation; and, seeing no means unaided of compassing his views, he made a confidant of Sir Harcourt. A weak good nature was the leading characteristic of the baronet's mind: he readily promised Frederick his assistance; and that evening, while the guests were at supper, he managed to detain Adoline in the deserted ball-room. Seduously she had shunned Captain Wolmar the whole evening, never suffering her eyes to meet his, and always mingling in some group the moment he approached her. Infinite, therefore, was her sorrow to see him advance towards her, and at the same moment Sir Harcourt leave the room.

She read in his impassioned countenance the tumult of his soul, and trembling of her own strength, she sought to pass him with a slight *en passant* salutation; but the mournful and impressive tone with which he exclaimed "Accord me *one* moment, madam!" ank into her heart, and deprived her of all power if not of all wish to fly. The moments were precious; they were few and fleeting, and another opportunity might not be permitted. Frederick, therefore seized them, as the shipwrecked wretch grasps the last fragment that gives the hope of escaping death. In the impassioned language of an ardent and heated imagination, he pleaded his passion; and in despite of every effort to assume composure, large tears dropped from the beautiful eyes of Adoline as she listened. He interpreted

them too favorably—with a strong effort she summoned all her native strength of character, and thus undeceived him.

“Captain Wolmar, you have my esteem, be not offended if I say my pity—but hope—I can give you none. My fate allows me only the alternative of marriage with my father’s consent, or a convent. His views with regard to my destiny, are already fixed, and fixed irrevocably! Thus, we must never meet again! Farewell!”

There was a mournful solemnity in her air that carried conviction to the heart of Frederick, and it paralyzed all the energies of a soul so lately burning with passion and elated with hope. When Adoline reached the door, she turned, and again exclaimed—“Farewell!” The pathos of her tone recalled him to himself, and darting towards her, he caught her hand, and with the wildest adoration pressed it to his lips; then, echoing her words, repeated—“Farewell! farewell forever!” and rushed into the garden. Adoline clasped her hands, mentally ejaculating as she hurried to her own room—“Thank heaven! the effort is past! *He* at least is spared misery and humiliation. The proud Clairvilles will never wound him with their scorn. Wolmar, I have spared thee that!”

She by this time had gained her window, which overlooked the garden, and she was pressing her hands upon her burning eyes, when the report of a pistol struck like a thunderbolt upon her heart. A horrid apprehension seized her brain, too soon confirmed—the unfortunate, the impetuous Wolmar, had fallen by his own hand!

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THE web of life is so complex, that in working out our own salvation, we must work out that of all others. Thus all minds are responsible, and we must bear each others burdens. We must open other hearts through the power of sympathy, and we should share their pains, that we may partake of their joy.

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THOUGH men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

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WOMAN’S MISSION.—To stop at home by the fireside whilst man goes out to collect material to make the pot boil.



## THE DUTCH UNCLE.

*"I talked to him like a Dutch Uncle."*

A rough, coarse, solid kind of talk, very gratifying to the conceit of the talker, and exasperating to the listener who cannot help listening. I suffered during my youth under a "Dutch uncle." Von Scoppinburgh was such, both in name and in fact. At seventeen I was left an orphan, and he took me into his house and business. A Dutchman by birth, London bred, he had married an English wife, long since deceased, came with her to America, and established himself in a city suburb as a chemist and druggist, growing, soon after, quite rich by his occupation.

The only inmates of the old wooden house on the corner, the house and store of the rich druggist, were the owner, his daughter Morna, two years younger than I, and myself, the pale, slender, shame-faced clerk; pitied by the women and despised by the men. People thought me sullen, but I was only thoughtful, studious and suffering.

I hated Von Scoppinburgh, and loved his daughter Morna, from the first time I saw them. He was rich, and I, a second cousin, his only relative except Morna; but relationship was with him a part of religion; and I believe it was because he thought it necessary to make me, in part, his heir, that he hated me so honestly. I, on my part, soon discovered and returned his passion; not only for the sake of reciprocity, but because of his dictatorial style, his fiery and terrible countenance, and a manner of breathing or wheezing as he walked, like the panting of a maniac, broken winded with running away from the keepers. It made me pale, inwardly.

Von Scoppinburgh was of the middle height, with a hooked nose and fiery eyes, and face blood-shot with continual drinking. His wiry hair stood out about his long, narrow head, like a crown of gray mops. His wide shoulders, thick arms, and short hands, knotty and square, indicated great strength. His feet, small and solid like goat's hoofs, supported his body as though no power could overthrow it. He had something more than common air of resolution proper to a strong man of fifty; so firm and irresistible he looked; so rooted to the earth by muscular force and the mystery of poise,—the gravitation of the will—I could not have pushed him down a hatchway from the brink.

At first my drudgery, under this wheezing, red-faced tyrant was only pure misery; but time in some degree alleviated the moral suffering, and as he never struck me, I did not run away. He did not interfere with my studies, and I read with diligence the chemical and other works that belong to pharmacy, and at twenty-one I was a master of that trade, and had gleaned a great deal else that was rare and valuable by the way. Hatred for my uncle, carefully cherished by his ever varied cruelties and insults, coupled with a strong desire to excel him in his profession, these, with a secret love for Morna, who was always kind to me, I began to recognize as the ruling motives of my life.

Von Scoppinburgh, intelligent as he was, could not fail in his bitter way to notice my extraordinary attainments and practical skill in the profession. "Franz," he would say, "you are a fool, as your father was before you, but I see you will be a chemist. Study, boy, excel me if possible; Science will be mother and father to you."

As it is well known to chemists that all medicines are only poisons in a lower degree, I studied poisons with close and profound attention. Could I invent a new and extraordinary poison, I knew I should become famous and rich, since this poison would become a medicine. My success in these pursuits was extraordinary for so young a person, and had it not been for unremitting cruelties and insults of my uncle, who seemed every moment to wish me dead, I should have been happy. Meanwhile the steady friendship of Morna, who followed with eager interest and affection the steady course of my improvement, gave me hopes of a future that might at least be tinged with happiness.

One day, I had succeeded in a very powerful combination. The result was a volatile poison of intense power, which I held in a platinum vial. A cat smelling at the vial, dropped dead. While I stood looking at the cat, a sudden faintness came over me. I caught at various objects for support, but fell at length unconscious on the floor of the laboratory. As it seemed to me, no time elapsing, I found myself just after in my little cot-bed in the attic, and Morna sitting by me. I seemed to be in a dream, and Morna seated on the foot of the bed was an angel seen in my dream; for I had never before observed her extreme beauty.

Morna was slender and delicate, with features regularly beautiful;

but the charm of her expression lay chiefly in the eyes, which were large, clear and open, but very dark, with pellucid lids, and long black fringes. Her brows were straight and black, uniting under a wide square forehead seemingly low, white and smooth, not shining, but clear. A shower of dark curls intensified the marble whiteness of her features, and but for the carnations that fitted over the finely rounded neck and bosom, she would have seemed quite bloodless. As my life returned, I saw first the deep eyes of Morna. They were not tender or sorrowful, but had a sweet dreaminess, and sometimes a severity not displeasing to me. An expression of anxiety faded from her features, and a smile of satisfaction took its place.

"Well, Franz?" —

"Morna!"

"Yes, — Morva is here."

"I thought you despised me, you have been so cold and distant of late."

"You were about to die, Franz; and at such times —"

I strove to rise and extended my arms as if to embrace her; she sprang forward, thinking I would faint again. I threw my arms about her neck, and drew her to me in a long and sweet embrace.

"Morna, you love me! it is idle to deny that."

"Yes; but let me go now; my father may come in, and would refuse me the privilege of attending you if he saw me in your arms."

I released her slowly. "Now Morna, tell me why I am here, what is the matter with me?"

"You were poisoned."

"By whom?" I asked, shuddering, and thought of Von Scopinburgh.

"By yourself. Have you forgotten the platina vial and the cat?"

I strove to remember, but the incidents of the day previous had faded.

"I see," continued Morna, "that your memory has been injured by the poison. You will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that you are a great inventor, and have discovered a sudden and sure remedy for asthma —"

"My uncle ——!" I exclaimed anxiously, as memory gradually revived.

"Yes, Franz, your uncle, my father, is cured of his asthma, by



accidentally inhaling the fumes of the poison with which you killed the cat."

"He does not then wheeze any more in that horrible manner?" I asked, nervously.

"What!" said the young woman, her black eyes flashing, "do you speak so of my father? Is this the first return you give me? We are deeply indebted to you, Franz, but you must not wound us by your selfishness."

"Morna, dear," I said, looking tenderly at her and extending my small, pale hands, marked here and there with the indelible grime of the laboratory, "that wheezing of my uncle's was always dreadful to me —"

"So you devoted yourself to the discovery of a cure?"

I had not until that moment acknowledged to myself that in studying the nature of poisons, my deadly hatred and fear of Von Scoppinburgh, had been a secret motive. Self control is the strong point of my character. I forced a smile, which was exactly reflected by the beautiful features of my cousin. I saw by the reflection, that it was a hard, half terrified, half scornful torsion of the lips. Did Morna understand, then, the depth of the hatred I bore to Von Scoppinburgh? or was the smile only sympathetic? Dreadful doubt! Genuine love desires always to promote the happiness and prolong the life of the person loved. The effect of pure hatred, is the exact reverse; it pursues secretly or openly, in an infinite variety of disguises, and under the pretext of love itself, the death of its victim. It is my opinion,—the opinion of a much suffering and thoughtful man, now in the middle term of his life—that the passion of hate is generated in the same manner—by converse causes—with that of love, and is as pure, simple, and infinitely varied and irresponsible in its workings.

After a long silence, during which I avoided the dark searching eyes of Morna, I continued the conversation. "You have loved me, then, as I have you—since we first met."

"Yes," she answered; "or rather, I first pitied you, feeble and slight as you are; but my pity grew into esteem; and my esteem ripened into something like love,—I suppose it must be that—when I saw the force of your intellect and will."

"Because I bore so well with my uncle's tyranny?"

"Yes; I love his harshness; what you call tyranny; but I knew by instinct that it must be hateful to you; and now you have done him a service for which I am eternally grateful."

"It was an accident."

"No; do not say that. Your studies have been directed upon the cure."

"How do you know that?" I exclaimed, with an anxiety I could not conceal.

"I, too, have been a reader of medical books, and for the same reason. Do you remember an old book which contains an account of some person cured of asthma, when about to die, by swallowing the poison of the rattle-snake in virus?"

I shuddered. It was true, I had made that poison a special study.

"Yes."

"Well, Franz, I followed your reading, and when possible noticed the results of your experiments. You succeeded in creating the disease in our poor old dog Ponto; you then killed Ponto, by experimenting on him for the cure of the same; but it was an accident."

A series of chills followed each other down my back, while Morna was speaking, like armies of ants.

"I know," she continued, "that you have never loved my father, but you devoted yourself to his service, for my sake, did you not?"

"Yes," I answered, with hesitation.

"Why should you hesitate? I understood you from the first: I knew as certainly that you would love me, as that you would hate him; but I willed that you should be his benefactor."

"You *willed* it, Morna? — What does that mean? What had your will to do in the affair?"

"Every thing; by simply willing, I accomplish every thing." Is Morna mad? — thought I.

"Can you, then, inspire a motive?"

"Not a motive, only an action. You might have a motive very different from mine," she said, smiling furtively, but your actions would be as I willed them; it is a steady pressure from day to day, and from hour to hour, unperceived but irresistible. It was thus, knowing your extraordinary ability and force of character, I first willed that you should love me, and then that you should devote yourself to my father. See now the results! You love me, and

notwithstanding your hatred, my father is cured of his malady."

"Accident! O, Morna, you are an enthusiast."

"I! look at me and say that!" she exclaimed, drawing up her frail form to its full height, and fixing upon me her dark, penetrating eyes, full of intelligence and force. "No, Franz, my nature is as cold and stern as yours; else there would not be this sympathy." At this moment the sound of her father's step entering the hall below,—it was late in the evening—gave Morna warning to withdraw. She went silently out, gliding like a ghost. Her eyes rested upon mine to the last moment. Was Morna mad?

I did not sleep that night. She had explained to me, in the course of our long conversation, that Von Scoppinburgh had found me lying prostrate, my face resting on the body of the cat that I had killed by letting it smell at the volatile poison in the vial of platina. A whiff of the pungent vapor made me insensible. The poison escaped into the air of the laboratory, and by respiring that vapor for a few moments, Von Scoppinburgh found himself suddenly cured of a *dyspnea* of ten years standing. Morna had explained everything to him in her way; the old man listening silent and morose.

Morva tended me with the care of a nurse and a lover, until I recovered from the effects of the poison. During this time Von Scoppinburgh paid me a visit daily, felt my pulse and prescribed, but made no allusion to the affair of the vial or his own cure. Not a wakeful hour of that week passed without some pondering and imagining on my part, touching Morna's possible madness. Her belief that she controlled my actions by her will, appeared the dream either of a lunatic or an enthusiast, and yet so deep was my respect, I could not rouse an emotion of contempt.

Meanwhile my Dutch uncle grew more imperious and overbearing. His treatment exasperated my hatred to a degree of madness.—Again and again I resolved to kill or leave him, but Morna's look restrained me, though I did not communicate the murderous wish to her. One night I returned late from a visit to the hospital, and entering with a latch key, I found the trap door open, just inside the store entrance, over the deep cellar. I had nearly fallen into the abyss,—at least fifteen feet in depth—upon the stone pavement of the cellar; but by a sudden spring over I saved my bones and perhaps my life. Von Scoppinburgh had not returned. It was his



habit to pass every Thursday night until twelve with a company of hard drinkers, of the old school, men of twenty glasses, who allowed no one to leave them sober. I lit a taper and saw by the store clock that it wanted only fifteen minutes of midnight. I went out of the store, shutting the door after me, having left the trap open, as I found it, and retreated into the shadow of a house on the opposite side of the street.

While the city clocks were striking midnight, I saw the broad figure of Von Scoppinburgh coming up on the other side, toward the store. He was more intoxicated than usual, and pausing on a corner steadied himself for several minutes. While I waited quietly, without even a palpitation of the heart, in the bitter hope that he would enter and fall through the trap, I saw a dark figure glide up to the store door. There was a slight rattle of a latch-key; the figure entered; then followed a fall, a terrible cry, and all was still. Surprised at this strange adventure, I ran across the street to the door that had been left open by the intruder. Von Scoppinburgh and I entered together. The moon-light showed the trap open. I sprang across, cautioning the old man to wait until I had closed it. Morna appeared with candle in her hand. Groans and imprecations rose from the dismal abyss of the trap. We hurried down by the stairway and found the mutilated body of the robber, who had entered and fallen. The poor dying wretch cursed me and cursed my uncle for his fall; called us murderers; and after we had brought him up from the cellar, where the stones were smeared with his blood, did not cease cursing and blaspheming until death terminated his misery. Von Scoppinburgh did what could be done for the unfortunate criminal, but was cool and silent, and retired to his bed in the morning as sober as he had ever been.

At breakfast, Morva and I were alone. "O Frantz," she said, after I had sat long in silence, "you are again the saviour of my father. I owe you all that can be given."

"An accident," I said, as before, with the same shudder.

"No, no, no! — I divined that a murderer would be in the house last night. Was I not right?"

No answer.

"Dear, dear Franz, you are too distrustful of yourself and of me. I willed that you should come home earlier than usual, and you came. See the result. Nay, do not contradict me."

After this I dared not meet Morna's eyes. She would come to me, put a hand on each side of my head, and kiss my forehead; still, though I felt entire confidence in her affection, and knew that she trusted me profoundly, I could not return her gaze without terror. Her intellect, profound and subtle, with the inspiration of what seemed to be madness, how far might it not penetrate the secret of my hatred for Von Scoppinburgh? She believed that the robber had entered with murderous intentions; she insisted that there was a murderer in the house that night who intended the death of her father; the robber was, of course, the evil person whom she expected.

I was now the bearer of a dreadful secret, of which it was impossible to give knowledge to any one. My manners became conciliatory. I conversed in a hushed voice, and my demeanor was generally approved. My uncle's customers spoke often of Franz, and praised his quiet and dutiful conduct. Business increased; I had offers of partnership. The possession of a great and incommunicable secret strengthens the will, but when the bearer is a baffled and self-convicted assassin, then goes with it a fear of all human beings, so crushing, a little child may inspire terror by a look or a word.

Unhappiness grew side by side with prosperity; side by side, also, flourished, with increase, the love of Morna and the tyranny of my uncle. He seemed to search with fiendish intelligence for the tender places in my soul, in order to thrust in and turn the tickling or torturing scorn, that he kept always ready for me; as Morna, with healing kindness, by looks, by words, by stolen caresses, and by abundant sighs and tears, kept always ready, as the recompense for this suffering.

Von Scoppinburgh was not dull to such indications, but one day, on a sudden, in the presence of a number of people, among others the chief lawyer and doctor of our suburb, declared that he had made a will, giving all his property to Morna, with a clause, depriving her of all, should she become my wife. As for me, he had charitably assigned me the empty bottles and "old traps" of the laboratory; "for," said he, with a loud, harsh voice,—I had cured the wretch of his asthma—"my nephew has such talents, he needs only a small capital to begin; but if he married Morna, I think he would poison her in a month; or perhaps let her drop through a trap-door." The doctor and lawyer looked at me with a compassionate

smile, and each, by a gesture, signified their belief that old Von Scoppinburgh was mad. I did not then think so.

From that moment war was inevitable and perpetual. I made ready to leave the premises, but Morna, who had watched me, compelled a longer stay. I made a clean confession, but she only smiled, and said, "poor boy, he mistakes himself; his grief and wrongs have made him dream he was a murderer." Her love, like the will of her father, was inexorable. I must remain then, and study self-defence, and devise some means of conquering my tyrant.

Strong men are more respected than the physically weak. One night I stumbled upon an iron weight, in the cellar, of about fifty pounds. It pained me to lift it; but I remembered that Von Scoppinburgh, in a fit of rage, had once thrown it across the yard. Could I, by daily practice with this weight, acquire an equal strength? I would try. Morna's eyes gleamed fiercely when I spoke of it. "Be strong," said she, "I will it, for I love strength?" At first, the pain and toil of this weight, which I fought with nightly, as if it were a mortal foe, cost me grievous fatigue and suffering; but gradually I could lift, sway, and poise it, in either hand. My frame grew straight and vigorous; the chest swelled, the muscles became hard and round. I procured another weight and an iron bar; and reflecting with scientific care upon the positions and requirements of the various muscles of my body, developed each group as it needed strength. My spirits rose month by month, as the work progressed, and at the end of a year the pale, frail, timid apprentice had expanded into a powerful youth, with will enough and the muscles of a tiger. With strength came cheerfulness and courage, which enabled me to infuse a degree of contempt into my hatred, and the daily abuse and petulance of Von Scoppinburgh became easier to bear. Morna's pity changed into pride, and her love had now a tincture of respect. Her father observed this, and the truth gradually dawned upon his morbid intellect, that a remarkable alteration had taken place in my relations to him. I met his gaze steadily, and answered with asperity when his insolence became excessive. It was now not so easy to despise me; his fits of cruelty burst into rage, and at length, for the first time, he struck me with his knotted cane.



"The account is half settled," I said to Morna, as she dressed the deep wound in my forehead, and washed the blood from my face; "the next time it will be squared." —

"And then?"

"I will open a new one."

Morna trembled. "It is my will," she said, "or rather it is my wish, that you leave the settlement with me."

"Very good, but you must be just."

Von Scoppinburgh did not once visit me during the short illness that followed this injury. A week after I went about my work as usual, and spoke with him quietly when business required it. No allusion was made by either to the injury. He watched me suspiciously, refused to take food at the common table, as if dreading poison, and while talking with others, dwelt much upon murders, remorse, and topics of that genial and enlivening character, always for me to hear. I laughed inwardly at this, and gave him every opportunity of quarrel, by commenting upon his remarks in a cool way, when we happened to be alone together. During this period of horror, Morna's courage declined. "Franz," said she, "it will kill me."

"It will not continue long."

"You are stronger than I, then, Franz."

"Yes; now, and in future."

"You will not kill my father?"

"Oh, no: I have repented; it is only the weak that are wicked. Do you know why it is that God is infinitely good?"

"Because he is infinitely powerful!"

Every day, reflecting upon the conduct of my uncle, I felt convinced that some terrible event would arise out of a life so wickedly bitter and contentious. Every day, I almost resolved to fly from this scene of hatred and horror, but when I spoke with Morna, she begged me to remain. "You will be the victor," she said.

"He wishes to see me dead."

"Yes," she replied, weeping, "but it is he, and not you, that I see dead."

[To be concluded next month.]

## FLORENCE WILLES DEN.

### A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

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'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life ;  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form.—WORDSWORTH.

A village in the south of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature; and it is what it seems, the very nestling-place of poetry, love and happiness. It glitters with its white-washed cottages and garden walls, among the green trees 'mid which it is embowered, like the golden fruits of Spain, peeping from beneath the rich foliage that does but partially conceal them. Its meadows, its streams, its tapering church-spire; its hedge-rows, its lanes of sweetbriar and wild roses; its lattices, with their clustering jessamine and honeysuckle; its gardens, with their bee-hives; its orchards, with their odoriferous blossoms; and above all, its simple yet cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of the great world, and unwilling to have that ignorance enlightened; all combine to render a village in the south of England the most delightful spot in the universe. How sweet to retire from the world to such a haven of repose, and there to cultivate only the purer affections of one's nature, and keep the soul divided, by a rainbow zone, from the grosser atmosphere of common existence. There are many little paradises of the kind I speak of, and I should be contented with any one of them; although, if I had my choice, I should perhaps fix upon Woodburn, in preference to all the rest. My predilection is the more singular, as all my associations connected with the recollection of that village are of a peculiarly melancholy cast. Even there the spoiler, sorrow, had found an entrance; and his victims were not unknown to me. I will endeavor to recall their story: it is a simple one; but it suits well the mournful temper of my mind, and I shall therefore avail myself of this opportunity to narrate it.

Let me paint her as I first saw her. It was in her cottage garden, on a bright summer morning, when the dew was still sparkling on the flowers. She held a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She stood wrapped in a delightful reverie, with her eyes fixed on two young rose-bushes. I knew not then that she was my old

friend's only child, yet I stopped involuntarily to gaze upon her. I had never before seen aught so beautiful; and that, too, without the shadow of pretence. I can not describe her features, but their combined effect was irresistible. There was a world of expression — an unfathomable depth of feeling in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it; but the thought that called it up was merely transient, for a smile gathered upon her lips immediately afterwards, and chased away with its light the little harbinger of sorrow. At that moment the gate was thrown open, and a youth entered:— he was her lover; I knew it at a glance. A deeper crimson spread itself over her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of more intense delight. They stood together; England could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; the youth took the book and read aloud. It was a poetic page over which they hung. She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him with delighted and breathless attention. Who is it that has said there is no happiness on earth? Had he seen Edmund and Florence on that calm, blue morning, he would have confessed the absurdity of his creed.

Edmund was the eldest son of the village rector; — a man “to all the country dear.” Florence was the daughter of an old, respected soldier, who had served in many a campaign, and who now lived in retirement upon the small pension which was given him by government, as the reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection was centered in her only surviving parent: her heart she bestowed upon Edmund, and he was by no means insensible of the value of the gift. They had been companions from their infancy. All their recollections of times past were the same, for all their amusements and studies had been similar. But Edmund had made considerable more progress than Florence. Nature had heaped upon him all those mental endowments that constitute genius. She had given him a mind capable of the profoundest aspirations; a heart that could feel more deeply, a fancy that could wing a bolder flight than those of most other youths of his age. He, as yet, knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from home during his whole life.

But he was now eighteen, and Florence was only a year younger.



They had ceased to be boy and girl. She, indeed, would have been contented to have continued as she was forever, blest with her father's and her lover's affection; more than happy in the discharge of her domestic duties; in her summer evening rambles, in her books, her bees, her fruits and her flowers. But Edmund, although he loved her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, had more ambition in his nature. He wished to mingle in the crowd, in the pursuit of glory; and he had hopes that he might outstrip, at least, some of his competitors. Beside, he was not possessed of an independent fortune; and exertion, therefore, became a duty.

His resolution was at once formed; he determined to fix his residence in London for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether, in truth, ability was there its own reward. It was sad news to Florence; but on reflection on the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish, and endeavored to restrain it. The evening before he left Woodburn, they took a farewell walk together in her father's garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day; but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, and as she thought how often they had seen the sun set before, and how long it would be ere they should see it set again, a chord was touched that vibrated through her heart, and she could no longer restrain her tears. Edmund besought her, with the utmost tenderness of manner, not to give way to emotions so violent; but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and amid the convulsive sobs, repeated again and again — "Edmund! we shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right; — we shall never meet more!" Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of; but though she at length became calm, a gloomy presentation of future evil seemed to have taken possession of her mind.

A year had elapsed, and Edmund's early dream had been more than realized. He had risen into fame at once; his reputation as a man of genius was acknowledged throughout his native land. His fortune was secured, and his name had already become illustrious. Every where was his society courted, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seemed to be no honors to

which he might not hope to attain. His ardent spirit, and his growing ambition, became only the more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown on upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream — a dream from which he saw no prospect of immediate awakening.

It was evening, and he was alone in her splendid drawing-room, with the loveliest woman in London — the daughter of a viscount. A hundred lamps, reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them. There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund and the lady Matilda would not have cared had they never arrived at all. They sat near each other and talked in low, soft tones, of all that youth and beauty love best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before; for there were hundreds in the metropolis, blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and their fortunes to have secured one of those smiles which the proud maiden now lavished upon him. And she — she had read his works, she thought of his fame, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred scions of nobility who had offered up their incense at her shrine. A carriage was heard to stop, and they were soon to be interrupted. "I have taken a fancy to that emerald ring of yours," said the lady Matilda; "will you exchange it for one of mine?" She took a glittering diamond from her finger and put it on Edmund's; and at the same time his emerald became one of the ornaments of the prettiest hand in the world. It was a ring which Florence had given him the very morning he left Woodburn.

The two years he was to be away had expired. "Florence," said her father to her one morning, "I never saw you looking so well; your cheeks are all roses, my sweet girl; have you been watching the sun rise?" Florence turned away her head for a moment to brush a burning tear from her eye, and then answered cheerfully to her unsuspecting father, that she *had* seen the sun rise. There was not a person in Woodburn, except her father, who had not observed how dreadfully Florence was altered — not in her manners, nor habits, nor conversation; but in her looks. Her cheek, it is true, was red, but it was the hot flush of fever; her eye was bright, but it was the clearness of an insidious malady.

She had heard of Edmund's success, and there was not a heart in the world that beat so proudly at the intelligence. But she soon heard of more than his success, and his letters became fewer, shorter, and colder. When her father was from home, she would sit for hours in her garden by herself, listening, as she said, to the chirping of the birds, but weeping bitterly all the while.

"I have not heard you speak of Edmund, lately," said her father to her one day, about the beginning of June. "I do not think of him the less," answered Florence, with a faint smile. The old man knew nothing of his apostacy. "I have good news for you," said he; "I saw the rector to-day, and Edmund is to be in Woodburn by the end of the week." Florence grew pale; she tried to speak, but could not; a mist swam before her eyes; she held out her hand, and threw herself into her father's arms.

It was Saturday evening, and she knew that Edmund had arrived early on the previous day, but she had not yet seen him. She was sitting in the summer house of her father's garden, when she heard a step on the gravel walk; she looked through the willows and honey-suckle; it was he! he himself—in all the bloom and beauty of dawning manhood. A strange shivering passed over her whole frame, and her color went and came with fearful rapidity. Yet she retained her self-possession, and with apparent calmness, rose to receive him when he entered. The change in her appearance, however, struck him immediately; "Good God! have you been ill! you are altered, sadly altered, since I saw you last." "Does that strike you as so very wonderful, Edmund?" said Florence, gravely; "are you not altered, too?" "Oh, Florence! I have behaved to you like a villain! I see it now, cruelly, fatally do I see it!" "Edmund, that I *did* love you, yon setting sun, which shone upon us when last we parted, can still attest, for it was the witness of my grief. It has been the witness, too, of the tears I have shed in my solitude, tears which have been revealed to no earthly eye; and it shall be the witness, even yet," she continued, an almost heavenly smile illuminating her pale countenance, "for the wanderer has returned, and his errors are forgiven." She held out her hand to him as she spoke, but he shrunk back; "I dare not—I dare not take it! It is too late! Florence, I am married!" There was not a sound escaped her lips, but her cheeks grew deadly pale; her eyes became as fixed as stone, and she fell on the ground like a marble statue.



Her grave is in the church-yard of Woodburn; she lies beside her father. There is no urn nor monumental tablet to mark the spot, but I should know it among a thousand. Edmund's fame has travelled into other countries, and men have looked up to him as a demi-god. Florence Willesden was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

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### PINE TREES.

WE take the following concerning pine trees, and Shakspeare's conception of them, from the "Beauties of Ruskin:"

"There was only one thing belonging to hills that Shakspeare seemed to feel as noble—the pine tree, and that was because he had seen it in Warwickshire, clumps of pine occasionally rising on little sandstone mounds, as at the place of execution of Piers Gaveston, above the lowland woods. He touches on this tree fondly again and again.

"As rough,  
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,  
That by his top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale."

"The strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up  
The pine and cedar."

Where note his observance of the\* peculiar horizontal roots of the pine, spurred as it is by them like the claw of a bird, and partly propped, as the aiguilles by those rock promontories at their bases which I have always called their spurs, this observance of the pine's strength and animal-like grasp being the chief reason for his choosing it, above all other trees, for Ariel's prison. Again:

"You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven."

And yet again:

"But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines."

## CALIFORNIA BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

BY E. T. MARTEN.

Our land is decked with flowers fair,  
Our skies are beautiful and clear,  
But yet there are no pleasures here—  
I want a wife.

For what are flowers, beaming sky,  
All that health and wealth supply,  
If left in loneliness to sigh  
O ! for a wife?

A wife ! The very name anew  
Brings thoughts that thrill my bosom through :  
Recalls, what youthful fancy drew  
Of a fond wife.

Sitting smiling at my side,  
Locked our hands in peace and pride,  
With mutual love alone, to guide  
Me, and my wife.

'Twas only fancy ! Years have flown,  
The spring of life has come and gone,  
And yet I'm left, here, all alone,  
Without a wife.

Yet, still, where e'er my lot be cast,  
I'll think me of the dream that's past,  
And hope by some good luck, at last  
To find a wife.

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WE trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life ;  
the one torments, the other frightens us.

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THERE is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend,  
or so much your enemy, as yourself.

## SHAKSPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

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WE affect to wonder at Shakspeare, and one or two more of that period, as solitary instances upon record; whereas it was our dearth of information that makes the waste; for there is no time more populous of intellect, or more prolific of intellectual wealth, than the one we are speaking of. Shakspeare did not look upon himself in this light, as a sort of monster of Poetical genius, or on his contemporaries "as less than smallest dwarfs," when he speaks with true not false modesty, of himself and them and of his wayward thoughts, "desiring this man's scope." We fancy that there were no such men, that could either add to or take anything from him; but such they were. He, indeed, over-looks and commands the admiration of posterity, but he does it from the *table-land* of the age in which he lived. He towered above his fellows, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent;" but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the 'strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; but it was a common and a noble brood. He was not something sacred and aloof from the vulgar herd of men, but shook hands with nature and the circumstances of the time, and is distinguished from his immediate contemporaries, not in kind, but in degree and greater variety of excellence. He did not form a class or species by himself, but belonged to a class of species. His age was necessary to him; nor could he have been wrenched from his place in the edifice of which he was so conspicuous a part, without equal injury to himself and it. Mr. Wordsworth says of Milton, "that his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." This cannot be said with any propriety of Shakspeare, who certainly moved in a constellation of luminaries, "and drew after him a third part of the heavens." If we allow him for argument's sake (or for truth's, which is better,) that he was in himself equal to all his competitors put together; yet there was more dramatic excellence in that age than in the whole of the period that has elapsed since. If his contemporaries, with their united strength, would hardly make one Shakspeare, certain it is that all his successors would not make half a one. With the exception of a single writer, Otway, and of a single play of his, (*Venice preserved*,) there is nobody in tragedy and dramatic poetry (I



do not here speak of comedy) to be compared to the great men of the age of Shakspeare, and immediately after. They are a mighty phalanx of kindred spirits closing him round, moving in the same orbit, and impelled by the same causes in their whirling and eccentric career. They had the same faults and the same excellencies; the same strength, and depth, and richness, the same truth of character, passion, imagination, thought, and language, thrown, heaped-ed, massed together without careful polishing or exact method, but poured out in unconcerned profusion from the lap of nature and genius in boundless and unrivalled magnificence.

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GENIUS.—Men generally regard genius as identified with poverty and its train of inconveniencies, and with causing which the world is accused. That the world is slow in acknowledging genius coming before it with a patron or a known name, is true; that when an individual of gifted power arises from the humble classes of society to any eminence as a public instructor, it is only by meeting with a mind or minds of kindred qualities to his own, who herald the way to fame, and proclaim to mankind that they have found a brother, we admit; but cannot conceive that this neglect proceeds from any envy or malice in the multitude, but rather from an utter incapability to distinguish the presence of genius and its utility. Whoever speaks to the multitude with the mind of the multitude, is understood by the multitude; but he who converses in a higher tone must wait till he find those fit to interpret him. Yet is genius not all suffering; there is a happiness accompanying it that more than counterbalances the evils that we have been alluding to—a rapture that wealth cannot purchase, nor can mediocrity conceive—that dominion cannot give, nor can all that custom has rendered valuable come up to it. It is the joy resulting from its own activity—the using of genius is the reward of genius. It was the delight that Columbus experienced in the contemplation and prosecution of his scheme that carried him through all his difficulties. It was this delight that made Galileo exclaim, “It does move, though!” and the knowledge was to him happiness and reward. It was the joy that Burns experienced in giving vent to such lyrics as “A Man’s a Man for a’ that,” or his “Address to a Mouse,” or his “Lament for puir Maillie.”



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## A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY HELEN MAR.

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ONE day last week a sly little artist crept into my sleeping room and hid behind the door till I was in bed and the fire went out in my stove.

This little fellow is a very fine painter, but he never works in a warm room. Heat spoils all his pictures. He has a wonderful facility for creating novelties, yet he never uses more than one color, and understands light and shade to a charm.

I crept into bed, never dreaming that he was near, but not being very sleepy, laid awake thinking of the very many pretty children who love to hear me tell stories. By-and-by I heard a little click, clicking noise out by my wash-stand; then I knew that he was getting his palette and brushes ready for a night's work; so tucking the quilts closely round my neck I went to sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, what a splendid spectacle was presented to my view! Every window-pane in my room was covered with beautiful pictures, and a crystal bridge was built across my wash-bowl.

On one pane was a beautiful cascade dashing among the rocks ; then an old meadow, full of rotten logs and stumps, with a squirrel sitting on a rail, cracking nuts ; next came an old ruined castle, and mountains in the distance ; now a large city full of spires ; then a dense forest with a log hut covered with snow. On another was a frozen volcano and a water-spout. One pane looked as if a young hurricane was just started, and another had an earthquake pictured out. Next came a lake with boats all frozen in, and boys skating ; on another pane I noticed that the great pyramid of Egypt was tipped bottom upward on the top of Bunker Hill monument, and all the news-boys were up there at a pic-nic ! Trinity church had made a voyage to Rome in a balloon, and alighted on the dome of St. Peter's, and hung out the American flag from the cupola. On the next window, the Capitol at Washington was propped up with rails, like an old barn, to keep it from falling ; all the windows in the Capitol were curtained with champagne bottles stuck full with cigar stoppers.

I thought these very queer pictures, and supposed the artist must be crazy to mix things up so, when I saw on another pane, a dandy looking in a mirror with a monkey, and quarreling with him about which face belonged to him. Poor Jacko was very unwilling to give up his phiz, but the dandy would claim it as his own, so Jacko was obliged to yield.

Now, children, can you guess who that sly painter is ? 'Tis Jack Frost, who sometimes nips your ears ! But there is another painter who makes ugly black pictures on your heart. You had better look for him and keep him out of your sleeping-rooms. He has three names—bad books, bad company, and bad habits. His paintings are very hard to rub out ; they will stand heat and cold, and will always stick to you, so that everybody can see what frightful daubs they are. But if you keep your hearts very clean, his colors will not spread, and perhaps the angels will come and paint some beautiful pictures there.—*Life Illustrated.*

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OUR own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessaries and luxuries of life.



## MAN EQUAL TO ANY EVENT.

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MAN is made equal to every event. He can face danger for the right. A poor, tender, painful body, he can run into flame or bullets or pestilence, with duty for his guide. He feels the insurance of a just employment. I am not afraid of accident, as long as I am in my place. It is strange that superior persons should not feel that they have some better resistance against cholera, than avoiding green peas and salads. Life is hardly respectable,—is it? if it has no generous, guaranteeing task, no duties of affections, that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared defends him. The lightning-rod that disarms the cloud of its threat is his body in its duty. A high aim reacts on the means, on the days, on the organs of the body. A high aim is curative, as well as arnica. "Napoleon," says Goethe, "visited those sick of the plague, in order to prove that the man who could vanquish fear, could vanquish the plague also; and he was right. 'Tis incredible what force the will has in such cases: it penetrates the body, and puts it in a state of activity, which repels all hurtful influences; whilst fear invites them.—*Emerson*."

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NOTHING will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Whenever you are sincerely pleased, you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last and, for the reason, that whoever sees the law which distributes things, does not despond, but is animated to great desires and endeavors. He who desponds betrays that he has not seen.—*Ibid*.

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MANNERS are the shadows of virtues—the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides in the performance of our duties.

## Editor's Table.

IN the May number of the HESPERIAN, the accomplished editor penned a beautiful little editorial recognizing "A gift from God." "Our home," she said, "has been gladdened by the advent of a little fair-haired, bright-eyed boy;" and "very welcome we have made him." "He came," continues the announcement, "bringing with him a host of hopes and fears, and awakening us to a new responsibility — the responsibility of maternity — the highest and holiest office of womanhood." \* \* \* \* \*

"If anything can make a mother feel the need of a faith upon which she can rely, and a strength which is not her own, it is to look upon her babe as he nestles closely to her heart in his purity and innocence, and feel that to her keeping has been committed the destiny of that life."

So wrote the mother editor four months ago! On Saturday evening, the 13th of July, the writer of this little notice witnessed that mother sitting with a beautiful babe in her arms. Close by her side was the husband and father. But over the babe stood the angel Death! It was evident that warm hearts could not much longer keep alive the flickering flame of mortality which was then trembling in its infant casket. Dissolution, not the destroyer, stood ready to extinguish the "vital spark" as soon as it should please heaven to receive the spirit. Indeed, when the final hour of trial came, it seemed to the writer as though, in that domestic sanctuary, death had lost its sting; the grave its victory, so confident was faith in the immortality, identity and communion of spirit. The presence of Him was realized who once said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and who also said of one from whose mortal tenement the spirit had taken its flight—"He is not dead, but sleepeth!"

The wealth of more than ordinary love was fondly and freely lavished upon little Frank; and though it was a sore trial to break asunder those mortal ties, which like the tendrils of a vine had entwined themselves closely around a thousand little pleasures, yet in tearful submission to the sovereign will, they obtained a triumph in faith; and *still believing*, resigned — cheerfully resigned, "dust to dust," all that was perishable of that which only a few months before was gratefully recognized as a tender, precious gift from God.

But, though in that household we recognized an unmistakable triumph of principle, let not the readers of the HESPERIAN forget that, after all, flesh is but flesh, and cannot but mourn, and if it be *human*, deeply mourn its earthly bereavements. The homestead will be filled with memories of the loved innocent; every nook and corner will discover something that will but too eloquently speak of bereavement. And, though spirit-presence may hallow and comfort the intelligent soul, still earth clings instinctively to earth and cannot willingly unloose its hold.

Death has produced a great vacuum in the affections, which *death* can alone efface. Therefore, in respect for the sorrowing, the labor of the magazine is, this month, taken from the shoulders of the bereaved mother and editor, and

stranger pens contribute to the pages of the *HESPERIAN*. In drawing, thus, the sable curtain of respect between the editor and the public, let the reader understand, that whatever of imperfection may appear in the August number, it must not be charged upon the mourning.

As the August number of the *HESPERIAN* closes the second volume of the year, a few words in relation to the interests and prospects of the magazine may appropriately be said in this connection. And, first, the friends of the *HESPERIAN* are assured that *it will continue to make its monthly appearance for their patronage and perusal for years to come*. The publisher does not deny the necessity of economy in her pecuniary management; and if the magazine lacks contributions from a more varied talent, this will explain all. Yet the *HESPERIAN* has been and still is self-sustaining, and *will continue* so by the aid of the good friends who have so generously contributed to its pages, and among whom are some of the brightest intelligencies of the day. But, notwithstanding the many difficulties against which a pioneer magazine in California has been obliged to contend, the writer, fearless of successful contradiction, makes the assertion that the *HESPERIAN* is *fully equal to any magazine now published in America*. What periodical can boast of more brilliantly reputable names than those of Mrs. Frances Fuller Barritt, Cora Wilburn, Ruth Hall, Phoebe Carey, and others of the Atlantic; and of such names as those of John R. Ridge, R. H. Taylor, Mrs. S. M. Clarke, Miss E. A. Simon-ton, Frank Soule, W. H. Rhodes, Anne K. H. Fader, and numerous others of the Pacific.

On our own coast, people are too apt to ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and answering in the negative, without examining, throw a very valuable magazine aside without perusal! An earnest protest is here urged against all such judgment; and, people are not only called upon to read for themselves, *but to patronize*, if they find worthy.

Among the many testimonials that the *HESPERIAN* has received at the hands of cotemporaries, those given on another page are sufficient to establish the truth of the above opinions, as given by the writer; and in presenting which, no apologies are deemed necessary. In a word, the *HESPERIAN* is well worthy a liberal support, and Californians should take pride in fully rendering it. J. W. O.

**BEAUTIES OF RUSKIN.**—Says John Ruskin, "The sensation of Beauty is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right and open state of the heart, both for its truth and its intensity, inso-much that even the right after-action of the intellect upon facts of beauty so apprehended, is dependent on the acuteness of the heart-feeling about them; and thus the apostolic words come true, in this minor respect as in all others, that men are alienated from the life of God "through the ignorance that is in them, having the understanding darkened, because of the darkness of their hearts, and so being past feeling, give themselves up to lasciviousness;" for we do indeed see constantly that men having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, nor into their heart's at all, never compre-



hend it, nor receive good from it, but make it a mere minister to their desires, and *accompaniment and seasoning of lower sensual pleasures, until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust.*"

TIME'S SOFTENING POWER—Read the following lines. They will bear you along with them, irresistibly as does the strong, deep current of a river:

"As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower  
Awes not so deeply in its moaning hour,  
As when the shades of time serenely fall  
On every broken arch and ivied wall;  
The tender images we love to trace,  
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!  
And as the sparks of social love expand;  
As the heart opens in a foreign land,  
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,  
The stranger greets each native of his isle;  
So scenes of life when present and confest,  
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;  
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,  
However trivial and however rude,  
But wins the heart and wakes the social sigh,  
With every claim of close affinity."

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#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

THE Pattern this month is a Child's Jacket, composed of four pieces—front, back, sleeve, and pocket. It might be made of any material suitable for children's wear, and should be trimmed with braid and buttons.

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Engraved by J.C. Miller from a photograph by M. H. Jones

Winfield Scott





DRESS FOR EVENING PARTY.



# THE HESPERIAN.

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No. 1.

## GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT\*

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

IN presenting to the readers of the HESPERIAN a brief biography of this distinguished soldier and hero, I feel that I am presenting no stranger, but one whom California delights to honor, and whose name and memory she will ever gratefully cherish.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. At the age of seventeen he was left an orphan, and, fortunately for him, those who had him in charge appreciated the value of education, and determined to give him one. He was accordingly placed in a high-school in Richmond. Thence he went to William and Mary's College, and attended law lectures for a year or more. He finished his legal studies under Mr. Robertson, and in 1806 was admitted to the bar. Not succeeding as well as he desired around his native place, he removed to Charleston, hoping to establish himself there. But the law of the State did not allow any one to practice within its limits who had not been a resident for at least one year; he therefore abandoned his project and returned to Virginia.

About this time the troubles with England began to assume a serious character, and the expectation that war must ensue became general. Scott shared in the expectation, and, like many other gallant young men of the South, turned from the profession of law

\*This article originally appeared in the HESPERIAN for May, 1860, and is now republished by special request.



to the army. In the spring of 1808 he was appointed captain of light artillery, the same year the purchase of Louisiana from France was effected, and Gen. Wilkinson, to whose division Scott belonged, was stationed there to protect New Orleans from any hostile demonstrations on the part of Great Britain.

"The next year," says J. T. Headley, to whose interesting work we are indebted for much information, "Hampton assumed the command, though Wilkinson remained on the field of operations, Scott, coinciding with those who believed that Wilkinson was in Burr's confidence, and hence involved in the conspiracy of the latter, indulged rather freely in remarks on his superior officer. He was arrested and tried by court-martial. The first charge, intended as a mere rider to the second, that he had intentionally withheld money from his troops, was declared groundless. The second, of unofficer-like conduct in using disrespectful language towards his superior officer, was sustained, for Scott acknowledged it, and attempted to justify it. Failing in this, he was suspended from the army for one year. To a sensitive, ambitious young officer, panting for distinction, this arrest of his footsteps on the threshold of his career, was painful in the extreme; yet he lived to be thankful for it. Returning to Virginia, he cast about to see how he should spend the interval of idleness. His fortunate star guided him to B. Watkins Leigh, who advised him to devote himself to the study of his profession,—especially military tactics. He offered him his library and his house, and Scott spent the year in mastering his profession."

The knowledge of military art he gained during this period of his disgrace, the caution and skill it taught him to mingle with his chivalric feelings and boiling courage, laid the foundation of his after brilliant career.

The next year war was declared, and a month after, in July, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the 2d artillery, then under the command of Isard, and was ordered to the Niagara frontier, to assist the army of invasion.

We have not time to follow him through the desperate and bloody battle of Queenstown, where, overcome by the force of numbers, he surrendered to Gen. Sheaffe his whole force; not, however, until Gen. Van Renselaer had from the opposite shore sent word to Wadsworth to retreat at once, and he would send every boat he

could lay hands on to receive the fugitives. He however left every thing to his own judgment.

Col. Scott, mounting a log in front of his troops, harangued them in a strain worthy the days of chivalry. He told them that their condition was desperate, but that Hull's surrender must be redeemed. "Let us then die!" he exclaimed, arms in hand; "our country demands the sacrifice. The example was not lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall, and our country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?" A loud "ALL!" rang sternly along the line.\*

Gladly would we follow this noble hero through all the way of his adventurous life—through the attack and capture of Fort George—through the battle of Chippewa—the battle of Niagara, where Scott, charging like fire at the head of his exhausted battalion, received a severe wound which prostrated him; but his last words to Leavenworth, as he was borne to the rear, were: "Charge again! *charge again!* Leavenworth;" where every regimental officer in Scott's brigade was killed or wounded, of which it is recorded that "*only one out of every four stood up unhurt!*"

Nor have we time to bend with him over the sick and dying at Rock Island, where his kindness and humanity to those suffering with that fearful disease, the cholera, stamped him not alone a hero on the battle-field, under the excitement of blood and smoke and carnage, but a hero in his calm serenity and devotedness to those who were suffering from a disease, frightful enough from its rapid and fatal effects, but rendered still more appalling by the belief, at that time, that it was contagious. "To those who can remember the terror which at that time paralyzed every heart, this conduct of Scott, while he himself was suffering under the symptoms of the disease, will stamp him not only the hero of the battle-field, but the hero of humanity."

We can not follow him in his career through South Carolina, nor yet in his efforts to preserve peace on the Maine boundary.

From the time of his taking command of the army in Mexico, his landing at Vera Cruz, the siege and capture of the city, his march to Cerro Gordo and the battle there, the three battles of Churubus-

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\* Mansfield's Life of Scott.

co, the assault on Chepultepec and victory there, as Californians you are all familiar with; and should you wish to refresh your memory, we would refer you to J. T. Headley's admirable work, "Scott and Jackson," to which we have been much indebted.

As a soldier, Gen. Scott is brave and heroic; as a man, kind and humane. Lofty attributes of soul go together; and in Scott's character they are blended most harmoniously. How he is cherished in the hearts of the people, was evinced during the past year, when on a visit to California. We heard he was coming, and for three days and nights his arrival was anxiously looked for. From the heights of Telegraph Hill, men looked forth anxiously to the Golden Gate, and the waters beyond. Banners floated in every direction, the streets of San Francisco were canopied with garlands and banners, and every ear was turned listening for the *steamer gun*. The Sabbath morn dawned bright and glorious, and now the steamer gun is heard, and the guns on the adjoining islands take up the signal, and answer, boom—boom—boom. "Gen. Scott has come!" echoes from every lip; and not even the holy sanctity of the day will prevent or suppress the general outburst of joy from the hearts of the people. The general's expressed desire to avoid a public reception on that holy day could not stay the enthusiasm of the people; and seated in an open carriage, his white hair exposed to the gently fanning breeze, he was borne through the crowded streets of San Francisco. Strains of most eloquent music floated on his ear, while from every house-top, window, and balcony, waved the white favors and banners of the fair, and at every step fell about his path beautiful flowers, the natural offering of the country to one whom she delights to honor.

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#### THE MILITARY CHARACTER OF GEN. SCOTT.

THE New York *World* pays the following just and discriminating tribute to the qualities which characterize the veteran General-in-Chief of the United States forces, who, it will be remembered, never lost a battle:—

"Our actual Commander-in-Chief, the Lieutenant General of our army, though as brave as Achilles, is as serene as Agamemnon, and as prudent as Ulysses. From his youth he has been a soldier and a victorious one. He has seen more service than any other man



under his command, and was never known to be disconcerted even by danger. A strict disciplinarian, and something of a martinet, it was jocosely said of him, in his younger days, that he would drill a batillion under fire. Yet Gen. Scott is as chary of men's lives as a miser is of gold; and so was the Duke of Wellington. He never moves if he can avoid it, unless he can accomplish it at the least possible risk of his men. It is his avowed belief that the officer who exposes his troops to needless peril is guilty of a degree of manslaughter. And he not only regards himself as responsible for the lives of the men under his command, but he looks after their health and comfort. He will not accept regiments unless he can see clearly the means to feed, and clothe, and shelter them. The consequence of this prudence on his part (joined as it is well known to be, with the most daring spirit and great military sagacity,) is that after a little experience, men fight under him with entire confidence. They come to believe that if he gives an order it is not one that will expose them to needless risk, or to chances of defeat, if in battle they justify his confidence in their bravery. Through all the excitement of the past few weeks in Washington he has remained undisturbed. The announcement of the approach of twenty thirty, and fifty thousand men he has received with imperturbable incredulity. He knew better. He knew that Gen. Davis could no more march fifty thousand men upon Washington than he could fifty thousand witches. He knows exactly what provision is required for the transportation of even a thousand men five hundred miles. He knows when to be alarmed and when to repose in confidence; when to repress ardor, and when to give it way. He knows it is one of the first duties of a military leader to restrain and direct his own inthusiasms as well as the men under his command. He is prudent. Nay, he is prudence incarnate, and so all other efficacious qualities attend him."

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WE often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behooves us to take care, that, whatever cloud may be spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look through to the sunshine that broods behind it.

FLOWERS.—BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

Ay, truly, flowers are to the earth a blessing,  
Their life and beauty penetrate the heart,  
Its lightest shades of tender thought expressing,  
And more attract us than the charms of art.

Their vital principle, in sweets exhaling,  
Adds to our own a fuller, richer power ;  
Their many tints, a source of joy unfailing,  
Delight our senses every passing hour.

Their silent music wakes the deepest feeling ;  
The tones harmonious of their odorous hues,  
In pleasing changes o'er the spirit stealing,  
A holier life into our souls infuse.

Ye gentle teachers, to our hearts appealing,  
Your lessons are alike in every clime,  
To all the brotherhood of man revealing  
The father's constant care and love sublime.

From lofty heights which touch the clouds ascending,  
Ye glance adown to lift the low desire,  
And smile upon the pilgrim upward wending,  
His earth-born nature teaching to aspire.

In the deep heart of vale and forest blooming,  
In forms more delicate than pen can trace,  
With fragrant breath the lonely air perfuming,  
Ye teach Humility's attractive grace.

On bright parterre, the frolic zephyrs wooing,  
In gleeful dance where sportive fountains play,  
Ye counsel wisely, while your mirth pursuing,—  
In Pleasure's paths, be innocently gay.

And from the snows of winter drear and chilling,  
Ye look up sweetly to the heaven above  
And bid us hope, though grief the heart is filling,  
And trust in Him whose name is ever—LOVE.

In sterile soil in clefts of rocks uplifting  
Your lovely forms amid the rude and bare ;  
And by the wayside your sweet blossoms drifting  
Upon the changeful currents of the air ;

How plainly e'er ye teach, in lessons living,  
That Beauty is a part of Nature's plan,  
Divinely missioned in the affluent giving—  
No lavish waste of ornament for man.

Ye bid us pause while busily pursuing,  
Amid the din of life, the stern and real,  
To love the beautiful, the soul renewing ;  
*And with the useful blend the high ideal.*

## CURIOSITIES OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

[*From the Aurora.*]

PRESIDENT JEFF. DAVIS.\*

BY MADAME V. E. W. McCORD.

OF all the styles of writing in the republic, that of biographer is by far the most popular and profitable. [It ought to be profitable when such men as Jeff. Davis become the subjects.]

It therefore happens that a great number of penny-a-liners turn to the best account any spark of talent they may possess in that department, in the way of eulogising and flattering the vanity of persons who have notified the public of their occupying such positions as will warrant the applicant for a biographer in bestowing liberal favor therefor.

Of the style of modern biographical writing we are to look to the illustrated weeklies and monthlies of Lincolnatti.

The writer of this article might entertain some fear, lest the people of this division suspect her of being affected by this popular style, from the name prefixed to her pages, if some facts were not thoroughly established in the public mind in regard to her peculiar sentiments and character. [We never heard of her before.]

First, that she has engaged all the best years of her life in a crusade against the style and spirit of the writers of the North,—and secondly, it is a well known fact that she is not in the habit of flattering subjects for the sake of popularity, having always been found in a fearful minority of popular sentiment; nor is it a desire to play the pleasing game of tongue-fence by parading the name of a lion simply because he is a lion. [Traitor instead.]

The northern people are distinguished from all other nations by a peculiar and exclusive individuality of character; and are therefore not dependent upon the popular press for opinions of whatever kind, made popular through such media.

In this country, where all the privilege classes recognize a natural aristocracy over an inferior and servile race, each individual becomes an independent sovereign claiming the right of forming

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\* The words in brackets are our own.—Ed.



opinions and dictating the same. Thus we find in each plantation in the South an independent feudatory, where every individual is subject to the autocrat of the dominion, who represents in his own character and prerogatives, a dictator and arbiter.

In such a state of society individuals can never become the pensioners upon popular press for opinions, nor the slaves of such sensational excitements as generate the dangerous fanatacism which takes the lead in revolutions—the most formidable engines in upsetting governments.

The slavery of popular opinion is manifested in that fanatical spirit which controls and holds its reign of terror over all parties of the northern division of the republic. Such a phenomenon can never make its appearance upon the face of Southern society, as the established individuality of personal opinion holds a formidable rein over popular sentiments.

In view of these facts, and with a perfect understanding of the character and sentiments of the Southern people, I have chosen the name of General Jeff. Davis, for the subject of this article. Not, however, in a spirit of eulogizing one already supreme in a nation's [contempt] confidence and affection, but as a fit method of demonstrating the philosophy of southern political sentiments by the character of its supreme representative.

We speak of President Davis with the common voice of the Southern people, of whom he forms a part of a most glorious whole, and at the same time repeat from a private letter to the author of this article, (from an Englishman long a resident in the South) dated, London, April 5th, 1861, in which he says, in a conversation with that most sagacious and accomplished statesman in the three kingdoms, Mr. Cobden, that gentleman said: "Deeply as I regret the pending difficulties between the two divisions of the republic, I must say in all candor, that the Southern people have at their head, a man entirely capable of meeting any civil or military emergency whatever. I believe President Davis to be the most competent man in America, to revolutionize and reorganize that government.." [The proof of the pudding is in eating the string.]

Whether this gigantic scheme suggested by a foreign and far-seeing statesman, be one of the many in contemplation by President Davis, is not exactly known, as the greater portion of his official

time has been occupied in military plans, and arranging the general affairs of the several seceding States which form the empire of his control. That his judgment points to the enlisting all the slave States which may choose to be united in a common bond of equity and justice, there cannot exist a doubt, and also of embracing the southern and western territories.

President Davis is the chief magistrate of a nation who desires not to throw the responsibility and burden of such projects upon a single representative.

The people have chosen him, individually and collectively, and when the task of arranging the domestic affairs actually devolving upon the President and Cabinet is finished, it will be quite time enough to speculate upon the grand scheme of reorganizing the general government of the old Union. [Yes, quite time enough.]

To a foreigner the principle of State sovereignty cannot be easily understood, and it is a little singular that the leading statesmen of Europe have actually no definite idea of Southern independence, apart from revolt and rebellion against the general government.

[Mark this.] The scarcity of southern books in Europe, and the total want of a circulating journal of any kind, may account for this fact; while northern books are industriously circulated in all parts of Britain and the continent. There is scarcely a town in Germany, Holland, France, and even in Russia, that the *Tribune* and *Herald* are not translated weekly, for the instruction of the people in American matters. We cannot marvel at their want of a correct opinion of foreigners in regard to American politics, (the masses of whom, like the Northern division of the republic depend upon the daily press for opinions) when we know that the masses in the North are equally as ignorant of the constitutional rights of the several States. Hence they have allowed themselves to be plunged into a revolution against the supreme principle which constitutes the basis and support of republican freedom.

All foreign nations imagine that because both divisions of the republic are subject to the federal control, and these settled by foreign colonists, that they are one and the same people, and divided only by local policy. Hence they call this a family war, of brother against brother, &c. This is also a popular plea of northern jour-

nalists who arrogate to themselves [not much] the vanity of brotherhood with a true and patriotic nation. Nothing can be more false than the idea that they are the same family of people.

The people of the North are the descendants of that Puritan race of Plymouth Rock notoriety, [and are proud of it,] whose names have come down to us in the shining pages of the histories written by themselves, but who have kept as monuments of their just and righteous characters an interesting code of laws which are likely to be revived in their age, for the general oppression of mankind, and agents of human calamity everywhere.

The Southern people are mostly the descendants of Virginia families, the same stock who settled the original Southern colonies; and the more modern families are the direct descendants of English, Irish Welsh, French and Spanish emigrants; many of whose ancestors sought on this soil an asylum from despotism and anarchy. By the edict of Nantz, some of the most respectable families of France and her provinces were driven hither; from whom have sprung a brilliant array—chivalry—and greatness. It was from one of these highly cultivated and ancient French families, that General Beauregard derive his origin in Louisiana. [A beautiful specimen.]

The Welsh and Irish settled in the Carolinas—have given to the South some of her most valuable statesmen, and from the former, on his father's side, President Jeff. Davis sprang—a worthy scion of that staunch race, transplanted upon a genial soil.

The Irish emigrants, of less than a century ago, have given to the South a Calhoun and a Jackson; and there is but one statesman of any consequence in the South who is an actual descendant of the Puritanic family.

By these facts it may be easily seen that the two divisions of the republic, are only connected by the consanguinity of constitutional law.

There could not have been chosen a more perfect representative of mature Southern character, socially, than the elegant person who stands at the head of the new general government.

Educated in the common school of Southern individual opinion, he early learned to submit all questions to the scrutiny of his own judgment, being himself a sovereign and arbiter in common with



the settlers of this country. This feature of Southern character constitutes the independence and versatility of President Davis's character, as it will be remembered that he has been for many years the lord of one of those modern feudatories which lies within the fertile valley of the Mississippi: a Mississippi cotton plantation.

At home he has ever been one of the people; on the field of battle he has proven himself one of the most valiant soldiers [cowards] that ever drew a blade from the scabbard. In our national legislature he has been the controlling spirit against a majority of inferior and cunning representatives, and proven himself a formidable barrier between the right of State sovereignty, and the unconstitutional infringements of the northern encroachments.

It is indeed a fact beyond dispute, that instead of forcing the secession of the States upon the people, President Davis has prevented the South from taking this final step of separation from the federal government for years, which no other statesman could have done.

President Davis will be known to the future as the modern philosopher who has solved a much vexed and abstract question of republican philosophy.

The wisdom which conceived the great principle of the synthetical nature of a republic in the formation of the federal government, seemed to have consigned its opposite and equal power into an abstract and nominal position.

It was left to President Davis, to test this abstract and dangerous question [and it will be left to him to test the strength of a hempen rope] under the most trying circumstances; who will be known through all future ages of civilization as the general who solved the great political puzzle of this age, and established beyond dispute the anabytical principle of State sovereignty, which is the cardinal power of republican freedom. [Will he?]

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[The above article is copied *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*, from the *Aurora*, the ONLY literary magazine of the South. That we have failed to see in what particular it partakes of the character of a biography, we frankly acknowledge. There are also many sentences quite beyond our comprehension. But as some of our readers may be able to decipher their meaning, we would ask them

to give the subject their particular attention — merely suggesting that some of our shrewd, “picayunish” Yankees might perhaps make a handsome spec by carrying into the South a few Webster’s Dictionaries, Kirkam’s Grammars, and Quackenbos for Beginners—Ed.]

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L I N E S

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. F. H. DAY, ON THE DEATH OF  
LITTLE WEE-NE.\*

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

'T was but a little baby died,—  
A baby four months old,—  
Yet old enough to claim our pride,  
And wealth of love untold.

We hoped that he would be a man,  
In soul and body too,  
And fashioned many a goodly plan  
As he in stature grew.

And now a little lifeless dust  
Is all the earthly part,  
And we must even yield the trust  
So precious to our heart.

A thousand hopes, a thousand fears,  
Are in our baby's grave;  
But angels keep our darling's years,  
Love has no boon to crave.

We give the little spirit up  
For angels' hands to train,  
With trust when we have drained life's cup  
He shall be ours again !

*San Francisco, July, 1861.*

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\* Wee-ne was his pet name.

## THE DUTCH UNCLE.

*"I talked to him like a Dutch Uncle."*

[Concluded.]

MEANWHILE, with the extremest care, I schooled my nerves, fed plainly but amply, and each night went through a toil of Hercules, struggling with the sturdy bar and reluctant weights. I had read of men who labored for years in that way, to earn mere reputation; had I not life, and Morna, to contend for? It was necessary to be strong, and at length I could hurl the weights and flourish the bar with ease; and I was young, and long-winded.

I had been strictly educated in the seven doctrines of the church of which Von Scoppinburgh was a leading member; but I had never known the import or utility of prayer, until I found myself instinctively breathing prayers for the increase of my strength; and, in answer to these, it came.

One night—or rather morning—I had risen restless from the bed, and descended into my den with a taper, to give another hundred whirls of the iron bar. While I was standing at rest, I heard a sound of breathing behind me. I turned and met the blood-shot eyes of Von Scoppinburgh. He stood upon the lower step of the cellar stairs, half naked, his sturdy legs, covered with black hair, quite motionless under him. In one hand he held his knotted cane.

"Ah! ha! I have been watching you. You seem to be practicing with a bar."

"Yes."

"And for what purpose?"

"For health."

"Humph! You are strong, I see."

"Rather."

"Give me the bar."

I approached him; he threw aside the cane, and, taking the bar, stepped into the middle of the cellar, and began flourishing the heavy iron, a two inch rod, about four feet long, in a scientific fashion.

"You see," said he, "I do that better than you, because I am stronger."

"No, it is because you were taught to sway it in that manner, over each shoulder."



He threw down the bar. "Perhaps," said I, "you would like to throw the weight a few times; it promotes sleep."

"Good! I will do it."

I gathered up the two heavy weights by their rings in my left hand, and threw them before him without any apparent effort.

"You have practised with the weights, also," he said, eyeing me with an evil look.

"Yes: of course."

"Why, 'of course?'"

"Because one must be ready for accidents," I said, speaking partly to myself.

Von Scoppinburgh took a weight in each hand, lifted them above his head, threw them with his usual skill and power, reversed and brought them back, dropping one at each side.

"If you had not cured me of the asthma," he said, grinning, "I would not have done this now."

"It appears I have done you some service. Particularly in the affair of the trap door."

With a violent effort, I replied—"Fortunately I did not succeed in killing you. It would have been murder. But I was dreadfully exasperated."

"You repent."

"Yes, I do."

"Explain."

"I repent of my wickedness, not of my anger."

"Good boy! You are a liar. You fear me; you have a design against my life: you have failed twice, are stronger now, and mean another and a safer trial. Confess: I admire honesty, even in such cringing creatures as you are."

"I do not cringe. I endure."

"The same thing. *Men* endure nothing. You should have left me; but since you have stayed, and with evil intent, it is as well. Now is the time—try boy! The old man has yet a little strength."

Had there been merely anger in his address, I should have had other feeling; but, at that hour of the morning, in a gloomy vault, alone with a mortal enemy, in whose eyes and gestures, by the dim redness of the taper, I seemed to see the signs of murderous and maniacal hatred, my thoughts were only of self-preservation. It

was clear to me Von Scoppinburgh was mad, at least morally — as most murderers are — and would show no mercy. If I quailed, he would tyrannize unspeakably — perhaps kill me outright — so great was his apparent detestation of me, at that moment,—the pent-up, clotted gall of years, diseased and flowing over on the brain,—mine seemed merely desperate. In fact, hatred faded out; fear and determination took its place.

The cold mouldy air of the cellar oppressed me dreadfully; my bowels yearned with fear, and seemed to be full of cold earth. I trembled inwardly, and my teeth were on edge, and seemed loosened in their sockets.

“Come, boy, come,” muttered the maniac; and seizing suddenly an iron weight, he whirled it with vast strength. The horrible missile grazed my left ear, cold and irresistible, and struck the wall behind me with a force that shook the rafters of the house. A shower of dust and mortar followed the crash, and the air of the gloomy vault became dim and ruddy, with a dusty haze.

Life or death;—there was no parley, nor escape. “O, Morna, come!”

My enemy had placed himself between me and the stairway. To get away was impossible. Could I have done so, it was only the beginning of a life-long war. “It must be finished now,” I thought, glancing into the dreaded possibilities of the future.

The second weight followed, and a crushing blow upon my left thigh, which fortunately did not break it, threw me obliquely against the wall.

“Ah-ha, my lad! will he try?—will he try the old man? We are young yet,” muttered the maniac, who now seized the iron bar and made it play an instant about his gray head like a reed.

“Throw, fool, throw! you have practiced;—take a chance; pick up and throw.”

I remained still and breathless, leaning against the broken wall. My tormentor, thinking me stunned, rested on his weapon, and literally “grinned a horrible and ghastly smile.” The taper stood between us, on the right. A thought struck me; I sprang forward, trod out the light, and fell back to my position. My dark clothing—a woollen shirt and corduroys, for exercising—made me invisible to Von Scoppinburg, but his figure, between myself and the stair-

way, down which a faint gleam of starlight fell from the store window, appeared moving slowly backward, to intercept my escape. I rested and recovered courage.

Gradually strength returned, and I found that the numbness of my bruised thigh did not impede motion. The darkness and silence of the cellar were profound. I felt sure that my enemy, who seemed to have seated himself on the lower step of the stairway, could not see me. I stooped forward, and accidentally touched with my hand an empty bottle. Grasping it, I threw the bottle toward the left. It struck the side wall of the cellar, and fell. The effect was as I wished. Hearing a sound on that side, Von Scoppinburg rose, and moved a few paces away from the stairs. He now became invisible to me, but I could hear his harsh breathing. To grope my way along the other wall of the cellar, without noise, was a mere hazard, but I had conquered half the distance before the maniac, who was groping to meet me on the other side, suspected the movement.

Suddenly the harsh breathing ceases. "He sees now," thought I, "and is holding his breath to hurl the iron bar." I stooped instantly, and darted forward in the direction of the stairway, but at half distance my foot struck some obstacle, and as I plunged upon my face on the hard stones of the cellar, the deadly bar flew over my body, followed quickly by the clutch of Von Scoppinburg's iron hands, which seized me by the left arm and the back of my neck, as I attempted to rise upon my hands and knees.

In this attitude we remained motionless for a few seconds, neither uttering a sound; till by the sudden relaxing of his left and firmer clutch of the right hand, I decided that he meant to strangle me with both hands. I dropped upon my right shoulder, caught his left wrist, and extended the arm. As his face struck mine in falling forward, a rasping, canine growl issued from his throat in horrible proximity to my ear. With a violent effort I threw him under me, and planting a knee upon his breast, held him by both the wrists. This was only the beginning. Our strength was equal: it was now a question of endurance. I remember, after that, only a series of desperate struggles, during which we rolled over and over on the stones; the maniac fixing his teeth in my body wherever he felt it touch his face. Not for one instant did I relax my firm and fortu-



nate grasp upon the wrists of the enemy. I have no recollection of time, but only that after what seemed an hour of protracted suffering and struggling, I felt that the strength of the old man had begun to yield to my superiority of breath and endurance. As his vigor declined, mine increased. I threw him upon his back, drew his sinewy arms together over his hairy breast—from which, as from mine, every rag of covering had been torn in the strife, and so, with the weight of my body, held him quiet.

I heard the store clock strike four over my head. As the last sound of the hammer died away, a white figure holding a lamp appeared in the gloom. It was Morna. She came near us.

“Have you killed my father, Franz?”

“Not quite,” muttered my prisoner. “You can let me up, nephew, I am no longer mad.”

“Promise first,” I said, “that you will not again speak a harsh word to me.”

“I promise.”

“Promise that you will alter your will in Morna’s favor, giving her permission to marry whom she likes.”

“I promise.”

I released him and assisted him to rise. He staggered feebly to his bed, supported by Morna, who wept freely, and by myself, who did not weep at all. I was the master then and thenceforth, and all things prospered with me and with my dark-eyed Morna. My Dutch Uncle drank no more, for it was drink that had always made him mad and cruel; but became a mild and reasonable father-in-law.

“Morna, wife,” said I one day, “did you really think it was your *will* that made me do so many strange things before you and I were married?”

“You must not joke me about that, Franz. I was in love, you know, and too much alone—dreamy, perhaps, and we were both enthusiasts.”

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LANGUAGES are the barometers of national thought and character. Horne Tooke, in attempting to fix the quicksilver for his own metaphysical ends, acted much like a little playfellow of mine, at the first school I was at, who screwed the master’s weather-glass up to fair, to make sure of a fine day for a holiday.

## RED BANE BERRY.

(*Actæ rubra.*)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE accompanying outline of the Red Baneberry was sketched from fresh specimens of the plant in this vicinity, kindly furnished us by Mr. Dunn, from the rich woodlands back of Oakland.

While some writers consider the American species as identical with the European (*A. spicata*) or only varieties, others have confounded two or more.

We shall not, however, enter into minute details, but simply submit the characteristic form as we find it here. Most observers will agree with us, that at least the Red Baneberry, or Cohosh, is quite distinct from the White. Our figure is probably Nuttall's *A. arguta* (*A. rubra* var. *arguta*?) yet his remark that the "berries are smaller and darker red" certainly does not apply to this plant. It should be observed that the stem is not always "leafless," as usually described. (See the base of the branching raceme in the fig. where a leaf has been cut off.)

An herbaceous plant, two to three feet in height, with a stem springing from a perennial knotty root stock, sending up in spring one or more large compound leaves. Flowering in April and May, ripening its oblong, egg-shaped, shining red berries in July and August. Both root and berries poisonous—reputed medicinal.

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THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.—The red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young soldier, in the battle of life, need fight under.

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A HYPOCRITE may spin so fair a thread as to deceive his own eye. He may admire the cobweb, and not know himself to be the spider.

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APATHY is one of the worst moral diseases, as it not only incapacitates us from combating the encroachments of vice, but closes every avenue of our souls to the approach of virtue.





## THE BORDER-LAND.

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BY PHEBE CARY.

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I know you are always by my side,  
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear,  
For I never called on you since you died,  
But you answered, tenderly, I am here !

So come from the misty shadows, where  
You came last night, and the night before,  
Put back the veil of your golden hair,  
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah ! it is you ; with that brow of truth,  
Ever too pure for the least disguise ;  
And the same dear smile on the loving mouth,  
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still,  
So do not vanish or turn aside,  
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,—  
Wait till my heart is pacified !

You have left the light of your higher place,  
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good ;  
You come with your old familiar face,  
And not with the look of your angel-hood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,  
And your voice is gentle, and kind, and low,  
And the very roses you wear to-night,  
You wore in the summers long ago.

Therefore the world as it will may smile,  
And say that either I dream or rave,  
For this, my darling, we know the while,  
The feet of the spirit can cross the grave.

So Winifred, Winifred, good and true,  
Here in this border-land of shade,  
Still come to me, till I come to you  
In that world where never a grave was made.

## PROGRESSION.

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BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

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I do not now propose discussing the principles of progression in this very brief article; but merely the source whence emanates the principal material for our development. I have no fears that our mortal friends in the body will not receive their just credit for their share of the work performed in human development; hence I will pass them by, and say a word in behalf of those who have "passed on" and left no one to represent them but prejudice, from which they could not expect that justice would be done them. All, even the most insignificant, admit the constant presence of a "still small voice" which hopefully urges on with the most beatific and eloquent grandeur of language, to deeds of goodness, justice and virtue.

And all who have given the matter serious and profound attention, know that that "still small voice" is a never-failing monitor, unceasingly imparting the requisite information for the performance of mundane duties; while it qualifies us for taking the initiatory step in whatever sphere of action may devolve upon us beyond the grave. What is this "still small voice?" It is the too often unheeded admonition of angel friends who once sojourned in this sphere, but have "gone before," that they might the better labor for our development. Methinks I hear an incredulous personage doubt. To him I have only to say, that I believe the enlightened world has always believed that angels exercise more or less influence over mortals. And what is an angel? None of the readers of the *HESPERIAN* require to be told that an angel is simply a disembodied spirit — one who has once sojourned upon this earth, but thrown off the mortal habitation that it might enter into the joys of spirit-life. Angels visit earth upon different missions, and as a necessary consequence manifest themselves in different lights. Palpable facts witnessed by many people, stand on a widely different ground. If the proofs of their occurrence be perfectly legitimate, the nature of the facts themselves cannot be admitted as a valid reason for refusing to accept them as facts. Evidence, if it be otherwise trustworthy, is not invalidated by the unlikelihood of that which it

attests. But whole armies of people will tell you that such and such manifestations of angelic visitants are unreasonable.

To say that certain phenomena are incredible, is nothing more nor less than to say that they are inconsistent with the present state of our knowledge ; but knowing how imperfect our knowledge is, we are not, therefore, justified in asserting that they are impossible. An embodiment of *foolishness* to one person, is a vast comprehensive truth to another.

When mortals duly appreciate the presence of their spirit-friends, whose mission it is to watch over and conduct us through the vexatious trials of this mundane sphere, and when the final dissolution between the spiritual and the material body shall have taken place, to receive with outstretched arms of effulgent love, and escort us through the triumphal fields of eternal Paradise to our final abode in the spirit-land, then, *and not till then*, will the grave be robbed of its terror, and society be bound together in the inseparable bonds of UNIVERSAL LOVE. Then *will* the bereaved mother, after following the mortal casket of her only dear infant to its last resting-place, console herself with the *priceless fact* that her babe is not dead, but still with her, and enjoying a crown of immortality in the realms of endless joy beyond this sphere. And oh ! the imperishable boon of tranquility vouchsafed to that bleeding heart, in the knowledge that her child is enshrined with a hallow of glory, and patiently waiting for its dear parents, brothers and sisters to come up higher by and by. When that much desired epoch shall have arrived, which all friends of human progress will embrace as the crowning acquisition of earthly happiness, then we can with truth exclaim : " Oh ! Death, where is thy sting ! Oh ! Grave, where is thy victory ? "

The sentiments of this article will, perhaps, not meet the approval of either the editress or any of the HESPERIAN'S mighty army of readers ; I have only to say that they contain the honest but humble conviction of the writer, and no human being but myself is responsible for the sentiments therein contained.

*Petalumz, August 18th, 1861.*



## A MOUNTAIN RIDE.

BY S. C. H.

READER, did you ever take a buggy ride over the mountains of California? Perhaps you may among the foothills, but I don't believe you have seen much buggy riding among the more elevated regions. I'll take it for granted you never did, and beg you to step into the buggy, seat yourself, give the ponies a gentle jog, and off we go.

Let us first peep at our starting point. This is Downieville, one of the most prosperous of our mining towns, the center of a large trade for the various mining sections round, and an important feature in Washoe travel. It claimed some rich river diggings in the early days of '50, and many a fortune was here made and lost. We don't care, however, for the fortunes of the past, we want the present town.

Drive up on to the grand Sierra Turnpike, so that we can have a better view of the town. Now you have it — right before you is the main street, where most of our business is carried on; to the left are the steep mountain ranges; you climb to reach the once famous Monte Cristo; to your right rises Galloway's Hill — "a tall one," you say — yes, we don't always call things by their right names. This same Galloways has played an important part in our history, furnished us our only wagon road for a long time, but like all old fogies, if they won't and can't keep pace with the times, they must be left behind, while a more fortunate rival presses on. Under its shadow lies Jersey Flat. We can point you out charming cottages embowered in roses, and surrounded by such evidences as will teach you that mountaineers do not forget the refinements of life. "Ah! there is a church-spire pointing upward." We are not wholly God-forsaken; we claim three churches and some church-going people.

No need of impatience, ponies, we are nearly through with our description. Over the river, and just below you is Durgan Flat, once a rich paying spot. Busy hands have toiled over it, as you can see from the grand pile of boulders — you see a few neat homes dotting it, reclaimed from the waste with considerable expense.

"The river?" you ask. That is the North Yuba; and that branch coming in just above and back of Jersey Flat, is the South

Fork of the North Fork, which has another North Fork of a N. F. There, I shan't puzzle you with all its forkings. Now what do you think of our town as a whole?—we'll talk it over, as on we go. Don't it look as though we were so far down in the world, that we could scarcely hope to get out or up the mountains around us? Our turnpike tells us a different tale. Look at those narrow trails above us, making a steep descent into the town—careful navigating it required to keep a seat on mule, as he scrambled down his rough path—now buggy-riding for those that can afford it, and sober foot-pace with a good road for those that can't.

“Going too fast?” No, indeed; a steady hand is on the rein. Don't fear; I acknowledge the road looks rather close to that rapid stream, whirling and roaring below us. See how it tumbles and caps with foam. Watch that log, as it is drawn under that boiling eddy. It is a fierce fight, yet the log conquers; up it comes, only, however, to encounter another, a little ahead, and so it will be all down the stream. Like our stream of life, friend, it struggles to the end—no rest.—A truce to sermonizing: the safety of our road engages our attention. As safe here in our buggy, with its gay, yet trusty ponies, as though you were seated in your easy-chair at home. Safe enough, I can promise you; for two four-horse stages go over the road daily, and you need not fear but the road will serve us well. Nothing like daily experience to toughen and harden one.

You caught sight of a little settlement as we flew on—won't trouble you with the name—not very euphonious. Four miles passed over. Here is Goodyear's Bar—hurry through—can't abide the place—nothing to interest you—little except a vast array of dilapidated houses. Let us make for the east side of Goodyear's Hill, or more properly speaking, mountain.

See our turnpike winding up the mountain side; layer above layer it shows a long road to the top—some six miles I think. We are getting well up the mountain. There—you have a peep at Goodyear's Bar, and the river, like a silver thread from here. To the left, winds Goodyear's Creek, finding an outlet in the N. Yuba. You can trace it for several miles,—the little settlements and cultivated spots on its borders. The town looks rather inviting from here; shows you the folly of trusting to distant views, if you want the truth.

"This is rather a steep point to slide off the road." Not much danger, though, in this broad sunshine. A few weeks after the road was opened, a careless driver and baulky horses liked to have sent us to the bottom. In the darkness of the night, we drove very close to the edge of the road, and in attempting to back the horses, the stage ran a little over the edge. The road, new made, could not stand the pressure, and began to slide, our stage tipping down hill. You shudder—some of our passengers did the same. The stage just poised; one start of the horses would have destroyed us. The passengers darted through windows and doors without much ceremony. With careful and united action, ropes were placed around the stage, and it was dragged into a safe position.—Enough of that experience, however.

This pure mountain air—inhale a rich draught. Such an elixir. Who cares for the nectar of old?—Not I. You may well say it is delightful. Did you ever see such grand pines and furs? That cedar might compare with those of Lebanon. And what a look off you have. Take it all in, you'll not see it again in quite a period. You'll not see one half of the beauties if you don't keep a sharp look-out. There is a new flower for you, crowding out from that damp, mossy spot among the rocks. A charming shade of pink; but that rich cluster hides a shabby woolen stalk. Glad you don't see it. There, beyond is what I call my wild fuschia. I don't know which to admire most, the flower or root. If we could reach it, I would stop and dig it up for you: you would find a root shaped very much like a pine cone, of a rich cherry color—would remind you of the interior of a pomegranate. Yet more varieties: larkspur, wild violets, yellow—never have seen a blue one in my wanderings here—lupines. But you see for yourself—why need I tell you. Only one thing more; I cannot refrain from pointing that out—our mountain laurel—you smell its fragrance. It would be a treasure in our gardens, but it loves so well a wet soil; it does not bear transplanting—at least I have not succeeded in the attempt—don't profess but some might succeed.

Whip up old ponies—nay, young. A few more rapid strides and we are at the summit—the mountain house before you—our ride over.

*Downieville, 1861.*



## THE BATH OF BLOOD.

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"ABOUT the year 1610, Elizabeth Bathori, sister to the King of Poland, and wife of a rich and powerful Hungarian magnate, was the principal actor in the most singular and horrible tragedy mentioned in history. She occupied the castle of Csejta, in Transylvania. Like most other ladies of that period, she was surrounded by a troop of young girls, generally the daughters of poor but noble parents who lived in honorable servitude; in return for which, their education was cared for, and their dowry secured. Elizabeth was of a severe and cruel disposition, and her hand-maidens led no joyous life. Slight faults are said to have been punished by most merciless tortures.

"One day as the lady of Csejta was admiring at the mirror those charms which that faithful monitor told her were fast waning, she gave way to her ungovernable temper, excited perhaps by the mirror's unwelcome hint, and struck her unoffending maid with such force in the face as to draw blood. As she washed from her hands the stain, she fancied the part which the blood had touched, grew whiter, softer, and as it were, younger. Imbued with the credulity of the age, she believed she had discovered what so many philosophers had wasted years in seeking for. She supposed that in a virgin's blood she had found the *elixer vite*, the fountain of never-failing youth and beauty. Remorseless by nature, and now urged on by irrepressible vanity, the thought no sooner flashed across her brain than her resolution was taken: the life of her luckless hand-maiden was not to be compared with the precious boon her death promised to secure. Elizabeth, however, was wary as well as cruel. At the foot of a rock on which Csejta stood was a small cottage, inhabited by two old women; and between the cellar of this cottage and the castle was a subterranean passage, known only to one or two persons, and never used but in case of danger. With the aid of these old crones and her steward, Elizabeth led the poor girl through the secret passage to the cottage, and after murdering her, bathed in her blood. Not satisfied with the first accomplices and the secret passage, no less than three hundred maidens were sacrificed on the altar of vanity and superstition.

"Several years had been occupied in this pitiless slaughter, and no

suspicion of the truth was excited, though the greatest amazement pervaded the country at the disappearance of so many persons. At last, however, Elizabeth called into play against her two passions even stronger than vanity and cunning—love and revenge became interested in the discovery of the mystery. Among the victims of Csejta was a young girl, who was a beautiful virgin, and was beloved and betrothed to a young man in the neighborhood. In despair at the loss of his mistress, he followed her traces with such perseverance, that in spite of the hitherto successful caution of the murderess, he penetrated the bloody secrets of the castle, and burning for revenge, flew to Presburg, boldly accused Elizabeth Bathor, of murder, before the palatine in open court, and demanded judgment against her. So grave an accusation brought against a person of such high rank, demanded the most serious attention, and the palatine undertook to investigate the affair in person. Proceeding immediately to Csejta, before the murderess or her accomplices had any idea of the accusation, he discovered the still warm body of a young girl whom they had been destroying as the palatine approached, and had not time to dispose of it before he apprehended them. The rank of Elizabeth mitigated her punishment to imprisonment for life, but her assistants were burned at the stake.

“Legal documents still exist to attest the truth of this circumstance. Paget, a distinguished traveler who visited Csejta about twenty years ago, says: ‘With this tale fresh in our minds, we ascended the long hill, gained the castle, and wandered over its deserted ruins. The shades of evening were just spreading over the valley; the bare, gray walls stood up against the red sky; the solemn stillness of evening reigned over the scene; and as two ravens which had made their nests on the castle’s highest tower, came toward it, winging their heavy flight, and wheeling once round, each cawing a hoarse welcome to the other, alighted on their favorite turret, I could have fancied them the spirits of the two old crones condemned to haunt the scene of their former crimes, while their infernal mistress was cursed by some more wretched doom.’”

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TEARS.—Weep for love, but never for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.

## PRESENTIMENT.

BY MRS. F. H. DAY.

WHAT is presentiment? Webster defines it, "previous apprehension of something future." But whence comes this *previous apprehension*? WHY does the spirit feel the o'er-shadowings of the future which is yet hidden from our sensuous sight? What means this pressure upon the heart-strings — this vague, undefined feeling of unrest which so oppresses the soul? Who has not at times experienced it? and not knowing whence it came, failed also to understand whither it led, until the occurrence of some disaster, the loss of a friend, the burning of a building, the wreck of a ship at sea, or some other unforeseen event recall to mind the impression or presentiment before experienced. Ah! now all is clear; now is realized the fact that an effort has been previously made to prepare the mind for the event, or ward off the threatened danger; and this is what is called by some presentiment, by others impression. Webster calls it "*previous apprehension*;" and again we are led right back to the same ground from which we started. Some call it instinct. But what is instinct? A natural impulse or propensity by which animals (without reason or experience) do spontaneously what is necessary for their preservation from harm. Are we animals that we should snuff danger, as the horse does his manger, in the distance? No; this does not apply. Instinct is an attribute independent of *reason* or *experience*. Presentiment calls into requisition at once the reasoning faculties, and the experiences of the past.

Let a person, suffering under these dull forebodings, or presentiments, stop and reason upon the subject, and he will usually find its hold upon him strengthen until it becomes almost irresistible. Let him inquire whither it leads, and passively submit to its guidance, and he will find his mind unconsciously led to the object of solicitude, unless, as often happens, he is too much engrossed in materialism to feel the attraction which would lead him thither.

We once knew a lady who became suddenly impressed, of, as she expressed it, "something going wrong." She sought in her own mind to know what it was, and found her thoughts constantly



reverting to her husband's business. He, however, was well off, and doing a good business, and she tried to resist the impression of evil befalling him; still the oppression upon her mind continued. She was ashamed to speak to her husband about it at first; more particularly as she was not in the habit of meddling with his business affairs. But the more she thought of it the more it got possession of her mind, until she could no longer resist its power, and she mentioned it to him. He laughed at her "foolish fears," as he called them. But she having gone thus far, could not find any peace until she had exacted a promise from him to look into his matters and see if all was right. To gratify her, he promised, but still said it was nonsense, all nonsense; he could trust his partner as himself, and no other had power to do him injury; but yet he would look in. And so he did, and much to his surprise found there was indeed much going wrong. The partner, unknown to him, had been gambling, and lost large sums of money, so that it was with difficulty that the house was saved from bankruptcy, and nothing but the timely warning given, saved him: had the presentiment been heeded at the first, the loss would have been but trifling.

What, then, is presentiment? It is something that reaches the affections, appeals to the reason, and challenges the experiences of the past. And still the question, what is presentiment? remains unanswered, and must forever so remain until man learns to realize the duality of his nature, and that in him are centered the representatives of both the spiritual and material kingdoms, until he learns to heed the wants of the soul as much as he does the wants of the body. What, then, is presentiment?—this vague, undefined something which acts upon the mind, independent of and outside of it. It is the spontaneous echo of our own hearts to the unseen touch of sympathetic tones. It is the deep vibration of our own heart-strings to unseen influences;—the *Æolian* harp of the soul yielding harmonious tones of accord to the unseen influences, which, like the gentle summer breeze, or the harsh autumnal winds, sweep across its strings, although not knowing "whence they come, nor whither they go;"—the natural answering of our own spirits to the spirit-voices which are calling unto us from beyond:—the soul's recognition and evidence of its diviner attributes, and its ultimate destiny.

But how is this effected? By what law does it work?—By the

law of attraction, which governs mind as well as matter ; like attracts like, and mind attracts to itself minds which are in sympathy with it, whether in or out of the body. By the yearnings of our hearts our loved ones are attracted to us, and by throwing their magnetism upon certain cords or nerves which connect or communicate with our minds or affections, they touch the pool of our sensibilities, the surge of whose troubled waters arouses us to a sense of danger, and to the inquiry, whence comes it ? If, now, with the humility of little children we let our minds passively follow this unseen influence, or magnetism, we will generally find it lead us direct to the object of solicitude and guardian care. If, however, we grope as those in darkness, having no light, and unable to determine to *what* particular object our attention is desired, it is because we are not sufficiently passive in our thought. Our internal is not sufficiently receptive (because of our materiality) to receive and answer to the vibrations of the angel voices which are calling unto us. How then shall we become so ? What key shall unlock the door of our perceptions that we may behold in the dim future that event of which angels are trying to forewarn us ? Already they have perceived the danger, and hung from the battlements on high the signal flag. Already, as a loving mother or a kind friend seeing a child in danger rushes forward to warn it or avert its doom, so have our bright angel guardians, seeing us in danger, rushed to our rescue, and as by their magnetism alone they can communicate to us, they can only reach us through our *impressions* or *affections*, and this is presentiment.

It often happens that we receive impressions of *something* about to happen, yet we cannot perceive what, on account of our spirits being so engrossed in materiality. Shall we therefore let them pass unheeded ? By no means. Rather let us diligently inquire of God, and by earnest prayer, and if need be, by fasting, subdue the material to the subservience of the spiritual.

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A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No, ma'am," said the boy, "not exactly ; his appetite is very poor, but his drinkatite is as good as ever."

## THE BRIDAL ROBE.

"PRETTY goings on, indeed," cried Mrs. Bruggemann, addressing her daughter. "I'll warrant me old Hans Kettler's coffers will soon be emptied by that reprobate prodigal son of his. There's to be a grand feast of the tip-top Burgesses, forsooth, and the serving men have all got new liveries, that would be fit for the retinue of the Duke of Burgundy himself. They are rolling in the hampers and barrels of wine as if it were so much water; nothing but the best vintage will go down it seems, with this dainty gentleman. The viands are all of the finest and most costly description, and there have been two extra cooks hired to dress the dinner — while here am I, who little thought when I married Mr. Bruggemann, the senior partner in the firm, of coming to distress; obliged to fag hard all day long for little more than a dry crust, and to see you working your fingers to the bone to keep life and soul together. I have no patience when I look at that ungrateful Maurice Kettler, and think of all that my husband did for his family, raising them out of the dirt, as one may say."

"Nay, but dear mother," returned Lena, "Maurice is in all probability ignorant of the benefit which his father received from mine, and you know that it was not the elder Kettler's fault that the partnership was dissolved. We must strive to forget the errors of one so deservedly dear to us; yet, justice compels me to remind you, that my poor father's tenacious adherence to a ruinous system was the sole cause of our misfortune: had he taken Kettler's advice, our circumstances would have been as flourishing as those of his son."

Lena's mild remonstrance was lost upon her mother. She continued to gaze from the narrow window of the mean apartment which she occupied over an out-house, looking upon Maurice Kettler's new mansion and gardens in the suburb of the city, to comment upon the luxury, profligacy and extravagance of their neighbor, and to lament over her own fallen fortunes. The theme was particularly distressing to Lena: she felt the hardships of her lot very severely, but, resigned to the will of heaven, and depending upon a gracious providence, she earnestly endeavored to banish discontentment from her mind. Bending over the embroidery frame,



to which she devoted herself with indefatigable industry, she strove to fix all her attention upon the flowers which sprung up beneath her creative fingers. This state of quietude was not permitted; Mrs. Bruggemann's continued exclamations disturbed her meditative thoughts. Not a fowl, or a ham, or a quarter of venison could pass through Kettler's gate without exciting animadversion. "Oh!" cried the old lady, vexed at Lena's unruffled composure, "if people were honorable and kept their contracts, you would have been the mistress of all this magnificence; but there is no chance of that now; your fine gentleman must needs match himself with nobility, and his marriage with Miss Cunegonde, Baron Hodenburg's daughter, is all the talk, go where one will."

Poor Lena suppressed the sigh which swelled her gentle breast at this speech. She remembered the time when Maurice Kettler delighted to call her his little wife; indeed, so strongly had the solemnity of the engagement, entered into in more prosperous times between the two families, been impressed upon her young mind, that it was with difficulty she could fancy the possibility of its being dissolved. She tried to exonerate Maurice from all blame: he probably had not heard the subject mentioned so often; and, sent away very young to attend to his father's mercantile concerns at Antwerp, he might have forgotten those idle words which she had cherished in her heart of hearts. It was during the absence of Maurice in Holland that old Bruggemann withdrew from the firm, and pursuing some very hazardous speculations, lost all his property, and died of a broken heart. In the interim Hans Kettler amassed great wealth, which he bequeathed to his only son, who returned from Antwerp, after a residence of eight years, to take possession of his inheritance. Lena heard of the expected arrival of her beloved playmate with delight: he had been the partner of all her infant sports, her tutor, and her guide; she loved him with undivided affection, for his place had never been supplied by any new connexion, either male or female; as Mrs. Bruggemann maintained a decent pride in her adversity, and though abandoned by her old acquaintance, refused to associate with the mean people who composed the circle around her. Upon the decease of her husband, the distressed widow retired with her daughter to a cheap lodging in the outskirts of the city, where, by spinning and embroidery, they earned a scanty

subsistence. The tenement which afforded them shelter was built, as before described, against the wall of a spacious garden; and when they first took possession, the domain having been long uninhabited, was exceedingly quiet and and secluded. Lena liked the spot: after she had finished her day's work, when she found leisure to inhale the fresh air from her window, the whole place in its solitude seemed to belong to her; and she the less regretted the loss of her own flowers, since she could gaze upon the luxuriant though untrimmed blossoms of the parterres below. Both mother and daughter, from the first moment of their misfortunes, cherished a secret hope that Maurice Kettler would fulfil his early engagement, and restore them to their former situation in life. Mrs. Bruggemann had, however, the prudence to make some attempts to conceal this expectation; and Lena was too modest to confess how fully she relied on the promises made by a boy of fourteen to a girl of ten years old. When sustaining a bitter disappointment in the neglect of the young merchant, who returned to his native place without making any inquiry concerning his old friends, she still remained silent, and would gladly have avoided the subject altogether. But she was not suffered to grieve over her blighted hopes in secret: the vexation of her injudicious parent was ungovernable; she scolded and fretted herself into a fever; and the agitation of her spirits, when beginning to subside, was revived again by an unfortunate circumstance. Maurice Kettler, unaware of the place of Mrs. Bruggemann's retreat, had become the purchaser of the adjoining house and land. Lena now felt much difficulty in tranquilizing the emotions which disturbed her bosom's peace. She could not approach the lattice without catching a glimpse of Maurice. Tall, graceful, and finely proportioned, he still retained the beautiful lineaments which she had so well remembered. His thoughtless good humor, and unbounded liberality, were likewise unaltered; and he seemed changed only in his forgetfulness of her. She was also much distressed by the incessant complaints of her mother. Seldom lifting her thoughts above this world, Mrs. Bruggemann never ceased to bewail the change in her circumstances; and totally unconscious of her own unworthiness, presumed to charge heaven with injustice in permitting the visitation of so many heavy afflictions. Lena's pious feelings were continually shocked by the utterance of the revolting

sentiments of an unregenerate mind, and she vainly tried to inculcate the holy precepts of the Gospel, and to bring her nearest and dearest relative to a sense of the divine goodness. Sometimes, in order to soothe her mother's irritability, she would throw up her fine eyes to heaven, pronounce her conviction that better days would ensue: and though she, in common with all true Christians, looked only to a future state for the enjoyment of pure felicity, yet, depending upon an omnipotent power, she did not despair of attaining happiness on earth.

In addition to her disquietudes, poor Lena's ideas of propriety were cruelly outraged by the vulgar pleasure which Mrs. Bruggemann derived in watching and commenting upon every thing that passed at her neighbor's; but, too dutiful to reprove the mere follies and mistakes of a parent, she endured the annoyance in silence, striving to subdue her own vexation at the incorrigible disposition which forbade all hope of domestic peace.

The wassail and banqueting at the great house were without end; every night a brilliant illumination shone from the windows, and the sound of revelry and merriment penetrated Lena's distant apartment. Often, too, when the bright moon tipped the trees with silver, a joyous party feasted in the stately garden. Lovers might be seen stealing away through the bleached alleys, chequered only by the rays which came dancing through the waving branches of flowering shrubs; and Maurice Kettler, the life and soul of the entertainment, doing the honors of all his guests, while he lavished the most flattering attentions upon one. Lena, tired of contention, sometimes suffered herself to be dragged to the window on these occasions; and she struggled hard with her feelings while surveying the haughty airs and disdainful manners of the beautiful Cunegonde. Might she not feel glad, to see how small a chance of happiness there was for Maurice in his ambitious choice? No, no: she was too gentle, too kind, too forgiving, to indulge a sentiment so inimical to her angelic disposition; and she grieved at the indications of an imperious temper which the intended bride continually displayed. Mrs. Bruggemann, vexed that she could find very few faults in the personal appearance of the lady, and somewhat awed by her proud looks and scornful gestures, openly rejoiced at the prospect of wedded infelicity which awaited the merchant. The gossiping dame's



attention was, however, soon called off from the affairs of others by the pressure of poverty at home. She could not find any sale for her yarn ; and there was far less demand than heretofore for her daughter's embroidery. Lena bore the privations which their lessened profits entailed upon them with her usual patient sweetness. She toiled from morning until night, devising new patterns, which she trusted would please the eyes of the rich maidens of the city, and bring fresh customers for her needlework ; but the trade grew duller and duller, and want absolutely stared her in the face.—“What will become of all your fine predictions now, Lena ?” cried Mrs. Bruggemann. “We are likely to starve, I think, before this mighty good fortune, which is to come from nobody knows where, arrives. Ah, you may talk as you will, but it is all destiny ; some folks are born to be lucky, while others, far more deserving, are doomed to eat the bread of bitterness all the days of their lives. If there was any thing except a blind chance in the affairs of this world, how comes it that Maurice Kettler rolls in money, while you want common necessities ?”

[To be concluded next month.]

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“Art in its higher forms is the expression of man's delight in the works of God. Literature is the expression of his love for truth, and desire to propagate it. If we introduce the lower motives — if we work with the express object of obtaining either the highest amount of remuneration or the highest rank of power, we gag the nobler and higher impulses ; we in the end destroy them, and our work wanting the inspiration, gradually becomes worthless.”

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The love of truth is root to all the charities. The tree which grows from it may have thousands of distinct and diverging branches, but good and generous fruit will be on them all.

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It is not uncommon for Spanish ladies to possess a hundred fans. They collect and hoard them, as a german collects pipes, as a geologist hunts after specimens.

UNCHANGED TO ME.—By MRS. J. S. TOLLES.

They say it is changed, that homestead so dear,  
That its bare, white walls look cheerless and drear ;  
The vines torn away, the house turned around,  
And the old porch no longer encumbers the ground,  
And that beautiful willow they say is laid low ;  
Sadly changed must be the old home-place, I know,  
But memory recalls from the treasures of art  
A scene that will ever be dear to my heart.  
There is no white house, all ghostly and bare,  
In the picture that seemeth to me so fair,  
But just as it looked when we roamed there so free :  
Thus unchanged must it ever remain with me.  
All brown is the house in this picture of mine,  
And over its walls climbs the clustering vine ;  
The lilacs and roses and flowers so fair,  
Are filling with fragrance the mild summer air ;  
The porch is still there, and broad door-stones so gray,  
Where so often we sat, at the close of the day ;  
Beside it the fir-tree, whose evergreen boughs  
Young sparrows and robins each year used to house.  
The dear rustic arbor, so leafy and cool,  
How grateful its shade, after walking from school ;  
The ancient tree o'er it, so hoary and tall,  
The greensward, the well-curb, and old stone wall ;  
The orchard so lavish of blossoms in spring,  
Where all summer the wild birds so sweetly would sing.  
Every day new promise it seemed to unfold,  
Till it yielded its harvest of russet and gold ;  
The blossoming clover, the meadow and brook,  
The willow that loved in its waters to look,  
The weather-stained barn, old, ample and gray,  
With its mows of fragrant, newly-mown hay,  
How oft it resounded with laughter and song,  
As gathered within it a bright joyous throng ;  
From a lofty beam there suspended our swing,  
And glad voices of youth made its tall rafters ring,  
While the swallows, accustomed to laughter and shout,  
Unmindful would twitter, and sail in and out.  
This picture, so simple, I love best of all,  
The scenes that are hanging on "memory's wall ;"  
Every flower, every shrub, each rock, and each tree,  
Are enchanting above all others to me.  
O ! sweet childhood home, thou art dearer by far  
And more lovely to me than proud palaces are.  
Let those who will, boast that from mansions they roam—  
For me the old homestead, my dear rural home.

## Fashions.

FASHION still maintains her sceptre, and holds it as arbitrarily over the heads of a people bowed in sorrow for the affliction of their country as over those who rejoice in peace and prosperity. The same mail that brings us word of the enriching of America's soil by the fertilizing blood of her noble and loyal sons, brings us also word of the changes taking place in the World of Fashion. The same mail that brings us the list of the killed and wounded in our country's cause, brings us also a list of the new and stylish garments now in vogue.

Even over those aching hearts clothed in the sable paraphernalia of woe, is felt that arbitrary sceptre. Its votaries, while they acknowledge its despotism, still bow in humble subservience to its demands. The blushing, trembling maiden at the altar has bowed to its dictates; the pale young mother, with her bare-necked, bare-armed babe in her lap, is sacrificing at its shrine. Its despotic sway is felt alike by rich and poor—by the lady in courtly halls; the needle-woman in her garret, whose heart-strings vibrate painfully to the "Song of the Shirt," and the maid in the kitchen, whose whole month's wages will go for one tawdry piece of finery because "it is the FASHION." Alas, for human needs, when the wants of the poor perishing body, which to-day is, and to-morrow is like the grass, cut down and withered, supercede the wants of the soul, whose eternity of existence mortal mind has never yet been capable of computing. But lest our FASHION article should be construed into a sermon, we will proceed to give a description of some of the prominent articles of dress now in vogue, and as there will be no decided changes in ladies' dress until the fall, we give more particular attention to the children, excepting

### THE 'MATHILDE' JACKET.



This pretty jacket is much in vogue for *matinee* costume for young married ladies, and also for *demoiselles*. It consists of fine light blue or green cashmere, bordered with black velvet, upon which is embroidered scallops and dots in white silk. On the front of the sleeve, the velvet extends up on the arm, forming the half of a pyramidal block. A side seam gives shape to the front,



and there are also seams in the back which fit it to the waist, where the skirt is laid in a hollow plait. This jacket is very pretty in Solferino or Magenta cashmere, with a simple border of black velvet.

#### THE CASTILIAN.



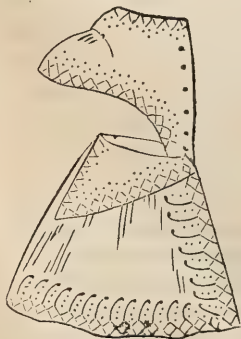
The "Castilian" is a charming little dress for a boy of two years. It is made of gray poplin, and trimmed with black velvet. The shoulder strap extends to the waist, back, and front, rounding off into a little polka skirt, which confines the fullness of the lower skirt upon the hips.

#### WILLIE SACK.



A sack dress to be worn with knee pants, made short, and plain at the neck, and confined at the waist by a belt which has a polka attached to it; it is rounded off at the hips. The sleeve is a double cap. The second one the same shape as polka. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material for a boy three years old.

#### THE LITTLE BEAUTY.



(Back view.)

This is a charming little apron for a child of six years. To the half waist a little pointed cape is attached, which is gathered full upon the shoulders, and falls over the short puffed sleeve of the dress. Two deep points form a polka to the skirt, back and front, and completes this little beauty, which may be made in black silk and trimmed with lace, or in any lighter white fabrics, braided in colors.

## Literary Notices and Reviews.

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WE have received from the house of A. ROMAN & Co., 117 Montgomery Street, 'The Life of Winfield Scott, by J. T. Headley'—a book for the times, and one that should find extensive patronage from a loyal and grateful people. In his preface, the author makes the following well-timed and truthful remarks:—

"For nearly half a century Gen. Scott has occupied a prominent position in the history of the nation, but never one on which the eyes of men were fixed with such intense, absorbing interest, as that which he at present holds. After a man has reached seventy-five, nothing more can ordinarily be written of him than his obituary notice, but the most important portion of Scott's history is yet to be written. Though he has passed his three-score and ten, his great work is yet to be done.

"Had his lot been similar to that of ordinary mortals he, to-day, would be like a noble old vessel which, after having long battled with the elements and carried her country's flag triumphantly over every sea, was at last quietly anchored in a peaceful haven, to go no more out on the troubled deep. Instead of this, however, he is like that vessel set afloat on a last desperate voyage, and with all sail crowded upon her, launched forth amid the wildest storm that ever blew, whose destiny at best, even if it survives the tempest, will be to sink in the subsiding swell, but never more to reach the peaceful haven it has left.

"Be this as it may, we trust and believe that he will live to see the great scheme he has devised for the suppression of this unnatural rebellion successfully carried out, and the flag of the Union waving over an undivided country.'

The work is well gotten up, and embellished with a steel plate engraving of General Scott.

We have also received from the same house an elegant little work entitled the "Prince's Visit," being a humorous description of the tour of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, through the United States of America in 1860 by R. J. de Cordova—Rudd & Carlton publishers. This volume is elegantly gotten up on superb paper delicately tinted, and is illustrated by several humorous engravings. It is dedicated to the "Gentleman round the corner," and is altogether the most side-splitting volume we have seen in a great while. The description of the return to New York, is humorous in the extreme, and must be read entire to be fully appreciated. We however venture to make an extract or two, not however without some misgiving, lest in so doing, we do injustice to the author.

"Per programme, which the newspapers publish anew,  
The Prince is to be here precisely at two ;  
Though, in view of the fact that he has to go  
By the Camden and Amboy line so slow,  
Many doubts are expressed if His Highness can be  
At the Battery pier before half-past three.

Yet the people in various groups combine  
 To block up the door-steps by half-past nine.  
 By ten, the crowd is beginning to grow  
 To a couple of hundred thousand or so ;  
 The stages are ordered away from the street,  
 And the stones echo nothing but human feet.  
 By eleven, the sidewalk so closely is packed  
 With a perfect mobocracy, cleverly stacked,  
 That busy Broadway might in verity seem  
 One vast human sausage, parboiling in steam."

Then follows a description of the advent of the policemen, and their efforts to produce order and tranquility among that surging mass of human beings. In reply to the order to "fall back," one poor individual replies in this wise:—

"It's all very well  
 A fellow to tell  
 In such a pack,  
 That he must fall back,  
 When there's no place at all  
 Where a man *can* fall  
 In the midst of such crowds,  
 Unless he fell upwards and dropp'd in the clouds."

As the crowd increases individuals become impatient with one another. The Irish, German, French and English, each clamoring, display their own nationality in the most amusing and absurd manner. One poor Englishman asks the French woman by his side to "keep her elbows out of his ribs." To which her indignant husband replies :

\* \* \* \* \*

"My wife stand here pon her ease ;  
 She put her elbow vere she please."  
 "But, you stupid blackguard,  
 Your wife's helbows are 'ard."

"Again, I don't care ;  
 Zats not *your* affair.  
 What's zat to me ?  
 Ze country is free.  
 You keep your ribs, if you don't want strife,  
 Out of ze elbow of my wife."

We earnestly recommend this book to all who may be suffering from indigestion, and hazard the full assurance that it will be more efficacious than either the doctor's visits or his nauseous prescriptions.



## Editor's Table.

DEAR friends and readers: since last we met you our happy home has been o'ershadowed by the wing of the white angel, and—alas! that our hand should have to record it—he bore away from our mortal vision our precious baby. The hues of life are changed—the rainbow tints have faded, and all things earthly have assumed a more sombre hue. But if the earth seem less attractive to our bereaved mother heart, the other life seems infinitely more attractive than ever before,—for another golden cord has been let down from heaven to draw our affections thitherward; for well we know our blessed little one did but exchange our loving arms for the even more tender embrace of a bright angelic guardian, and all the fond voices and tender endearments of his earthly home for the loving caresses of the angel host on high. There from day to day will he be instructed in wisdom and goodness by radiant spirits, whose particular mission it is to minister to those pure little ones. There will all the graces of his character unfold as the flower unfolds, nurtured by the rays of the summer sun; and there will his spiritual nature expand in the sunlight of divine and eternal truth. And mayhap his little spirit will sometimes linger near, to whisper hope and courage to our sad and fainting heart, and point our weary feet to that land, not far away, where the playmates of our childhood and the loved and loving friends of years ago, a bright angel band, await with outstretched arms our tardy coming. And when at last we shall have written our last page in the book of life, his silvery voice will be the first to greet us on the radiant shore beyond, and fondly own us “MOTHER” still, and there shall the deep yearning love of maternal tenderness be forever satisfied.

We do not know who was the author of the following lines, but they express our sentiments:—

\* \* \* \* \*  
Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be fully blest ;  
It has no room to spread its wings  
Amid this crowd of meaner things.

\* \* \* \* \*  
If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again,  
We should not know  
What was our Life of Life when here—the hearts  
We loved so much below,  
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.  
But love is no such soulless clod ; living perfected  
It shall rise  
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory  
To the skies ;  
And that which makes this life so sweet,  
Shall render heaven's joys complete.

CHANGES.—It may be interesting to some of our readers to note the changes taking place in the metropolis of the Atlantic. We therefore take the liberty

of inserting a portion of a letter recently received from a highly-prized New York correspondent, Mrs. Caroline F. Wells:—

“How I would like to have you able to visit Broadway—mentally, if not bodily—and see the change since one year ago to-day, when I saw you for the last time, if my memory serves me. Since then there have been several *splendid* white marble stores erected. One is two doors above ours (No.308 ; another three *blocks* above; another on the south-east corner of Walker Street and Broadway‘ this side of Canal Street, built by William B. Astor, and is, in my view, the grandest building in the city ; yet there are so many that come so near it in grandeur and beauty that it seems almost impossible to draw comparisons.\* Those above-named are all on this side of the street, and within five blocks of us, while within a mile of these several more buildings, not quite completed, are in progress, and will probably be finished this season, if not prevented by the war.

“Do you remember that building that used to be occupied by Appletons, Nos. 346 and 348, corner of Leonard and Broadway? When they built their white marble store on the other side of the street, they rented the whole of their building for ten years, for forty thousand dollars per year, and spent the amount of one year’s rent in alterations and repairs. It was completed and occupied about the first of August—the first floor by a wholesale dry-goods store, which, after about eight months, was evacuated, and it is now ‘To Let.’ The other floors are occupied by various business firms but not much is done there at present.

“The business done by *some* of the men in that building has heretofore been done almost entirely with the South, and of course it is prostrate now. Here I have only spoken of the east side of Broadway, between Duane and Canal Sts., and when it is convenient I will carry my description further up town.”

In a letter of more recent date, she thus continues :—.

“To proceed with the description of changes in Broadway, we will *continue* our walk up the east side, for the aristocratic, or *west* side, was entirely omitted in the former walk, and will be attended to by itself.

“Do you remember those low old buildings that used to stand on the north-east corner of Canal and Broadway? Perhaps you noticed their rapid and complete demolition after their evacuation, May 1st, 1860. You would not now recognize the place, so changed is it by a vast edifice of brick and brown-stone, fronting seventy-five feet on Broadway, and about one hundred and twenty-five or more on Canal Street, and standing four stories above the ground floor, which is somewhat elevated on an underpinning that was built with care, for the circumstances required care to ensure stability and health, owing to the low and wet ground in that region. You probably know that Canal Street took its name from the old canal or ditch that underlies the pavement over which so much humanity passes and repasses daily, walking, riding in cars, stages, &c.

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\* One on the north-east corner, opposite it, was then nearly completed, and is very nearly its equal in every respect.

"It is a noticeable fact that all the modern buildings erected on Canal Street require great care to dispose of the dirty, stagnant water that manifests itself on the excavation of the cellars, and when we saw the same unpleasant sight day after day when this pile was in course of preparation, we said nothing would tempt us to erect and occupy a building in a place that we thought must necessarily be so unhealthy—standing over such water. However, it is a fine-looking building, though we often hear the remark that it *looks* too low, and would have been much improved by the addition of another story.

"Between Grand and Broome Streets is a store with white marble front, five stories in height, and reaching through to the rear street. It occupies nearly two feet less than two full lots, leaving it a little more than forty feet wide. It is divided and made into two small stores. On the next block, between Broome and Spring Streets, nearly opposite Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine establishment, is another building, of plain white marble, five stories high, and about sixty feet in front, with a division making two large stores.

"A few doors farther up on the block above, between Spring and Prince Streets, is another very wide store—that is, between thirty and forty feet in width, also made with a white marble front, and five stories high.

"As near as I can recollect, these are all that were erected last year on this (east) side of the street between Canal and Bleeker, and our next walk will be between Bleeker Street and Union Park."

A LETTER from our highly esteemed friend and correspondent, RUTH HALL, dated Chicago, June 28th, 1861, speaks so plainly the sentiments of our loyal people, that we can not resist the temptation of giving a portion of it to our readers. Her pen glows with the sentiments of a loyal heart, and we hope that many such will be raised up to nerve the hearts and strengthen the arms of the brave defenders of our country in these most troubled times:—

"We, as might be expected, feel very belligerent in our section, and are cultivating with success an intense hatred and scorn of Southerners. Formerly I inclined greatly to this indolent, aristocratic race; the *dolce far niente* of their dreamy lives fascinated me. Although of course very wicked, I infinitely preferred St. Clair with all his sins, to Miss Olive with all her virtues—believed in them, in their scorn of petty meanness, their lavish hospitality and generosity, and in fact chose to imagine charming though rather naughty, to which it is said women do not object—rather blinking wilfully the crimes inseparably attendant on slavery—made excuses for the "peculiar institution" as something forced on them—advocated the measure of their receiving compensation for their property by the northern abolitionists in case of emancipation, who, I contended, have no right to be virtuous at other peoples' expense; but when subsequent events proved the treachery of men claiming to be chivalrous, who did not scorn to receive the pay of the government they were betraying; when with unparalleled duplicity it was shown how their toils had been weaving for years around their unsuspecting victims; when they had ruled and robbed until it was no longer possible; when they fired on our people, trampled on our



flag,—then my feelings, in common with thousands of others, changed to unmitigated bitterness. Now we idolize the soldiers who are preparing to fight the battles of progress and reform, and bear as patiently as we can the stagnation of business occasioned by the struggle.”

**THE WAR SPIRIT.**—There is no denying the fact, we are indeed in the midst of a war, bloody and severe: not indeed with a foreign foe, but with those who have been partakers with us of all the benefits of our free government; who have been reared by our institutions, educated by our schools, and protected by our laws.

In ancient history we read of one, who for thirty pieces of silver, betrayed the master whom he had sworn to serve, and it is not difficult to trace the analogy between the traitor of olden time and the traitor of to-day. Nor do we feel the whole south to be rebellious—no! Well we know there are loyal hearts and true within her fair domains, who are pained at the thought of murderous hands striking madly against the government. But it is not of this that we designed to speak, but of the SPIRIT in which the war is carried on. From various sources we receive word of the most heart-thrilling barbarities practiced on our wounded and disabled soldiers by the southern rebels—barbarities which would shock a decent savage, and beside which Indian atrocities sink into insignificance.

Fain would we, for the sake of humanity, believe the statements misrepresented; the tale of horrors false. Well may the question be asked, are we a civilized nation?—and can such things be? Can man exchange the divinity of his nature for the fiendish attributes of satanic majesty? Can he forget that he was created but “*little lower than the angels,*” and degrade himself to the level of the ferocious tiger or the loathsome hyena? Can he lay aside the “image in which he was created,” and glory in the slime of creeping things?

Alas for manhood! Alas for the days of chivalry and boasted greatness, when man forgets HIMSELF and the high prerogatives of his MANHOOD, and, coward-like, descends to strike a fallen foe, and mutilate the bodies of the consecrated dead. Alas! for that deadly spirit of hatred which would pursue a foe even beyond the grave’s dark portal, and claim him, even after the victor Death hath set his signet upon the pale, damp brow—hath chained the heart’s wild beat, the pulse’s throb, and cast upon the rigid form the mantle of repose.

Is it not enough that ye meet in manly warfare; is it not enough that ye spill each other’s blood as water! Must ye take upon yourselves also the offices of black corruption and putrifying decay? Is it not enough that ye are quenching the light of many homes, bereaving many loving hearts, and desolating many hearths? Must there to all this be added a tale of sickening horrors which shall make the aged mother’s heart quiver and shrivel up in despair? which shall make the aged father arise, and with bowed head and trembling voice swear by the *God* of his fathers to avenge, terribly avenge, not the life, for that was freely given, but the outrage upon the devoted dead.

As yet we have heard of no such atrocities laid to the charge of our Northern men as are attributed to the Southern rebels, and we hope our ears may forever be spared such pain. Fain would we keep our faith and trust in the integrity

and uprightness of our Northern brothers unimpaired; fain would we believe them possessors of all the attributes of a dignified and benevolent humanity, with that keen sense of justice, and that high appreciation of honor, that would scorn to strike a fallen foe, much less mutilate a dead one. North-men remember the gallant deeds of the founders of our country; what zeal and what humanity characterized them. The lustre of their noble deeds is dimmed by no inhuman acts. The glory of their renown is shaded by no tyrannical outrages. And when ye go forth to battle, remember whose shades ye fight under; whose representatives ye are, and whose standard ye bear; and remember also, that the women of the North can claim no kindred with the cringing, craven-hearted coward that could strike a fallen foe; and see that *ye* do it not.

UNION.—It has been intimated to us that it would be policy, so far as the prosperity of our Magazine is concerned, not to allow ourselves to be drawn into too strong an expression of feeling in regard to the present National struggle; and it may be possible that some of our numerous readers may feel aggrieved at portions of the contents of this number. To such we say—and we say it in all kindness of heart—we are sorry you are on the *wrong side*. But we would not change our course, nor hesitate one moment to avow our Union sentiments, *if we knew* that we should suffer such a discontinuance of patronage as would render us unable ever to publish another number of the HESPERIAN. We are SOUL and BODY for the Union our fathers fought for; and if the HESPERIAN can not live avowing such sentiments, it is time it died; at any rate, it is time its strength were tested, and we are willing now to abide that test. If it dies, our regrets are for our proud State of California, and for our country—not for ourselves; and in yielding the life of our Magazine, we could find expression but for one feeling; “*Would it were worthier.*”

But when the word goes out (if it ever does) that our Union sentiments have so injured our business and decreased our income as to render us unable longer to continue its publication, then, Northmen, fly to arms, for your hearth-stones and your altars are in danger, and your wives and your children cry to you for protection. And we, rending our balmorals, will to our sewing-machine, there to make cartridges for your use. That duty done, we will to the hospital; and there, staunching the warm life-blood, “watch the stars out by the bed of pain.”

NEW VOLUME.—With this number commences a new volume of the *Hesperian*, and we trust that the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to us, will be continued, and even increased. Let each old subscriber try to send us one new one, and the improvements in the *Hesperian* will be rapid and satisfactory.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.—For description of full sized paper Pattern, “The Little Beauty,” see page 336.

ACCEPTED.—“Waiting;” “By and By;” “The Hymn of Nature;” “Lilla;” “To Mary;” “Like Falling Dew;” “A Miner’s Dream;” “Bright Flowers on my Pillow;” and others.

THE following exquisitely touching gem, republished from the *Banner of Light* Boston, (a journal which is giving to the public more articles of *real literary merit*, than any other we know of in the United States,) depicts the agony that many hearts are suffering on account of this terrible war. Read it, and if a tear should well up in your eye, be not ashamed of it. And when you are called upon to aid the desolate families of the volunteers, remember Mary O'Conner and poor little mavourneen Daisy. The world is dark enough, at best ; but doubly so, when suddenly separated from our all of life and love at once.

MARY O'CONNER, THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.—BY MARY A. DENISON.

An' shure I was tould to come here to your honor,  
To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat ;  
He's gone for a soger is Mister O'Conner,  
Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat.

An' what 'll you tell him? it ought to be aisy  
For such as your honor to spake wid the pen,  
And say I'm all right, and that mavourneen Daisy  
(The baby your honor) is better agen ;

For whin he went off, it's so sick was the childer,  
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face,  
And whin I'd be crying, he'd look but the wilder,  
And say would I wish for the country's disgrace ?

So he left her in danger, and me sorely greeting,  
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy.  
O ! it's often I drame of the great drums a beating,  
And a bullet gene straight to the heart of me boy.

And say will he send me a bit of his money,  
For the rint, and the doctor's bill, due in a week ;  
Well surely there's tears on your eyelashes, honey,  
Ah ! faith I've no right wid such freedom to speak.

You 're overmuch trifling—I'll not give you trouble ;  
I'll find some one willin' ;—oh, what can it be ?  
What's that in the newspaper folded up double ?  
Yer honor—don't hide it—but read it to me.

What ! Patrick O'Conner ?—no, no, it's some other ;  
Dead ! dead !—no not him, 'tis a week scarce gone by ;  
Dead ! dead ! why the kiss on the cheek of his mother—  
It has n't had time yet, your honor, to dry.

Don't tell me—it's not him—O God ! am I crazy ?  
Shot dead !—oh, for love of sweet heaven say no ;  
An' what 'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy ?  
O ! how will I live, and O ! where will I go ?

The room is so dark—I'm not seein' your honor ;  
I—think—I'll go home—and a sob quick and dry  
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,  
But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.





EVENING DRESS.



# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1861.

No. 2.

## HELIUS—A GRECIAN MYTH.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *The Baptism of Fire.*

HYPERION, son of Coelus and Terra, had married Thea; and their union was already blest with the presence of a daughter. The fair child that flitted so gracefully along the pleasant borders of her mother's grotto, was enveloped by an atmosphere of rose-clouds. Out of its fleecy piles the maidens of Terra wove delicate robes for the little one; and the star-sapphire, rarest gift of Coelus, was set among the sunny-flaxen curls, that clustered round her beautiful forehead. And when her parents saw wherever she went the dark gray twilight, which had till then enveloped the earth, faded before her, they called her Eos,\* which signifies the dawn, or morning.

She was a light in the house of good old Terra; and being by her nature equally allied to Heaven and Earth, she was very fond of both her grand-parents; yet from her friendliness, and sympathy with all that unfolded around her, she clung most tenderly to the bosom of the great Earth-Mother, whose good gifts entered into her life, and whose love sublimed the worship of Beauty, which, even thus early, began. And while she entered truly into this worship Eos became, in her turn, also the inspirer of life. In the dawn light which she radiated, the world exhibited many remarkable changes. The dull olive of the meadows, and the shimmering gray of the forest side, brightened into verdure; birds sang; insects murmured; waters warbled; flowers bloomed, and brightened into

\* Eos was the Aurora of Mythology.



many hues ; and every thing seemed waking as if with a new consciousness of life, and joy in the beauty of the world.

But nothing could fill the void, which the instinctive want of a young companion like herself, had, even then, revealed in that young and happy heart. Every thing in life wants something like itself, to which it can most freely and truly utter itself. So it was with Eos ; and therefore nothing pleased her like sitting down at the feet of the good old Terra, and listening to stories which the grand-dame rehearsed ; for they spoke of a dear little babe, who was coming, some day, to grow up with her, and always to be her friend and play-fellow. Much she wondered how it should all be ; and many questions went forth from her sweet lips, which were fain to content themselves without a clear answer.

But by and by, there was heard a low cry within the tent-folds of Thea ; the little girl was silently led away ; and an air of mystery hung around the place. Eos, remembering the promise, after a little while crept quietly into the bower ; and, behold, a young babe lay in the arms of one of the attendants. The matrons and nymphs gathered so closely around, that she could not approach him ; and with mingled wonder, fear, and pleasure, she stole out again, to ponder on the mysterious circumstance, and to think of the little hand and little face she had seen—for they were so much smaller than her own, she wondered if that baby *could* grow so large as she was ! Then, true to the forward-reaching instincts of her race, she began to suggest plans for the future, in all of which the young stranger was to bear an important part.

But let us return to the babe. With the first inspiration, a strange and beautiful light hovered round his lips, and was then absorbed in a lambent stream. Tracing this luminous current in an oblique direction upward, the eye of the observer was led to the figure of a Sage, standing apart from the central group, and seeming to breathe this draught of light into the form of the child. He was regarding the little one with eyes that still seemed radiating fire, while a distant emanation appeared, reaching from mouth to mouth—from Seer to infant.

Fearing that some evil spell, or omen, had beset the precious babe, the good old Terra hobbled forward, and demanded of the intruder his name and business. Without being at all discomposed by this

abrupt sally, he lifted himself up into such a benign look of majesty as subdued and silenced every beholder, while he thus answered for himself.

“Hail! all hail, great Mother of Men! Behold the babe; for thou too must be a witness—and see the unfolding of this great wonder. The light ye all see, as it is now shining out from the forehead of the child, is a symbol of the crown he is destined to wear—the crown of martyrdom. Gradually it will be absorbed, and drawn into the soul, and for a time be no more seen of men; but it shall be for an interior light, to guide and direct him in all his paths, and finally lead to his beautiful and glorious transition.

“Know, *Coelus, Terra, Thea*, and all ye followers of *Hyperion*, that the fire of which this light is an emanation, was plucked from the living brands, where Olympian *Jove* lights and arms his thunderbolts. Remember, O Earth, Mother of Men and Nations, that I have dared this for thee, and for thy children. I go now to pay the penalty. I go willingly, for if it extended to whole ages, instead of years of suffering, as my persecutor believes it will, still I should welcome it, for the great joy of bestowing on the child of my adoption a gift so excellent.”

He pressed the right hand upon his heart: “Here is the love of a Man, that knows how to suffer without complaint.” He clasped both hands together over the head: “Here is the will of a God, that can make even that suffering, itself, triumphant and glorious. Every pang of this indestructible body shall become the father of light, inextinguishable as its own substance; and men in all ages shall bless my memory, for the immortal triumph that shall teach them how to achieve a diviner life.”

After a short pause he advanced, without opposition; for all present were filled with a strange awe, that held them still and mute.

He took the child in his arms: and, lifting him up, silently invoked the Divine Powers. As he thus stood, with the long hair falling back in silvery streams from the upturned forehead, the mobile and expressive features suddenly became rigid as marble, as if the intensest power of passion had been stilled and petrified by the sublimest energy of Will. Then a glory enveloped both him and the babe. For a moment the particles of light appeared agitated, as if a current were forming. Then the emanation rapidly passed,

with a strong expiration, from the Sage to the child. For an instant it hovered around the baby's lips in a lambent flame. Then with a slight struggle it was inhaled ; and, in the substance, was no more seen.

"It is Prometheus !" went, in a low whisper, from lip to lip, the mysterious visitor recognizing the name by a slight gesture.

But when the light had passed from the face of the Seer, the unnatural tension gave way, and the sternness of the Divinity yielded for a moment to the softness of human feeling. A large tear glittered in either eye, and trickling down the quivering cheek, fell on the soft face of the babe, who, with preternatural consciousness, looked up in the eyes that were so earnestly bent upon him, with the expression of an intelligent smile passing over his serene features, as if the spiritual transfusion had thus asserted, and confessed, its energising power.

With more than the yearning fondness of a father, Prometheus drew the child close to his heart. Then returning him to the nurse, he thus addressed Hyperion : "Call his name Helius ;\* for he shall be a power of light to the world, that shall never be extinguished, through all time."

Even after he had ceased speaking they knew not that he was silent, so intense was the power of his expression. Then the great sadness seemed to be absorbed ; and Prometheus stood before them, stately, solemn and august, as if the majesty of the God were slowly withdrawing itself from the weakness of Humanity. Suddenly he was enveloped in a splendor which no one could look upon ; and, as this had withdrawn itself, behold he was gone, and no one knew whither.

Then the little Eos crept back softly to the side of her young brother, whose very life was, to her, a fulfilment of prophecy ; and as she clasped her own fair arms around his little form, a rosier freshness dimpled in her cheek, and a more golden glory hovered in the meshes of her yellow hair. But the solemnity of the scene almost terrified her ; for the mysterious appearance, action and words of the Sage, and the ominous character of his visit, had silenced the gossip, which, even at that early day, had become an e-

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\* The Sun of the Greeks.



sential feature of such occasions, and was in full flow but a moment before his arrival, to the infinite zest of the good old Terra. So Eos folded her hands, and, like a young vestal, sat still in the silence, watching to see what should next unfold itself.

The child, Helius, lived, and grew in stature; and his mental development was also more rapid than had ever been known in those early times. He inherited, in a remarkable degree, the beauty of his father, combined with the finer taste, higher intellect, and more ethereal spirit of his mother; and these qualities were bound and strengthened by a predetermined manliness and grandeur of soul which, even in infancy, seemed to throw around him the gathering mantle of the departed Sage. There was unfolded in him an outshining fountain of light, that gave tone and color, and even form, to his whole being. It brightened the long silken curls, so like those of Hyperion, with a hue richer than that of gold. It bloomed in the blooming cheek, and rounded off its delicate outline. It fashioned the perfect limbs, and inspired every motion with that informing grace, that made itself beautiful, for the simple and natural love of beauty. In the eyes, especially, this light, mingling with the finer elements of the pure material, opened direct communication between soul and soul, of whose emotions and conditions it became at once the mirror and the interpreter. And their ever-deepening depths opened to the household loves and graces—opened to the spirit of those beautiful scenes, until they were imbibed in his own being, and became a part of him.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Foreshadowings and Premonitions.*

HELIUS, for a few years dwelt quietly in his mother's grotto, embowered by one of the fairest groves of Mount Helicon; and there he played with his young sisters Eös and Selené,\* who, although remarkably unlike each other, were united at least in one thing, that of loving him very tenderly. But he soon grew so far out of companionship with them, as often rather to choose his own thoughts for company. Then he would wander away over the beautiful acclivities of the mountain, and lying down among the flowering herbs

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\* The Diana or Cynthia of the Myths.

and shrubs, look up into the clear blue sky, until its calm and deep infinitude was written in his soul. Then, when his feelings became too intense, he would rise suddenly, and, wandering off awhile into the cooler air, again fling himself down beside some shadowy fountain, to watch the white flocks browsing on the fragrant herbs, and listen to the simple pipe of the shepherd, as it mingled with the singing of Hippocrené.

He had heard voices in the air, and seen forms in the shadowy distance of the sky. There was something drawing his soul out and up, into a higher thought, and a more expansive sphere. The great idea of his life was unfolding itself—not without much effort, and struggle and pain. His destiny, robed in yet impenetrable shadows, stood ever before him. Her oracles were written in mystic characters on all he saw. Her unknown will entered into the composition of all motion, form and color. It blushed in the blooming flowers; it woke in their perfume; it animated their forms. It whispered in the waving grass; it bowed in the bending corn; it rustled in the stirring woods, and it entered into all perception, sensation, passion of the animal world. In every voice of insect, wind or water, it uttered its mysterious music; and whether at eve or morning, noon or midnight, it came thrilling through the deep sky, written in characters of light, or breathing in notes of divinest melody. There was some mysterious relation between his spirit and all external forms. He knew not that he was the ultimate of these, and therefore bound to them by the infinite affinity, through whose electrical substance radiations were continually passing from the higher to the lower, and from the lower to the higher. He knew not that his own spirit was expanding with the life of all interior essences, as it also reached out into the strength of all superior power. But there was one great question, which it seemed to him the whole universe could not answer; and yet if it were not answered, how could he live? “Whence am I; and for what purpose do I exist?”

Sometimes the question opened with such power he almost became frantic; and then, after the throe had subsided, a kind of vague perception of something great and good would take possession of him, and he would grow calm again. Yet even while the mystery seemed to deepen, he was silently and unconsciously solving the life-enigma. Ages have passed away since Helius expounded the

problem; yet the great principle of human nature remains ever the same. Something like this must every gifted soul pass through before it can know its work, and be happy in achievement.

Years flew on; and Helius, in his solitary wanderings, strayed still farther away, until the whole domain of Hellas was familiar as the shadow of his native mountain. The finer perceptions of his mother could alone approach his; but as he grew in thought, he yearned for a higher companionship. He had often listened to the mystic story of his birth, chanted over his half-slumbers in the sweet voice of Thea; and as he lived and grew, there grew with him a conviction that he was called into being for some great and special purpose. The form of the mysterious sage became to him a tutelary spirit of love and wisdom, embodying the idea of some mystic good, which he was destined to achieve and illustrate; and thus the great thought of his life, even without being recognized, foreshadowed itself in his person and character.

And would not Prometheus, the immediate prompter of all these emotions, be able also to divine their aim and import? This he often asked himself; but as yet no answer came.

At the command of Eurystheus, Hercules had gone forth, weaving his wonderful labors into a crown of glory, to the astonishment and dismay of his cruel kinsman. Already the skin of the Nemæan Lion clothed the conqueror with a god-like majesty. Already were his arrows dipped in the venom of the Lernæan Hydra; and the whole world rang with the splendor of his achievements. Could he but know his work, that this goading inanity might be exchanged for action, he felt that nothing would be too high, too great, too severe for his ambition to dare, or his will to determine. The gods, themselves, had armed Hercules with their divine terrors; but, alas! no armor of invincible power has been wrought for him! How, then, should he unfold the brooding thought with which his whole life labored? He knew not, as many since have not known, that the deepest, strongest, and the truest forces operate silently, peacefully, and often unconsciously to the subject himself. They never bring their work out into the common glare of day until, perchance, it is accomplished, and the wonder bursts on the world, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, perfect in form, and invincible in armor. So have many of the mightiest achievements of human history been



wrought ; for great deeds seldom march out into notice preceded by a flourish of trumpets ; but they live to be wrought out along with the development of some master-mind, unrecognized and unknown by any other, until the full time appears.

For Helius there was no history. No record of the passing times had ever been written ; and therefore he could not extract lessons of wisdom from the sum of human experience. Nor had he, in a very high degree, the advantage and comfort of sympathy. His mind was an unread and yet unwritten volume, to which no other in the wide world afforded a parallel, or an illustration. It was a vast expanse of almost unexplored conditions, peopled with emotions and perceptions, through which his Thought wandered without any definite object, chart or compass.

But, as he lived, there woke continually a more intense yearning for the presence of Prometheus. Would not he solve the mystery, and from all this chaotic tumult of mind, teach him how to evolve the order of symmetrical action, and the harmony of some true and beautiful work, the necessary accomplishment of which was written on his soul in characters of fire that continually burned deeper and deeper. Daily he invoked the Sage, with an earnestness and devotion which, though always disappointed, never lost the sincerity of their faith. Still his soul was continually crying to its Father ; though from the moment that Prometheus had left the abode of Hyperion, not one syllable had ever been heard of him. As the youth lay at rest, whenever a fresher wind stirred the woods of Helicon, he would listen for his step, and watch for his stately shadow, as if the long expected advent had been always present with him. And often in his wanderings, as he came to rest in the shady grot of Delphi, he would lie and gaze into the fissures of the great rock that stretched up, pile over pile, into the cliffs of Parnassus, hoping, and at times almost believing, that the majestic form of Prometheus would come out of the solitude and stand before him. There were, indeed, certain outlines of an august character and expression that were delineated by many seemingly accidental combinations. In the clouds, in the shadowy forest, on the sunny hill-side, in the various colored lichens that clothed the rocks, he always saw them, and they were always the same. They represented a form in the full ripeness of its material power, and inspired by a spirit clothed

in the most serene majesty of Godhood. But especially in the morning and the evening twilight, did this appearance assume a power and character of life. And thus the freshness of youth passed; and the vigor of early manhood was just beginning to unfold itself.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *Vision of Prometheus.*

ONE morning as Helius stood, holding aside the vines that sheltered his mother's door, the parting footstep was arrested, and he lingered with a feeling of unwonted sadness; for a heavy presentiment of ill oppressed him.

"Let not the evening shadows find thee a wanderer, my son," said the gentle Thea, as she bestowed the accustomed benediction. He looked up with tearful eyes, but made no response. Just then his sisters also appeared. Selené, with the quiver of spent arrows depending gracefully from her bare shoulder, and bearing in one hand her slackened bow, came from her hunting in the forest; while Eos had just mounted her rosy chariot, and was reining in her white steeds for a morning drive. Never had they appeared more lovely than at that moment. The silvery-flaxen hair of Selené was gathered from her brow by an azure crescent, set with gems that emitted a soft, pearl-white splendor, according well with the serene majesty of her whole presence and character. She smiled almost sadly, as she gave the morning welcome, and appeared even more thoughtful than usual.

But the locks of Eos streamed on the winds, like the flowing gold of early sunshine; and the whole face and figure were radiant with the freshness of her young and beautiful life. Seeing her brother and sister she flung the flowery reins back on her milk-white coursers, and springing from the car, embraced them, first one, and then the other. As she lingered a moment in the arms of Selené a tear wet her beautiful cheek; and there it lay, like a dew-drop among the petals of a newly opened rose. Eos looked up in her simple wonder, to know what it should mean. But Selené, dashing yet heavier drops from her eyes, strained her fair sister to her bosom, and then hastily embracing Helius, was out of sight in a moment.

He looked up to his mother for a solution of the mystery; but

she answered quietly : "Thou knowest, my son, that thy sister is of a pensive cast of mind. Doubtless she is disturbed by the neglect which she still receives from thee. Go, then, and seek her; and, if it be so, comfort her with thy presence; for remember, my son, she hath forsworn the society of all other men, and loveth only thee."

And thus Helius parted from his mother, Eos, the meanwhile, shaking her bright curls, and kissing her rosy fingers to him, till he was nearly out of sight. She sprang gaily into the car, and giving the reins to the spirited steeds, she passed him; and dashing into the shelter of a winding avenue, suddenly disappeared.

Diligently did young Helius seek for his young sister, pondering all the way on her unwonted agitation, and far from satisfied with the explanation of his mother. But he found her not; and a presentiment of ill took possession of him.

In this mood of mind he wandered far away to the East, until the noonday heat came on; and then he sought the shelter of a beautiful cave, in the mountain-side, that he might refresh himself amid the coolness, with reflection and rest. The walls of this cave were of the finest alabaster, and the gleaming white, tempered by the dimness, shone through the shadows, with only a soft, translucent luster.

Side by side, and near together, were two streams, that seemed to be fed by fountains in some deeper and unexplored parts of the earth. One of these, which lay in the darkest shadow of the cave, seemed to glide on, as it were by some mysterious will-power; for the waters had no apparent motion; and from their still lapse into a deeper silence, no sound was heard. The other went prattling and chattering along, murmuring to the Sedges, and whispering to the Reeds, as if the pleasantness of by-gone seasons, when it had loved and sung in other places, were gurgling in its song. The first was the river of Lethe, that ran a little way, and then fell into the lake of Oblivion.

"Why should I not drink of thee, and forget?" exclaimed Helius, prostrating himself on the bank, and bowing his head, as if to taste the wave. "I can not bear this burning thought—this forever unsatisfied desire. If my knowledge is torture, let me drink, and cease to know!" But ere his lips had disturbed the smooth



current, there came a sweet singing from the stream beyond; and so deep and earnest were the notes, that he joyfully sprang to his feet, and ran to the other side of the cave, where, on the border of the musical waters, he sat down delighted. And as he listened, the tuneful flow became a perfect rhythm, chanting in the sweetest cadences, never-to-be-forgotten stories of the Past.

“Ah! fool that I was, to think of renouncing thee, ever grateful Mnemosyne, fair mother of the Muses, dearest and tenderest kinswoman of my soul! Prostrate, I invoke thy power; for rather would I suffer with thee, than fall into a sensuous stupefaction without thee!”

He fell prone along the pebbly bank, and listened. His soul seemed borne, as if by a backward current, on the bosom of the singing waters. A thousand images and thoughts of childhood, a thousand dreams and visions of youth, like magic pictures, were reproduced on the tablet of the mind, fresh and vivid as in the moment of their first conception. How much of his whole life, with its one overmastering desire, was renewed, as if by enchantment.

At length he lost all exterior consciousness. His thought became vision, his feelings deeds. He beheld the scene of his birth—the Infant and the Sage—until at length the child faded away, and the latter only remained. He heard the same deep voice, which had often spoken in his dreams, uttering its wonderful prophecy.

But no sooner had the avenues of sense been closed on the outer world, than he was transported to a distant scene. It was a wild and gloomy shore, terminated by a huge rock that projected its black walls over the stormy sea. Venomous serpents, and other noisome reptiles, crawled over the slimy surface, infecting the noisome atmosphere still more, with the miasma of their poisonous breaths. It seemed as if there were no actual life any where, every thing had such a strange and unnatural stillness. The only sound he heard was the heavy flapping of large wings; and then he beheld a sight that congealed his blood, and overwhelmed his soul with unspeakable horror.

About midway between the summit and the sea, a human figure, but of superhuman proportions and majesty, was chained to the rock. He could not see the face, but there was something familiar in the aspect and bearing of the whole figure. A sudden thought

leaped like fire to his brain, and stung him like a barbed arrow. Could this be Prometheus? For an instant, thought and sense were nearly annihilated in the horrible anguish of suspense. To advance—to know—was a daring of death; but to stay and endure that intolerable pang of doubt, was death a thousand fold. He dashed forward, and with a shriek of wildest agony, fell prostrate and nearly senseless on the earth.

He had beheld Prometheus, sire of his soul, and guardian of his mysterious life. His breast was bare; and from the torn flesh, the obscene vultures were plucking out the quivering vitals, sometimes wrangling fearfully with each other for their living prey. Human feeling could not endure the revolting sight; and Helius sank, fainting, among the green slime of the oozy beach.

With the return of consciousness a voice of mingled encouragement and love was breathing in his ear. "Look up, my son, and behold how pleasant it is even to suffer for good."

He lifted his eyes and beheld the majestic form which the bitter anguish of nearly a score of years had only made more godlike. But he saw not the indurated limbs, nor the torn breast, nor the loathsome vultures that devoured their prey unceasingly—but only the divine countenance that seemed to reflect a whole heaven from itself. In the expansive forehead, in the natural flow of his long, silvery hair, in the clear eyes, and in the soft curve of his benignant mouth, which had ceased to contract itself with the energy of endurance, and now expressed only an august love—in each and all, there was a calm and beautiful repose, which even the vengeance of Olympian Jupiter had no power to reach.

Helius stretched out his arms imploringly. He would share a fate so sublime—he would invoke a martyrdom so glorious.

"Not yet, my son!" murmured the sage, while tears gushed into the eyes which they had not for many years moistened—and then he forgot his chains for a moment, as he unconsciously sought to answer the proffered embrace of the boy.

"How sweet it would have been!"—he murmured to himself abstractedly—"how sweet it would have been, to clasp once more that bright and youthful form, for which I feel more than a father's tenderest yearning! Ah the Divinity, itself, might almost wish to exchange its desolate grandeur for these dear solaces, that make heaven

in the common heart. But this is the law of nature, and we must submit. The soul must wrench its strength from the fiercest conflict. The only true power must be won in the Battle of Life. Flowers blossom in the shadow of Helicon; but hoary Olympus must wrestle with the Storms."

The chin quivered, and the whole face was expressive of intense emotion; but for an instant, and then the struggle was over. As these changes were rapidly passing, Helius had been observing him so earnestly, it seemed as if his own soul had gone forth to sooth and to comfort the sorrows of that great Father-Soul. His first thought was to scale the rock, or at least perish in the attempt; for his mind was so conjoined with that of the sufferer, that he felt he could not live apart. But the first attempt convinced him of the impossibility of such an achievement.

"Forbear, my son," said Prometheus, so far returning to his old stateliness, that there was but a slight tremor in his voice; and the repose of his godlike features were only softened, not subdued, by the profound feeling of tenderness which he could not resist.

"Forbear the rash attempt!" he continued, "and listen to me; for the moments fly when this interview may be prolonged without danger. How I have loved thee, these tears which no anguish could call forth; these arms which, in thy presence, for the first time forgot their bondage and sought to embrace thee — and this intense emotion — the first and last weakness of Prometheus — all show. Think only of thy own triumph, which is to be unfolded through mine. Can the great bolts of even the Thunderer himself reach the soul? Can he find any loathsome prey bird that can plunge a beak into its vitals, or pluck out the eyes of its divinity? The interior light, and life, and power, which have made Prometheus suffer and be strong, are beyond the reach of the God of Gods. Even Jove, himself, can neither annihilate nor disturb them. Men in future ages will call the story of Prometheus, fable; but it will forever keep this significant truth, that all great power is the outbirth of suffering.

"Behold these vultures are but the type of more voracious men, who tear and rend, not only their natural prey, but their best benefactors and friends. It is that thou may'st, *for thyself and of thyself*, achieve this over-mastering power, that I have kept thee at a dis-



tance—for every true spirit must unfold of its own inherent energy, and not by help of another. And thou, too, shalt experience this divine triumph. Alas! the world knows not its benefactors; and they who come with the greatest blessings, are rewarded only with the crown of martyrdom. And thou, O, my son! at once doomed and chosen, sanctified and condemned, shalt sometimes feel in the depths of thy tortured soul the bitterness of this, the bitterest truth of life. I behold thy fate, clearly written in the high and pure heart, in the true and earnest soul. Yet I can not mourn thee, for, by a brief pang thou shalt enter on thy career of immortal light and glory, whose splendor shall turn twilight into day, and forever gladden and illuminate the world. If it be possible, I will be with thee ere the change. I doom myself for a brief period to be forgotten; but in thy mission of glory, every beam of light will own its divine parentage, and every ray shall be wrought into a chain of love that shall reach out from that first feeble spark to the remotest sun, and thus forever bind us twain together.

“But thou hast work to do. Go, my son; wash in the waters of Lethe, and let all this go down to the still waves of oblivion. No more.”

The last words were repeated with a kind of solemn chant; and as the sounds died away, the scene, also, passed with it.

Helius arose from the banks of Mnemosyné, and hardly conscious why, he obeyed the command of the seer, by washing freely in the waters of Lethe.

He came out of the stream refreshed. The sage, the rock, the vultures, the prophecy concerning his own fate, were all forgotten. The midday heats were allayed, and he went forth, as it were, a new being.

*(To be continued.)*

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As God created the actual world through the inbeaming of his imagination and his will, so he conferred imagination on man, by the help of which he can represent things to himself. He gave him not, indeed, the creative power of mind to bring forth material things, but the equally, and in a certain sense, not less active imagination, by means of which he originally could handle physical objects as he could the pictures of his own imagination.

LILLA.—BY CORA WILBURN.

I knew her in her spring-time bloom,  
Beside the distant sea ;  
'Mid the dense forests' sunlit gloom  
The dream returns to me ;  
Of what she was, and how she came  
To worship at the shrine of fame ;

And bend before the illusive fane  
Of earthly greatness ; sought  
By an ambition false as vain,  
That o'er her being wrought  
The magic, deep, unholy spell,  
Of those who love the world too well.

The discontent of aimless life  
Cast o'er her heart its veil,  
And demons of the sordid strife  
Whispered a tempting tale.  
And Lilla beat her snowy breast  
In misery of the soul's unrest.

At times enrapt in heaven-bright dreams,  
With swelling heart of bliss,  
Rejoicing 'neath the jeweled gleams  
Of fervid noonday's kiss ;  
On laurelled wreath, and queenly state,  
She dwelt with eye and soul elate.

Her rose-red lip it curled with scorn,  
Her dark eye flashed with pride ;  
Betwixt her and the lowly born,  
There flowed a sullen tide,  
O'er which her dainty feet might not  
Pass to the peasant's lowly cot.

She loved the beauties of the earth,  
The minstrel tones that rise  
From the gay revel's unchecked mirth,  
And from the summer skies ;  
When troops of hymning songsters wing  
To woodland home, or forest spring.

She loved the flowers that bloomed apart  
In her own sequestered nook ;  
In the royal rose's glowing heart,  
In the silver-mirrored brook,  
Proud Lilla read alike the power  
Of beauty's all-transcending dower.

But never on the wild-wood gems  
She cast her starry eyes ;  
For the dazzling glare of earth's diadems,  
And the poet's blazoned prize,  
And the sceptre of Fashion and gilded sway,  
From the Eder-peace called her soul away.  
Upon the human flowers so dear  
To angels and to God,  
Enrobed in sorrow's martyr gear,  
Or weeping by the sod,  
Where the first violet's time with grace  
A household angel's resting-place,—  
She never looked ; or looked to blight  
Their yearning hearts with chill  
And haughty wonder at the sight,  
That no responsive thrill  
In the cold, marble hreast awoke,  
/ E'en though God's voice of suffering spoke !  
All the wild wishes of her youth,  
Her loftiest aims fulfilled.  
On the bright pinnacle of Truth  
Were its vague longings stilled ?  
Did Peace, and Love, and wan Renown,  
Place on her brow Life's triple crown ?  
Alas ! the vain wishes of the soul  
Undisciplined, yet strong  
In its far-seekings for the goal,  
The poet's meed of song.  
She found the altar's flame illumed,  
And by it every joy consumed !  
She reached the topmost height of Fame ;  
She wore the laurel wreath ;  
And disenchantment's blighting aim,  
Dread as the touch of death,  
On all things beautiful afar,  
Had placed his signet's clouding bar.  
Her very triumph was defeat,  
Distrust within, she smiled  
On the ten thousand at her feet ;  
With song and feast beguiled  
The accusing hours, to heaven that sped  
By no love-angel's record led.



Her gilded sceptre in the dust  
Lay low ; her queenly state  
Shaken by Life's autumnal gust,  
In iron bonds of fate,  
Held in its charge, and bidding still,  
The fluttering captive's self-bound will.

The bartered heart in its chained despair,  
Battled wearily and long ;  
Till it solace found in the voice of prayer,  
From the self-inflicted wrong.  
And the sorrow-taught spirit had learned to know,  
The blessing of sharing another's woe.

She turned aside from the servile crew,  
To the violet covered sod ;  
And the fragrant west wind as it softly blew  
Seemed a messenger voice from God.  
And it bade her in love to her bosom take,  
The poor and the lowly, for Christ's dear sake.

Now, her dainty feet o'er the sullen tide,  
Pass on to the peasant's cot ;  
She sits by the humblest mourner's side,  
And scorns not the meanest lot.  
In her heart the sweet flower of perennial grace,  
And the sunshine of love on her altered face.

I knew her in her autumn days,  
Beside the distant sea ;  
And a halo of sacred beauty plays  
'Round the time-charmed memory.  
And I now know the universal sign  
Of the brotherhood human and divine.

I know now, that "Fame is an empty sound ;"  
And wealth is a bauble gained  
In exchange for the holy freedom bound,  
To a tyrant's rule enchained.  
That by *Love* alone, and its simple art,  
The poet can reach to the world's deep heart.

## BY-AND-BY.

BY JENNIE FORBES FITCH.

“NORA LESTER is the strangest girl alive! Who but her would have *dared* look up in my face with such provoking candor and say, ‘You need some shock, Wilbur Graham, to rouse your manhood.’ Let me see: I am just twenty-seven, and what have I done all these years?—*Lived*—that is the sum and substance of the whole thing. What has she done? Earned her bread, preserved her own identity, and taught me that for all of my pride, and wealth, and old name, I am a miserable substitute for a man. I believe I have a soul—a deep one, I have sometimes thought, since knowing that girl. How pure and pale she always looks, with her brown hair parted so smoothly on her brow, and how quietly she glides round in her soft, gray dress, as contented as though a-la-mode Broadway belles. Yes, after all, sweet-wayed Nora Lester is my divinity of a home; her hands would cool my brow when fevered; her voice be light and cheery,—and perhaps she would lead me out of the mocking whirlpool of society, up to her own pure regions, where there is truth, and love, and happiness. What am I to do?”

Thus soliloquized the proud, handsome man of fashion.

The gorgeous parlors were in a blaze of light, and the select company of Mrs. Princeton were enjoying one of her rare sociables, where wit and song and repartee mingled so pleasantly together. A slight figure in a gray dress seemed out of place amongst the glitter of diamonds and the glow of beauty—yet strangely in place, as she flitted here and there, unconscious of either admiration or envy, arranging charades and tableaux, giving grace and vivacity to every thing she touched—for Nora was only governess in the Princeton mansion, and had made herself indispensable by her good taste and obliging ways. It was in this way Mr. Graham had met her, and by accident been introduced. He was a man of refined taste and cultivated mind, and immediately recognized in Miss Lester the presence of a superior soul; and it was because he loved the true and beautiful, that he sought to explore the young girl’s character—for Wilbur Graham was like many others in this world, who, believing they have higher duties and higher calls to obey than are found in the rounds of fashion, whirl along, incapable of resisting

the tide of circumstances, or are too indolent to do so. And she, in turn, with her keen good sense, had been making explorations too, and had looked deeper down into that proud soul than ever woman-eyes looked before. She saw how great a soul God had given him, and how it had been weakened by prosperity and glazed over with corruscations of prejudices, yet had not obliterated his best self; and it was one of the impulses of *this best self* which prompted his kind attentions to her. "Which shall it be, a crown of roses, or violets?" The little figure was mostly hidden by the heavy folds which draped the windows, when a deep, sweet voice, broke in upon her reverie, and turning she saw the dark eyes looking down upon her, with a look she could scarcely comprehend.

"Violets for me," she said; "something that drinks in the dew and sunshine unnoticed, and gives its perfume back to the air unseen."

He laid the sweet flowers gracefully over her brow, and then a silence fell between those two hearts, so near together yet so widely separated.

"What was you dreaming of when I found you, Miss Lester?"

"I was wondering, Mr. Graham, if I should *ever be famous*," she answered, in a sweet, unhesitating tone.

"*Famous!*" he repeated, in astonishment; "do you ever expect to be?"

"Will not energy accomplish every thing? has it not a right to *expect?*"

Looking into that earnest face, so full of womanly feeling and fire and thought, the man's lips said Yes; the heart added—But O, it will crush the body, and wear out the weary, unsatisfied soul; it is far better, Nora Lester, not to love fame. He had never called her Nora before, never spoken in that same tone; but a sight of the slight child-figure before him, reaching out her hands into the waves so cold and full of disappointments, made him for a moment forget all else. There was an unusual brightness gathered in the girl's face as he spoke, and a tear trembled in her eye as she said: "Poverty is a stern teacher, Mr. Graham; it makes us sometimes powerful to do what in other circumstances could scarcely have been accomplished. I am alone in the world, with my own onward way to carve; and God helping me, I shall give what light and aroma and



songs there is in my own soul for the feet of those who walk amid temptations and darkness."

A sudden ray of light seemed to have penetrated the man's mind as he stood drinking the words of the girl, and bending his head down closer to hers, he eagerly asked: "Are you not *Mary Moore*, the poetess whose name is on the lips of the multitude?"

"Yes, I am *Mary Moore*," she answered back, calmly meeting his eager gaze.

"Then you are indeed a singer;—go on, and may God pity you, little one, for it is a sad thing to sing as one sweet minstrel sung:

"And who will think when the strain is sung,  
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,  
What life-drops from the minstrel rung,  
Have gushed with every word."

A stately home was Wilbur Graham's—old and time-honored, yet dazzling in its soft light, and resplendent beauty. No tread of loved one woke echoes through the long, grand halls; and the man whom the world courted, and envied, and flattered, sat with his head bowed in his hands, thinking of the fair girl, whose life seemed from henceforth woven into his own. A vision of the future grew before him when the world should find out and claim the beautiful spirit, and praise and caress till her sick soul should turn away weary and sad, feeling how empty it all was. Then who would be there to shield and to fold her close to a warm, throbbing breast? Who would kiss the sadness away from her eyes? A firm resolve looked from the face of the man as he drew his writing-stand before him, and wrote with flushed, excited feelings; and thus the letter ran: "I am sitting alone in the home of my fathers, and I wish you was here; then perhaps I could tell you better why this letter, which no doubt will surprise you. A love deep and fervent has grown up in my heart for you, *Nora Lester*, till I can no longer conceal it. I know you are far beyond me in the attainment of all those things which enrich the heart and mind, and yet I ask you to be my wife, to let me love you and shield you, my poor bird, when the storms of life sweep over you. My eager heart can scarcely wait your reply, but if it is that I must take up the burden of life again alone and desolate, it will come soon enough. WILBUR GRAHAM.'

One, two weeks of waiting passed, and no answer came to relieve his suspense. Had she scorned him? or had his letter never reached her? This was the conclusion he came to, and immediately set out for Mrs. Princeton's residence. "Is Miss Lester in?" he inquired of the polite waiter at the door.

"Miss Lester, sir?" said the man; "she left us two weeks ago for California."

O, how his brain whirled, and his heart sunk—to those far distant shores why had she gone, alone, without knowing she was well beloved, and a voice seemed to rouse him as her words came back, "I am alone in the world, with my own onward way to carve."

"Did she receive a letter before she went?" he inquired, hesitatingly.\*

"One came the day after, and we have forwarded it on as she directed," was the answer.

Days wound their sweet buds up into the months, and months garlanded the hills with myriad blooms. It was beautiful as the human heart can ask of its Creator—*forever beautiful* are the shores of California. June had flung her perfumes in the air, bathing the wings of evening in clear, starry light, and folded her buds to sleep. Nora Lester had been nearly two years in the country of her adoption, and to her they had been years of triumph and joy. She was worshiped by the many, who surrounded her, and yet her heart was as lily-white as when Wilbur Graham would have folded her to his bosom. Hearts had been offered as incense to her worth, and holiness of character; but there was one a great way off she loved better still—one whose very name had power to set her pulses leaping, and sometimes she thought that their paths would cross—and *then*——

"Miss Lester, can I have the pleasure of your company to the lecture to-night?"

"Lecture! I did not know there was one." But you can depend on my going, though I hope it will not prove such a *little affair* as the last one was."

"I have heard that it is a new star which has risen, lately from the States; but we can judge him after we have heard him," answered the young man, who had long been a silent admirer of the accomplished and talented woman.

\* Of the servant, who stood evidently regarding him with surprise.

There was a large and strangely mixed audience already assembled when Nora Lester entered a vacant seat directly in front of the stand—but the speaker had not yet arrived. Presently he entered. A hush fell on the entranced multitude when the first words came in liquid tones from his lips. Earnestness was in his voice, fire leaped from his eyes, and truths beautiful yet terrible in their scorching irony swelled over them like a mighty wave—sweeping away hold after hold where souls had clung, and been nearly lost; then throwing out great thoughts like life-boats to draw them in, beyond the vile isms flooding the land. Nora Lester sat spell-bound, her hands pressed together, her lips apart, and her cheeks glowing with strange brilliancy; and she scarcely knew what she thought or felt, till she reached her own room and sat down, and said over to herself the name of *Wilbur Graham*. O, did he love her yet? or—and her heart sickened as she thought that perhaps even now *some one* was the sharer of all his hopes and claimed his deepest affections. Long she sat with the stars shining softly through the window down upon her—all her unloved childhood rising before her, all her thorny way where her fingers had been pierced and her feet had bled, and a desolateness came over her soul like a heavy storm on the deep ocean.

“What shall I give you in return for all you have been to me, darling?” whispered Wilbur Graham to Nora Lester the next day, as she sat close by his side, leaning her head on his breast.

“You have given me your love, and it is all I ask on earth now of happiness,” answered the sweet, womanly voice. “Let us stand together and work, giving stroke for stroke, for right and goodness, and by-and-by, who knoweth what our *exceeding great reward* shall be?”

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AN ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered her interlocutor, that she cared very little about what she *eat*, compared with knowledge.

MANY who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others, respecting facts, characters, and opinions.



## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

BY G. T. S.

IN the mountains of the Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed time, and sing their national song until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers, answer them from the hills, on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, too, a similar custom prevails. There, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and commence to sing and listen till the well known voice comes borne on the water, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and lighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea. Truly, it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.

But not alone to the humble in life, does music lend its charms and its power. To many a noble one, gifted by God, and richly endowed with rarest treasures of hand, head and heart, music has been

“ Like Orpheus’ lute, strung with poet’s sinews,  
Whose golden touch would soften steel and stones.”

Stern old moralists and reformers have smiled and wept by turns before its magic power. “Let us sing the forty-sixth psalm,” said Luther to Melancthon, “and Rome and hell may do their worst!” That brave old German thus beautifully recorded his sentiments concerning music :—

“ Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which the devil is a bitter enemy ; for it removes from the heart its weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline ; even the discord of unskillful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is rendered more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are honest and gentle in their tempers. I always love music, and would not for a great matter, be without the little skill I possess in the art.”

Song is the language of gladness, and, like painting and statuary, it elevates and refines. The low and groveling are not true lovers of song. The moment they begin to feel the power of music they become elevated, and stand on a higher plane. Who ever heard an angry man sing? And miserly men proverbially hate music. It is the language of love and all good affections. Especially is it the language of home: "music, flowers and plenty of little children," make a heaven of home.

The ancients worshipped the great and beautiful in music. Pythagoras supposed that the heavenly bodies, in their motion, produced music inaudible to mortal ears. These motions, he believed, conformed to certain fixed laws that could be stated in *numbers*, corresponding to the numbers which express the harmony of sounds. Orpheus with his lute drew trees, and stones, and floods after him;

"Made tigers tame, and huge levithans  
Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands."

Says Cymbelene:—"Once I sat upon a promontory and heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath that the rude sea grew civil at her song, and certain stars shot madly from their spheres to hear the sea maid's music."

A recent writer talks about the *memory* of music, thus:—

"Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatred, loves, are all more fleeting than tunes. These may be buried for years, but they never moulder in the grave; they come up again, bringing joy or sorrow with them. There is no such pitiless invoker of the past as one bar of melody; there is no such thrill runs through the heart as that which is caused by some musical reminiscence."

Mrs. Child tells a beautiful story of the power of music in changing discord into harmony. She says:

"A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church a day or two after he had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion, and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air and leave the hated sounds behind him. 'But this, too, I feared to do,' said he, 'lest offence might be given; so

I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume, when lo, I distinguished amid the din, the soft, clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord, but patiently and sweetly she sung in full rich tones: one after another yielded to the gentle influence, and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony.'"

How beautiful is this from the same writer:—

"Sing on, thou true hearted, and be not discouraged! If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute or other instrument of music be near it and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without awakening an answer from the other. Behold, thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air, as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say, in the sunny West Indies, in gay and graceful Paris, in frozen Iceland, and the deep stillness of the Hindoo Jungle, thou wilt wake a slumbering echo to be carried on forever through the universe. In word and act sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain; soon it will become a WORLD CONCERT;—and those above there, in that realm of light and love, well pleased will hear thy early song in earth's sweet vibration to the harps of heaven."

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### LIKE FALLING DEW.—SONNET.

BY PAUL DUOIR.

I come with night and bring new life for day,  
All silent, gently fall, o'er shadow'd earth,  
To gem the flowers, that ope their tender lips  
With fragrant breath, as each my tribute sips;  
My kisses press the buds to give them birth;  
Then when young day comes on, his trembling light,  
Finds earth and herbage strewn with tears of night.

Thus Love 'mid life's dark shadows may descend,  
And true affections come, like glitt'ring dew;  
Bright hopes, as flowers refreshed, then spring,  
And o'er our hearts their genial influence fling;  
Then changing time can only but renew  
Our purest joys, that coming from above,  
Thus bathe our souls, all silently with love.



*(Continued from page 333.)*

## THE BRIDAL ROBE.

LENA'S confidence in heaven was not slackened by these and similar speeches; she prayed more fervently than ever, and replied with mildness, yet with firmness, to the coarse sarcasms leveled at her religious faith. A new trial soon called for all her fortitude. Her mother, in rummaging an old chest, found a memorandum in the handwriting of her deceased husband, stating the loan of twenty rix-dollars to Hans Kettler. The date was subsequent to the dissolution of partnership, and she knew that if it had ever been repaid, Bruggeman, who was proverbially exact in his accounts, would have carefully acknowledged the receipt in the same document. Delighted with the chance of recovering a sum which would place her in comparative ease, the old woman determined to present the paper to Maurice Kettler, and trust to his honor to liquidate the debt. The resolution was very grating to Lena; she shrank from the idea of being under an obligation to a man who had so decidedly neglected her, and could not endure the thought of making her poverty an excuse for advancing a claim which the law probably would not allow. The most abject destitution would have seemed less revolting to her than such a mode of relief; but she felt that she had no right to make her mother participate in the endurance of evils, which might be avoided by the sacrifice of feelings, perchance too lofty for her station; and, finding a faint opposition unavailable, she gave up the point.

Mrs. Bruggeman, pleased that her errand would afford her an excuse for the gratification of her curiosity, in the survey of the interior of her neighbor's house, bustled away, though not without a grumbling prophesy that she should get her labor for her pains.—Only that Lena would have grieved that Maurice could behave ungenerously, she almost wished that he would refuse to listen to the application. Her mother was absent a tedious time, but she came home at last in high good humor. "Well, Lena," said she, placing a well-filled purse upon the table, "after all, the young man is better disposed towards us than we imagined. What a house he has got! what tapestry hangings! You shall not see finer in all Arras. And then the gold and silver plate, and the china! you would bless

your stars to reckon up the costly things that he has collected together. However, as I was saying, he received me as it were with open arms ; though, what with time, and fretting, and poor living, and the alteration in my dress, he did not recollect me until I mentioned my name. 'Tis no wonder ; for instead of this mean grogram stuff, I used to wear rich taffeta silk at three crowns the ell, the finest of cambrics, and a long scarlet cardinal of English wool inlaid with a lace of gold a finger's depth. But where did I leave off? Oh, Maurice was quite aghast when he heard of our distress, for somebody had told him that we lived with a rich relation at Namur, and were well to do in the world. I could not dissuade him from opening a bottle of wine, solely and expressly for me ; none of the common sort, but real Hungarian, such as I never tasted even in Mr. Bruggeman's time ; and he inquired for you, Lena, and asked if you were married. No, no, says I, these are not the days for poor maidens to get husbands ; she might, to be sure, have been the spouse of a thriving tanner, but she could not stoop so low, so she is single, and likely to be, for people in her own rank in life look higher." "O, mother," cried Lena. "Well, well, child!" returned Mrs. Bruggeman, "there was no harm done. I thought he blushed, as well he might ; but he is likely to prove a good friend to us, and I see no use in refusing the cash which fortune may throw in our way, out of a silly pride. We may have done with pride, I think, when we have scarcely bread to eat. I suppose not less than six families are fed with the broken meat from Kettler's table—but he was too polite, remembering what we had been, to offer me any thing like an alms, and so he asked me to accept a pig and some poultry, and stuff from his garden and stables to fat them with, which will be exceedingly helpful you know ; to keep the wolf from the door. Let me see, the eggs will fetch a pretty good price, and neighbor Schlutter will give me the full value of the pig, at Christmas. But, bless me ! I had like to have forgot—Maurice says he is to be married very shortly, and that he will ask Miss Hodenberg to employ you in the embroidery of her bridal robe."

This was the climax. Poor Lena with difficulty restrained her tears : every word that her mother had spoken was a dagger in her heart ; but she carefully concealed her distress ; she could not bear that her weakness should be known even to a parent, and trembled

lest an accident should reveal the tender, the impassioned feelings which, in despite of the hopelessness of her attachment, she cherished for Maurice Kettler. She had loved him from her earliest childhood, and now that she had continual opportunities of observing him unseen, the apparent excellence of his disposition, his fine person and frank demeanor, increased the prepossession in his favor, and rendered him the sole object of all her earthly wishes.

The pig and the fowls were duly delivered, together with sundry other presents, and Maurice sent word that he would call the next morning and see his old playfellow, and bring Miss Hodenburg with him, to choose the adornments of her nuptial attire. Lena arose early, and put her apartment in trim order with a heavy heart. Almost unconsciously she took more than ordinary pains with her own attire, which, always neat and simple, was very becoming to her fair face and slender form. She bound her bright tresses with knots of blue riband, and laced her bodice with the same. At the appointed hour, the haughty Cunegonde came sweeping in, attended by her lover. Lena, though extremely agitated, could not help observing the look of admiration and surprise which Maurice cast upon her. It did not escape the quick eyes of his affianced bride, and she showed her displeasure by an instantaneous alteration in her temper; the smiles disappeared from her scornful lips, she scanned the mean dwelling with a haughty glance, found fault with the poor girl's most exquisitely wrought embroidery, and gave her a strict charge to take more pains with the workmanship of the robe, which, after changing her mind a thousand times, she at last selected; and then, as if glad that the irksome duty of patronizing the unfortunate woman was at an end, flounced out of the room. Maurice lingered behind to say a kind word, but Cunegonde called to him to open the lower door, and he took a hasty leave. Thus ended the dreaded interview; and Lena, having despatched her mother to purchase the materials for the bridal garment, wept long and bitterly: even when seated at her wearisome occupation, she could scarcely repress the starting tears, or prevent the drops which would fall, in despite of all her efforts, from soiling the delicate web, and tarnishing the rich foliage of silver which she spread over its glossy surface. She devoted herself day and night to the task in her anxiety to finish it by the appointed time, and therefore knew nothing



of what was passing at Maurice Kettler's house, excepting through the medium of her mother, whose whole amusement consisted in watching the premises, and calculating the expense of the various articles which were continually brought by porters to the gate.

Lena learned with grief from Mrs. Bruggeman's report, that, constantly surrounded by dissipated companions, Maurice pursued his thoughtless career, wasting his time and his money in riotous living. Cunegonde seemed to exist only in a crowd, and there was little chance that marriage would effect a reformation in his household. Suddenly the sorrowing girl's attention was aroused by the intelligence of a striking alteration which had taken place in the neighboring edifice. Deserted by its late jovial guests, half the windows closely shut up, the porch unswept, and the garden neglected, it looked quite forlorn. The servants, instead of bustling about in their flaming liveries, now seldom showed themselves, or appeared in dishabille, and answered the sulky creditors, who supplied the place of gayer company, with a crest-fallen and dejected air. Losses by land and by sea poured in upon Maurice Kettler: he had wasted his capital in luxurious feasting, and, after a fruitless effort to retrieve his affairs, he was proclaimed a bankrupt.

"Well! to see the changes and chances of this world," said Mrs. Bruggeman, as, fatigued by walking to the farthest part of the city, she returned the identical parcel containing the bridal robe, which Lena had packed with infinite care, into her daughter's hands. "I have been all the way up to the Baron's," continued the loquacious matron, "and met with a smart rebuff from Madam Cunegonde. It is all off, it seems, between her and Maurice; and she has refused to take the manteau and kyrtle, which you have almost lost your eyesight in making worthy of a queen. Nor will she pay for the materials, or allow you the slightest compensation for your labor. I think she must have a spite towards you, Lena; for by what I could see, she need not despair of requiring a wedding robe. There was one of the Emperor's knights in the chamber; and they jeered finely together about the downfall of upstart Burghers. It is plain that she never cared a single doit for Maurice, and now he has lost his wealth, he may starve in a prison without giving her the slightest concern."

There seemed too great reason to apprehend that this would be

the thoughtless merchant's fate. His property, diminished by unforeseen disasters, was insufficient to meet half his engagements; the extravagance of his conduct had left him few friends; and the whole city was filled with the clamorous outcry of malignant tongues. Lena wept for the misfortunes of her early friend, and felt an anxious wish to console him in his afflictions; but he kept aloof from the widow's apartments, ashamed perhaps to visit in adversity those whom he had neglected in more felicitous circumstances; for Cunegonde's jealousy could not permit him to renew his intimacy with his lovely playmate. The mansion, late one blaze of light, now frowned darkly upon the surrounding scene when evening drew its shadows over the sky. One solitary taper shed a faint ray from the chamber of Maurice Kettler, and showed the anxious haggard countenance which bent over a heap of papers; the servants were all discharged; and the house, dismantled, only afforded a shelter from the weather to a man accustomed to recline upon silken carpets, and to be canopied by the manufacture of the most celebrated looms of the Netherlands. He still, however, remained upon sufferance in the mansion, which had been the scene of his revls, there being some difficulty in procuring a purchaser. In the interim things were not going on very prosperously with Lena. Mrs. Bruggemann had suffered herself to be persuaded to lend out the rix dollars which Maurice had paid her, upon interest, to a smooth-spoken neighbor, who cheated his creditors and made off with the money; the fowls and the pig were now to be fed at their own expense; and, disappointed of obtaining a customer for the bridal robe, Lena received no compensation for the cost of the splendid materials, or for the loss of her time in the workmanship. While sitting one morning in a pensive mood at her needle, she was surprised by the visit of an elderly stranger, a wayfaring looking man, apparently just returned from the East, who introduced himself as Caspar Kettler, the uncle of Maurice, and a person whom she recollected having heard her father say had applied to him, when refused by his sordid kinsman, for money to make a voyage to India. The old man had returned laden with wealth; and, hearing an exaggerated account of his nephew's misdoings, he repaired to the mean dwelling of the Bruggemanns, where, doubly enraged to find the widow and the daughter of his benefactor in so friendless and desti-

tute a situation, he vowed that he would make Lena his heir, and leave the ungrateful spendthrift to the consequences of his own extravagant folly. Mrs. Bruggemann was fortunately from home, and could not interfere to check the work of mercy. Maurice found an eloquent advocate in the gentle Lena: she palliated the fault, which she could not deny; justified him from every false accusation; excused his neglect of herself by pleading his ignorance of her forlorn condition until the state of his own affairs demanded his whole attention; and finally so wrought upon the feelings of her admiring guest that he promised to forget all past grievances, and to assist his nephew to emerge from his present difficulties. The old man was somewhat of a humorist: he returned to the inn where he had taken up his abode without making his arrival and intentions known to Maurice, telling Lena that she should be the channel of this agreeable intelligence to the man who would owe all his unmerited good fortune to her generous exertions.

Maurice Kettler, she knew, was not within; and never did the gentle girl watch more anxiously for his appearance; he came at last, but his step was hurried, and every feature convulsed with agony. Almost afraid to approach him in this dismal mood, she stole softly into the garden, whither she had never ventured before, and saw him pour the contents of a paper which he drew from his breast into a goblet, and then rush towards a fountain which threw its limpid waters in bright columns into a basin below. Apprehensive that he meditated self-destruction, she ran swiftly along the turf, and catching his arm just as he had raised the deadly draught to his lips, dashed the poisoned chalice on the ground: then, like a guardian angel, bent over him, pointed out the fearful nature of the crime he meditated, and having tranquilized his mind with religious consolation, told the joyful news of his amended prospects. Kneeling together on the grass, the maiden and the repentant prodigal returned their fervent thanks to heaven for the mercies they had received.

The rumor of old Kettler's riches, and his kind intentions towards his nephew, turned the tide in favor of Maurice: the most inexorable creditor now offered to give him time for the settlement of his affairs, and he was soon able to hold up his head amongst his fellow merchants.



Lena, endowed with a rich portion, bestowed her hand upon her early love, and appeared at church all radiant in the bridal robe which had cost her so many tears.

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### BRIGHT FLOWERS ON MY PILLOW.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

Some gentle, fairy hand has deftly strewn  
Bright flow'rs on my pillow ; and the moon,  
Full through the open window throws her rays  
Aslant upon them, while her silver light  
The form and color of their petals rare  
Reveals, in lines of charming loveliness :  
Upon them let me rest my willing head,  
And bless the angel-act that placed them there,  
To cheer my dreams.

Ah ! childhood's sunny days,  
The mem'ry of your happiness comes back  
O'er all the dreary years that lie between ;  
And once again in thought I seem to be  
The fair-haired boy my mother's voice has blessed,  
When home, at eve, returning from the fields,  
I brought wild daisies in a little hand,  
And held them up to her in childish glee,  
And asked her why God made them. Wiser now  
I am, but sadder ; and my wounded heart  
Often has yearned tow'rd those sweet messengers  
Which He sends broadcast o'er the smiling earth,  
As gentle monitors of Faith and Hope.  
Faded, alas ! those flow'rs of childhood are,  
And of the roses wild, the thorns alone  
Are now remaining. Where are now the fair,  
The bright-eyed girls, with braided golden hair,  
Who plucked with me those daisies ? Some have gone  
To that far country where perennial bloom  
Makes glad the bright winged seraphs of a world,  
Where sorrow is unknown, and joy supreme,  
In holy peans sings the praise of God ;  
While for some, discordant music,—broken strings  
Only remain, to tell the history

Of hearts betrayed by cold neglect and scorn ;  
A few, and very few, there are, whose path  
Has led through pleasant life-fields, where the flow'rs  
Look up and smile upon them as they pass,  
Yielding a rich perfume that cheers the heart.  
But, withered are the daisies ; and the sound  
Of all the prattling voices of those days  
Is hushed to me, save when my mem'ry calls  
Some loved and well-remembered tone again,  
Up from that happy past. My mother's hand  
No more upon my head in blessing rests ;  
No more at my return her mild blue eye  
Kindles with warm affection. Far away,  
O'er many stretching leagues of land and sea,  
She mourns her absent son. Oh ! mother dear,  
God keep you safe and well until once more  
The wand'rer at your feet may kneel, and ask  
Another blessing, and another prayer.

How sweet the fragrance of these little flow'rs !  
What sweet, and yet what sad remembrances  
Their presence here hath conjured from the past,  
To throng the dreaming present.

I remember,

I lately saw these very blossoms rest  
Upon the bosom of a lady fair,  
Grouped there in tasteful fashion ; how they came  
On my pillow to be strewn, I know not ;  
But I do bless the hand that placed them there ;  
I bless the thought that prompted thus the hand ;  
I bless the mind that did conceive the thought,  
And bless the heart that so impelled the mind.  
Oh ! never may one envious thorn of Fate  
Pierce that fair bosom ; or a single cloud  
Bedim the star-lit way, where Destiny  
May lead the gentle one ; but joy's own buds  
Blossom athwart her dew-decked path of life,  
To bless her evermore !

No longer now,

The moonbeam's glances fall upon my couch,  
But the gray morning's dull, cold light steals in ;  
The flow'rs are withered, but their faded leaves  
Are pressed within the book of Memory,  
There to remain while life itself shall last.

## EDUCATION.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

THE greatest boon that was ever vouchsafed to mortal man is education. Had I the power to persuade the accomplishment of *but one* noble object, that object, young man, would be to influence you to embellish and beautify whatever natural powers you may have been endowed with. I care not if you have the natural intellect of a Demosthenes and Cicero combined, without the polishing power of education, you will have but a feeble knowledge of your strength. Millions of men have traveled through life in the narrow path of obscurity, and at death sank into the tomb of oblivion, whose names might have emblazoned history's page, and been engraved on tablets of stone and honor, and handed down to posterity as imperishable monuments of ancestral greatness. But alas! that it must be said, they were uncultivated, and history knows not that they lived. But it is upon the *method* of acquiring that education that I wish to lend my feeble voice.

In their eagerness to obtain a high order of mental culture, the American people have so far departed from common sense as to actually defeat the very object of their pursuit. The very idea that a sound mind can exist upon a diseased physical system, is equivalent to assuming the preposterous position that the one has no connection with the other, and bears the impress of supreme ignorance upon its face. Yet a sound physical system appears to have been entirely ignored. Children are thrust into the district school as soon as their little pedal extremities have attained sufficient strength to convey them to the spot; and there they are confined six or eight hours per day in an improperly ventilated room, totally destitute of the requisite relaxation of the mind, or physical exercise in the open air. At the age of perhaps ten they are advanced to the high school, at which place the finishing touch is administered, and they are thrown upon society living witnesses of a sadly defective school system; and should their physical organization survive the shock, mental debility strands them on the rocks of idiocy, or finally wrecks them in the dismal, hopeless sea of lunacy. Thousands upon thousands of precocious children, who were endowed with



large, active brain, and who should have been the bulwarks of science, have thus been ruined by a too close application to study at a period when they should not have been permitted to look inside of a book; and in consequence compelled to move through life in a sphere far below those who were endowed with comparatively no natural talent at all. Shame and infamy upon the ignorant dunces who assume to teach youth and thus ruin them; they are much worse than the quack doctor who, through a mistake arising from much the same cause, kills his patient at once. The brain being an organized part, is subject, so far as regards its exercise, to precisely the same laws as the other organs of the body. If it be doomed to inactivity, its health decays, and the mental operations and feelings, as a necessary consequence, become dull and feeble. If it be duly exercised, after regular intervals of repose, the mind acquires readiness and strength; and, lastly, if it be overtasked, in either the force or the duration of its activity, its powers become impaired, and irritability and disease take the place of health and vigor. Taking for our guide the necessities of the constitution, it will be obvious that the modes of education commonly resorted to ought to be reversed, and instead of urging to the uttermost the already brilliant powers of the precocious child, leaving his dull competitor to develope at leisure, a systematic attempt ought to be put into force from early infancy to bring into exercise the languid faculties of the latter, while every effort should be made to give tone to the activity of the former. Instead of this, however, the prematurely intelligent child is generally sent to school and tasked with lessons at an unusually early age; while the healthy but more backward boy, who requires to be stimulated, is kept at home in idleness, perhaps for two or three years longer, simply because he is backward. A double error is here committed, and the consequence to the forward boy is frequently the permanent loss of both health and the envied superiority of intellect. At any period of life *excessive* mental labor is injurious; but in infancy and early youth, when the brain is imitative and delicate, permanent mischief is more easily inflicted by injudicious management, than at any other subsequent period. The reason is obvious. That viscus is yet too immature and feeble to sustain fatigue. Until from the seventh to the tenth year of life, the eighth, perhaps, being the medium, all its ener-

gies are required for its own healthy development, and that of the other portions of the system. Nor ought they to be studiously diverted to any other purpose. Exercise is as essential to the health and vigor of the brain at that time of life, as at any other, but it should be the general and pleasurable exercise of observation and action. It should not by any means be compulsory exercise of tasks. It would be infinitely wiser and better to employ suitable persons to superintend the exercises and amusements of children under eight years of age, over fields and mountains in the study of the sublimity of Nature's works, than to have them immured in crowded school rooms, in a state of physical inaction, poring over torn books, conning words of whose meaning they are ignorant, and inhaling bad air. For the preservation of health and vigor when possessed, and their restoration when lost, a supply of salubrious air is as necessary to the lungs, as a supply of sound and nutritious aliment is to the stomach. The one is not more essential to the production of healthy chyle, than the other is to the formation of healthy blood. And without such blood, not a single function belonging to man, whether it be physical, intellectual or moral, can be in a perfect state of health. Properly oxygenated arterial blood is as necessary to give full vigor to the intellectual and moral powers of the philosopher and statesman, as it is to paint the rose-colored hue on the cheek of youth. The blood of those persons who have the proper out door exercise, like liquid vermillion, dances merrily along their arteries, and through all their glowing tissurs, laden with abundance of oxygen, and thus supplying to every organ nature's stimulant, and filling the nervous system with buoyancy and animal spirits. But on the contrary, when the lungs are deprived of a sufficiency of atmospheric air, the blood becomes black, turbid and stagnant, in consequence of the formation of carbonic acid, and clogs the whole machinery of nature.

When teachers observe their little pupils become dull, listless and inactive, instead of urging them to perform tasks which they are incapable of performing, they should turn them out to romp in the wild dominions of nature. And now methinks I hear the reader say, what is the remedy for all this evil? To commence with, employ no teachers who are not adepts in the science of mind, and imbued with knowledge of the order of nature as unfolded in sci-

ence, and with faith in its adaptation to the human faculties. Then would we find a system of education in unison with the laws of nature, and unborn generations would bless our efforts. Then would we inaugurate a reformation in our school system sufficiently broad and deep to comprehend the wants of the whole constitution of man, physical as well as mental. Then would we have teachers sufficiently enlightened to know that there existed in childhood such an excessive cerebral activity that it were a task of gravest responsibility to assume the guardianship of youth.

*Petaluma*, 1861.

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### MRS. AGNES BAILLIE.

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“THE announcement of a recent death has caused some emotion in literary society. Mrs. Agnes Baillie, the sister of Joanna and Dr. Baillie, is dead, at the age of one hundred. A letter of Mrs. Barbauld's, dated in 1800, tells of the outburst of Joanna's fame, a year or two after the anonymous publication of her ‘Plays on the Passions;’—‘A young lady of Hampstead, who came to Mrs. Barbauld's meeting with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line.’ At the time of the treaty of Ghent, Henry Clay, the American Commissioner, was advised to call in Dr. Baillie as a physician of long established fame. A quarter of a century since, Joanna and Agnes had settled their affairs precisely alike, and arranged everything, each for the other, wondering how the survivor could live alone. They lived on together till long past eighty; yet Agnes has been the solitary survivor of her family for so many years that it was a relief—though still a reluctant one—to hear she had gone. With those women—simple, sensible, amiable, and gay in temper, and of admirable cultivation, apart from Joanna's genius—a period of our literature seems to close; and we are all weak enough to sigh at times over what is quite inevitable.”



## WAITING.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Listening to hear thy coming feet,  
I kept my watch alone,  
When on yon church's glittering dome  
The sun's last splendor shone ;  
And, as it faded from my view,  
The hope I cherished, faded too.

Now one by one I count the stars  
Over the dull gray wall,  
'Tis all my weary eyes can see  
So thick the shadows fall ;  
But though I might not see, or hear,  
My heart would know if thou wert near.

My heart that beats, and beats, to-night,  
With such tumultuous bliss,  
It could not hold another hope,  
Nor break with happiness ;  
If love makes such a heaven below,  
What can there be in heaven to know.

For though beside the dying day  
I've kept my watch in vain,  
Yet calling up the happy past,  
I've lived it once again ;  
What e'er the future hath in store,  
The past is mine forevermore.

Yet would I hasten on the hour  
When on thy faithful breast,  
This troubled tempest of my soul  
Shall beat itself to rest :  
Hushed by thy answer to my cry,  
Give me thy love, or let me die !

For thou wilt love me, aye ! thou dost !  
Only for this I live ;  
I have not any earthly joy  
But that thy smile can give :  
No hope, no heaven, no life to be,  
But this, that I am loved by thee.

## RIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

IN a miserable cottage at the foot of a hill, two children were hovering over a smoldering fire. A tempest raged without, a fearful tempest, against which man and beast were alike powerless.

A poor old miser, much poorer than these shivering children, though he had heaps of money at home, drew his ragged cloak about him as he crouched down at the threshold of the miserable door. He dared not enter for fear they would ask pay for shelter, and he could not move for the storm.

"I am hungry, Nettie."

"So am I; I have hunted for a potato-paring, but I can't find any."

"What an awful storm!"

"Yes; the old tree has blown down. I guess God took care it didn't fall on the house. See, it would certainly have killed us."

"If He could do that, could He not send us some bread?"

"I guess so; let's pray 'Our Father,' and when we come to that part, stop till we get some bread."

So they began, and the miser, crouching and shivering, listened. And when they paused, expecting in their childish faith to see some miraculous manifestation, a human feeling stole into his heart — some angel came to soften it. He had bought a loaf at the village, thinking it would last him a great many days; but the silence of the two little children spoke louder to him than the voice of many waters. He opened the door softly, threw in the loaf, and listened to the wild, eager cry of delight that came from the half-famished little ones.

"It dropped right from heaven, didn't it?" questioned the younger.

"Yes: I mean to love God for giving us bread because we asked him."

"We'll ask Him every day, won't we? Why, I never thought God was so good, did you?"

"Yes, I always thought so, but I never quite knew it before."

"Let's ask him to give father work to do all the time, and we need never be hungry again. He'll do it, I'm sure."

The storm passed; the miser went home. A little flower had

spring up in his heart; it was no longer barren. In a few weeks he died, but not before he had given the cottage, which was his, to the poor laboring man. And the little children ever felt a sweet and solemn emotion when, in their maternal devotion, they came to these truthful words: "Give us this day our daily bread."—*Life Illustrated.*

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### HOME MEMORIES.

BY MRS. BELLA Z. MINTER.

There is a household tree where each fond heart,  
Has twined its tendrils in strong bonds of love;  
There is a home band, of our lives a part,  
Which waketh yearnings wherso'er we rove.

Through weary years, o'er distant lands we wander,  
Seeming forgetful of each kindred tie,  
But in our hearts, like Homer, we often ponder,  
And long like him to wander home and die.

Through sunny scenes, beside the deep blue ocean,  
O'er Alpine hills and plains of living green,  
Our thoughts will wander in a sweet devotion  
To where dear kindred faces last were seen.

Each murmuring stream will mirror kindred faces,  
Each clasping hand familiar pressure give,  
Because within our hearts through life's dark races,  
The memory of Home and Love forever live.

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WE are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the bright beings that now pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.



## Literary Notices and Reviews.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS ; By *Charles Dickens*. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia." To say the least that may be said, this book *sustains its title—Great Expectations*, and—NOTHING ELSE: the first from its distinguished author, the second from his immense falling off in the execution of the present volume. As usual in the works of Dickens, this has its pet phrase. The hero was "brought up by hand," and small credit he does his nursing-bottle, from whatever point of view he may be regarded. We look in vain for any thing like nobleness, or true manhood. The positive characters of Dickens are not portraits, but caricatures. Wherever he makes a strong mark, the drawing is thrown out of equilibrium, and becomes grotesque and deformed. And now he seems to have exhausted the thick-necked, hard-headed, obtuse-nerved genus of the old John Bull type, from which he draws his subordinates. These, in the main, furnish pictures of stupidity and absurdity, which honest human nature, any where, would be heartily ashamed of, and England ought to resent and disown.

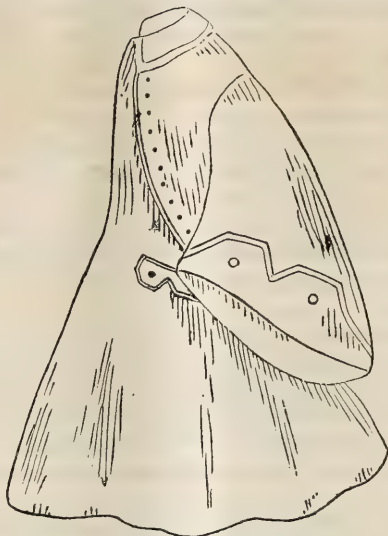
But though his impersonations are almost always material compounds, drawn and colored from the external, Dickens has enshrined immortal images of beauty and power. In the meek daring of OLIVER TWIST, in the spontaneous heart-breaking of the CHILD-WIFE, in the half unveiled angelhood of LITTLE PAUL, and in the angular nobleness of the DONKEY-CHASER in David Copperfield, he has wrought out great ideas, that will live and shine forth forever. And had he no other merit, his true humanity, his universal sympathy with the unfortunate, and his daring assaults on the "powers that be," entitle him to high honors, and give, in fact, the secret of his great and continued success in spite of marked deterioration. The great key-note of humanity in the common heart, having been once wakened, still vibrates, and ever will vibrate to the name of Dickens.

"OBJECT LESSONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS; By *N. A. Calkins*. Harper & Brothers, New York." This is a finely printed and happily illustrated volume of 362 pages, with clear and beautiful solutions of common facts embracing a regular course of initiation into the right understanding of things. This book is an invaluable aid to the intelligent Mother and the radical Teacher of Truth under any name. It embraces simple and concise definitions of things, in their properties of Form, Color, Number, Size, Weight, Sound and Place, unfolding in the process, ideas of the Material Formation and Resemblance of objects. It is highly suggestive, and furnishes many subjects for conversation and instruction. In fact, it contains the germs of all truth, springing up into light so simple and so sunny, that even a little child must feel and rejoice in their growing beauty. For sale by A. Roman, 117 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

"THE LADY'S MANUAL OF FANCY WORK; By *Mrs. Pullan*, the well-known and popular author of 'MANUAL OF THE WARDROBE,' 'THE COURT PARTIAL,' and many others; illustrated with over 300 engravings. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald." The elegance of the artistic execution in this present volume, must strike even the passing eye. But having no opportunity to test the working value of these processes, which are so elaborately defined and delineated, we advise our fair friends to purchase the book and *criticise it for themselves*. For asale by A. Roman & Co., 117 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

## Fashions.

THE Princess Paletot is one of the most elegant designs for Misses, from 10 to 13 years. The back is fitted to the figure and cut in squares, lappets with the



**PRINCESS PALETOT.**

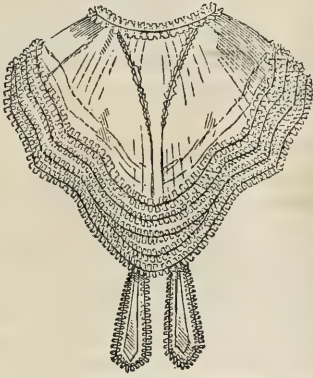
skirt set on underneath in box plaits. The front is a French sack shape, with a sort of cutaway over it, that joins the fitted back, really giving the effect of a pretty Zouave, with the skirt so adapted as not only to make a finely fitting coat, but very stylish street wrapper for a young lady. It may be made in fine French cloth or silk, according to taste—in cloth will require three yards.



**MARQUISE SLEEVE.**

This elegant sleeve is remarkably handsome in the rich plain *taffeta* which is just now considered one of the most distinguished materials. The body of the sleeve is full, forming a small bishop, and is gathered on to a plain piece at the top and bottom, which supports the puffings drawn lengthwise, and edged with narrow *gimpure lace*.

ILLUSION CAPE



High neck and crossed with tabs, in shape unique and graceful—edge scalloped and trimmed with several rows of ruching, put on to correspond with the outline.

TILLIE APRON



FRONT AND BACK VIEW.

For a Miss of 8 or 10 years—circle skirt, with polka set on under the arm so as to join with the waist, which is a low neck pelerine, and in front is laid over the skirt and forms a rounded front. Shoulders joined by a bow, buttoned in the back. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material.

**HOOP SKIRTS**—Have become, if possible, still more a confirmed and indispensable article of dress, nor do we see how they are likely to become less so, for a long time to come. By a recent patented process, steel is now tempered so uniformly and so cheaply, that no other article will, for a moment, bear any comparison with it, and certainly, so far as elasticity is concerned, no further improvement could be desired for giving that graceful flow and fullness to the dress. Shapes are somewhat modified, being almost straight from the bustle to the bottom, and as the size of the bustle has been materially reduced, this variation in their form makes them much smaller around the body, although about the former size around the bottom. Madame Demorest says, "The great superiority of our Patent Prize Medal Skirts, have now become so widely known and so fully established, that it would seem no further improvement was called for, but further reflection and a determination not to have them surpassed, have suggested several improvements. They are now constructed with thirty-two durable standards, which is nearly three times as many as are usually furnished, and four times as many as are put in the cheap skirts that are generally sold by the trade. These standards are a superior corset lacing arranged in a new and graceful style, and being so numerous, the skirt is not liable to entangle the feet, a very common objection to hoop skirts, especially when entering a car or omnibus. The clasps are now so constructed, that the ends of the steel cannot push out; heretofore a great annoyance. While we can safely assume that one of our skirts is worth at least two of any other kind, for the ladies will please bear in mind that they have been patented and thus secured to us, and can not, therefore, be made by other parties generally."

We would inform the public that we have just received from Madame Demorest a small lot of the Hoop Skirts above mentioned. For lightness and durability they are superior to any thing ever offered in this market, and can be sold at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$5, at Hesperian Rooms, No. 12 Montgomery st., up stairs.



## Editor's Table.

THE WAR still continues to be the chief topic of interest, and we therefore sub-join the following extract from a letter recently received from St. Joseph, Mo., dated Aug. 26th, 1861. It will give our readers some idea of the condition of things in that unhappy State:—

“You have probably seen details of the battle fought near Springfield, Mo. Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, ‘the bravest of the brave,’ fell while leading a charge. Missouri owes him much, and mourns his fall.—A small wiry little man—walked as though he weighed 200—and a perfect little Napoleon. The attack of the enemy, more than four times his number, was well planned, and in nine times out of ten would have been perfectly successful. As it was, that enemy of 23,000 (some say 28,000) was in no condition to follow up our brave little army, and they brought away a train five miles in length, and perhaps worth one and a half million.

“Gen. Sigel, a German artillerist who took command of the retreat, is a very scientific man, and mark me, he will make a very large mark before this war is closed. I wish we had more such, instead of being obliged to make Brigadier Generals of civilians. In reading the account of the Bull Run disgraceful panic, you may have noticed that one Col. Blenker brought his regiment off the field in good order. He is an old war mate of Sigel’s. ‘They have both learned the trade.’

“We have but very little news of what is being done at Washington. The movement of troops &c. is very properly withheld from the public. There is no denying that Union men, in the border States especially, would take new courage if Simon Cameron was not Secretary of War. He is undoubtedly the wrong man for the place. I believe with a good Union man from Kentucky who expressed himself to me in this way: ‘If Cameron was out, and Jo. Holt was in his place, Kentucky and East Tennessee would bristle with bayonets for the defence of the Union.’ Gen. Fremont has shown great energy and business tact since he took command at St. Louis. He is a great worker, and if he does not make the feathers fly by and by, then there are no feathers on ‘secesh.’

“A regiment has been raised here, and it is the 13th Regiment of Missouri. Is not that fair for a slave State whose Governor was an out and out traitor? There is going to be hard fighting within the next sixty days in Missouri, unless the signs are all deception.”

ARRIVAL.—It is with feelings of more than ordinary pleasure that we announce the arrival in California of the gifted and talented Mrs. F. H. Green, whose name fills an important place in the list of American poets, and whose prose writings are too well known to require comment at this time; suffice it to say, that of all the progressive writers of this progressive age, there are few, if any, whose writings are marked by keener perceptions, higher intuitions, or deeper truths than “Fanny Green’s.” The opening story in our pretest number is from her ready and facile pen, and in it we promise our readers a more than

ordinary treat; and we are happy to announce to our friend and the public generally, that we have added the name of FANNY GREEN to our already large list of valued contributors.

Mrs. Green is now preparing a Course of Lectures, to be entitled

### INCARNATIONS OF DIVINE TRUTH.

#### PROGRAMME OF THE COURSES.

- 1.—Incarnation of the Material Earth,  
in the first Localizing of the Spiritual Forces.
- 2.—Incarnation of the Living Soul—  
in the Ultimate of Material Power.
- 3.—Incarnations of the Unknown God—  
in the different forms of Paganism.
- 4.—Incarnations of the Only God—  
in Jehovah, Allah, and the Great Spirit.
- 5.—Incarnations of Divine Beauty—  
in the Poets and other Artists.
- 6.—Incarnations of Divine Truth—  
in the Philosophers.
- 7.—Incarnations of Divine Prescience—  
in the Prophets.
- 8.—Incarnations of Omnipotent Hate—  
in the Demonology of the different Systems.
- 9.—Incarnations of Divine Love—  
in the Mediators and Saviours of Men.
- 10.—Incarnations of Divine Use—  
in the Ministries of the Working Hand.
- 11.—Incarnation of Divine Humanity—  
or the God in Man.
- 12.—Incarnation of Divine Maternity—  
in the Power and Destiny of Woman.

Mrs. Green will receive calls to lecture in any part of California during the coming winter, and will be ready to commence by the first of October.

Address care of Mrs. F. H. Day, office of the Hesperian, San Francisco.

The following speaks for itself, and we gladly make room for it:—

“MRS. DAY—Dear Madam:—Although you have no department in the Hesperian, set apart for the exclusive benefit of the little ‘connecting link between angels and men’—*a la Harper*—I must beg you to admit the following morceau of infantile precociousness: While on a visit, with my family, to Tomales Bay, some five months since, we were so fortunate as to meet with Mrs. W——, who was also there on a visit from San Francisco. Mrs. W—— was the happy

mother of an infant some ten months of age, which was certainly an anomalous example of intelligence, sweetness and amiability of disposition. At the place where we were stopping there were a number of children, all of whom were taught to bid every one present 'good night' upon retiring to their couch. 'Freddy' (that's the name of our little hero) being too young of course to comply with the rule, the children learned him to say 'ta-ta' as a substitute. The little prodigy soon became so accustomed to the requirements of his infantile lips, that whenever any one left his presence he would exclaim 'ta-ta.' One night 'Freddy' was uneasy, and his mother sat up in bed with him, and tried to quiet him with a view of the large, bright, full moon, which was shining in the window with all its wonted luster. The moment his eye caught a view of its dazzling brilliancy, he became as calm as a philosopher, and gazed upon it with intense interest, until a passing cloud obscured it from his view, when he instantly exclaimed 'TA-TA.'

"The devoted friend of dear little children, W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER."

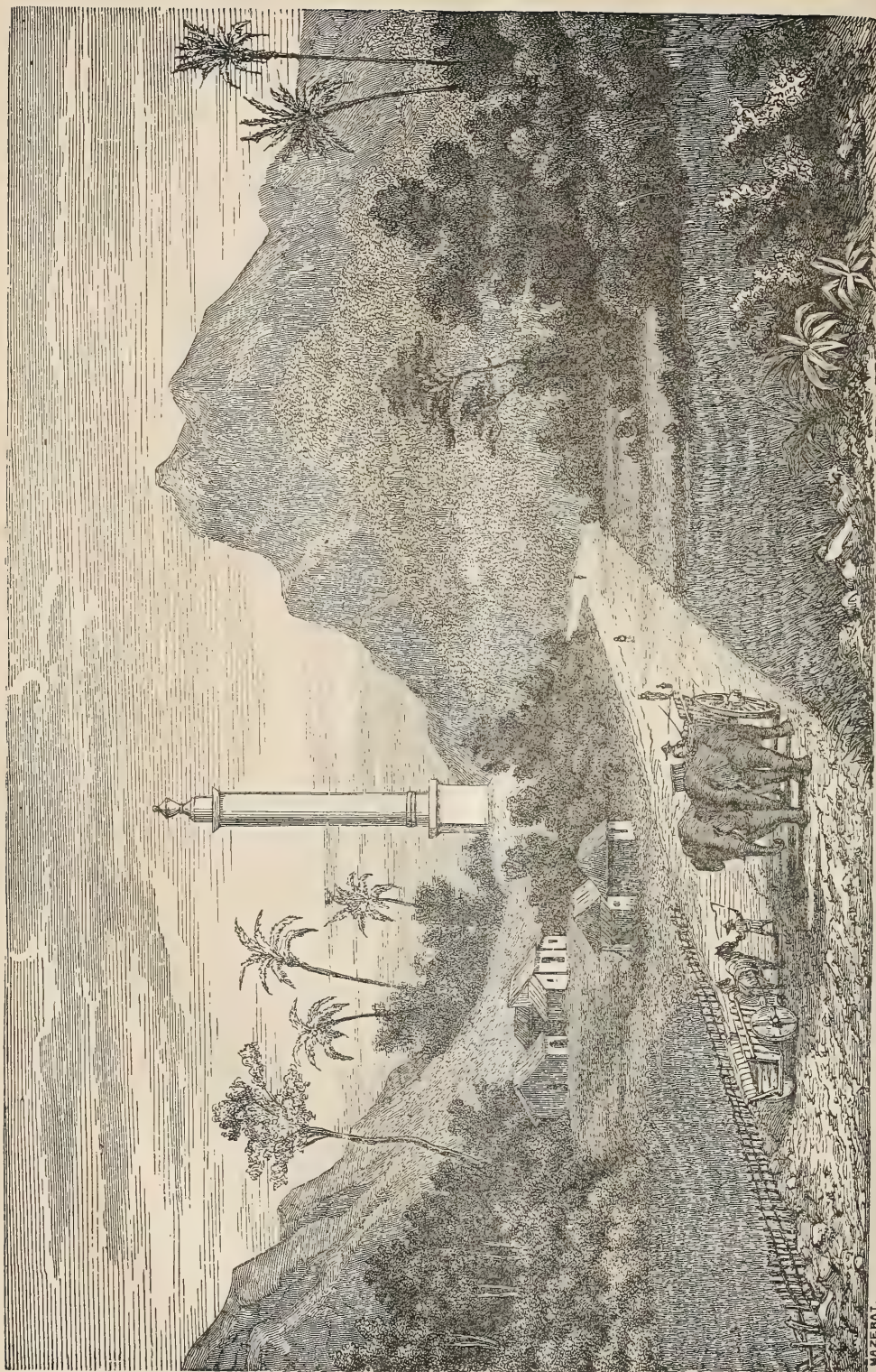
The above reminds us of an incident which occurred on the steamer, when we were on our return from the East to this State. The day had been a fine one, warm and clear, and the sun was just about sinking beneath the western horizon, leaving the sky tinged with the glory-hues which only a tropical sun can impart, and which seemed like a vast sea of flame. "How beautiful the sunset!" was the expression of almost every heart. The children played joyfully about the deck, and one little darling, the pride and joy of her mother's heart, perhaps between two and three years of age, came toddling along, clinging to her mother's hand—when a gentleman near by lifted her tenderly in his arms and directed her attention to the glorious sunset. For a moment she gazed in silence, then her chest heaved, and drawing a great deep inspiration, she gave it forth in a puff from her tiny rose-bud lips with an energy which told that she expected *such* an effort to effectually blow out the flame from the lurid sky. The simple act of that child was a sermon, and contained a moral which has been brought to mind more than once since then. The child sought only to extinguish the light of God's natural sun, and was evidently surprised that her tiny breath failed to accomplish its purpose the first time. We know children of larger growth who seem to expect, like the little child, to put out the light of God's great truths by the breath of their nostrils. Vain, vain effort!

#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

We send to our patrons this month a very elegant Sleeve Pattern, called the "Grace Sleeve." It is composed of two pieces; the back part has four lappets, which fold over on to the front in a graceful manner. The bottom of the sleeve, as well as each lappet, should be trimmed with narrow lace or ribbon, slightly puffed on, and in the center of each lappet should be placed an ornamental button to confine it in its place. This sleeve is extremely graceful, and has the rare merit of being suited to almost any kind of material. In silk, properly trimmed, it is very beautiful, while in barege or muslin, with ruffles of the same, it is most exquisite.







MAZERAT.

SCENE IN CEYLON.

VERDEIL.S.

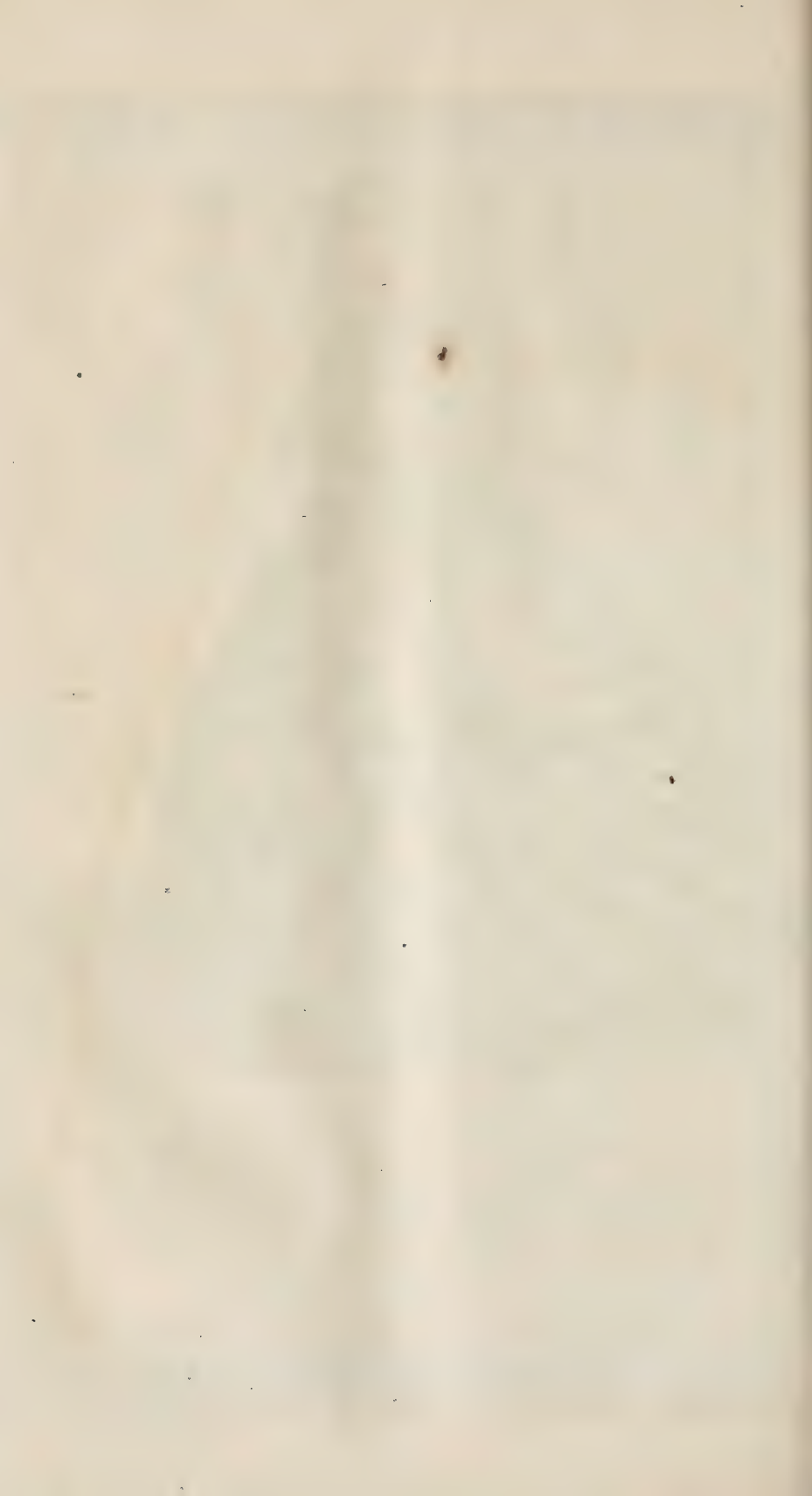




“UNION” EVENING DRESS.

Robe of white *tulle*, with a wide *bouillonne*, separated into diagonal puffs by narrow quillings of alternate red and blue satin ribbon. The upper tunic skirt is bordered with a puffing trimmed to match, and displaying, also, a bouquet of red blush roses, with blue and white floating ends from the corners. The shirred coat sleeve has a pointed cuff and cap, trimmed with a double quilling, one side of which is red and the other blue; high corsage, shirred and trimmed to match. On the right of the figure is a back view of the sleeve and corsage.





# THE HESPERIAN.

VOL. VII.

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No. 3.

## HELIUS—A GRECIAN MYTH.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### *Translation of Eos and Selene.*

As the shadows of evening fell along the western declivity and streamed into the cave, Helius arose and turned homeward. By one of the windings of the path, his face was brought, with a sudden look, toward the west, when a familiar form, but vague and shadowy, seemed to flit across the sky, apparently first advancing, and then receding into the shadows. The insects had already begun their evening chant; and from many a nest around came the sweet song of the hovered, in the low, but sweet and thrilling chirrup of young birds. The nightingale sang to his Rose-love; the glow-worm had lighted her lamp, to be a guide for her wandering mate, and the Anemoné opened her bells to the soft breath of the whispering Wind, though its fragrance betrayed the kisses it had stolen from the turrets of the Wall-flower, and the mossy copse of the Violet.

Helius, being weary at length, entered a secluded bower, and won by the beauty, sat down to refresh his soul with that quiet communion with Nature, that always restored him to his true relations. He threw himself on a bank of softest mosses, gaily embroidered with the golden flowers of the Ranunculus and the starry blossoms of the Myrtle, while the fragrant foliage of thyme and mignonette, and other aromatic plants, made the earth odorous.

His mind was filled with pensive thoughts; and the strange premonition of the morning was revived with a force that almost took his breath away, it fell upon his heart with such a sudden and stone-like weight.

At that very moment a beam of strange light, soft and clear, and yet saddening in its beauty, stole across the shining green of the Myrtle vines, and touching a tube rose with a whiteness purer than its own, it fell at his feet, illuminating the earth a little way around. He raised his eyes, and looking afar off into the cloudless blue of the sky, he beheld a luminary of a crescent form, and whiter and clearer than the finest silver. His first thought was that of the bow of Selené; and in silence he waited for a solution of the mystery, which he felt would certainly soon come. Gradually the fair crescent seemed to approach him; and then he lost all distinct sense of that in the appearance of a form of light, more soft and lovely than imagination can picture; and so fine, so delicate, were his intuitions that it seemed as if a world of sweet and pensive beauty had descended into his soul.

He was so lost in these new and delicious sensations, that his heavenly visitant had come within reach before he perceived her. He was not, indeed, conscious of her presence, until she addressed him in a voice so clear and musical it seemed as if the elements of the light, itself, had been converted into sound.

"Dost thou not know me, Helius, my brother?"

She paused and looked at him a moment, with such a sweet and loving sadness, that his soul dissolved within him; and he could not reply.

"Dost thou not know," she continued, "thy sister Selené, child of Hyperion and Thea, now no longer a nymph of the woods, but a free and glorified Immortal?"

She came so near that he felt the soft touch of a hand upon his hand, and a kiss upon his forehead; and for a moment he was paralyzed with mingled sensations of wonder and fear. But a sudden thought of the morning, and its sad foretoken, cut into his soul with a conviction of fulfilment; and he fell on his face, not daring to look on the transfigured form.

At length, with a great effort, and his eyes still hidden, he exclaimed: "Speak Selené, my beloved sister! and say what hath befallen thee, and how fareth Eos, our beautiful one?"



“Listen, Helius,” she answered, “for the heart of Thea is very sad, and Hyperion will not be comforted; and thou must hasten home, to give them what consolation thou mayest. Know, then, that Eos, our fair sister, whom we left so gay and lovely, was led by her passion for car-racing, to a drive over the plains of Arcadia. There she met with Phaëton, gay and volatile as herself. He challenged her to a trial of speed, which was instantly accepted. The victory appeared doubtful for some time. But suddenly they saw that the Styx, which had not before been perceived, lay between them and the goal. Phaëton, with headlong impetuosity, dashed in. But his mother, Clymené, instantly changed his car into a nautilus, and his horses into white swans, that bore him over the fatal stream.”

“But Eos?” whispered Helius, shuddering and turning pale at the question.

“The prescience of the morning,” answered Selené, “had gradually faded away; for I sought to overcome it, when suddenly it was revived with such power, that I comprehended the whole case in a moment. Looking around for help, I saw the horse Rhoetus, come galloping toward me. I mounted his back; and he flew with such speed that the wind seemed to cut my face; yet soul and sight outsped him, and I saw — ah, Helius! ere I could be there — I saw a bright form hovering on the awful brink; and just as I reached the spot, she went down — our beautiful Eos sank in the black deep. I saw the cold and stealthy waters close over her. I saw her struggling in the deadly grasp of Cerberus. My darts were true; and twelve heads of the monster became their prey. But I will not prolong the story. I fell in her defence, yet without the power to save her.

“Weep not, O Helius! for the soul has only laid aside its mortal vesture, and clothed itself with immortality. Jupiter beheld our agony, and cut short the death-pangs. He has translated us into the heavens; and now we know that there is a great work for all thy mother’s children. Selené will make the the night pleasant; thou, my brother, soon will make the day glorious; and our beautiful Eos will come between us, to gladden Earth, when neither thou nor I can be present.”

But Helius, when he knew that they were indeed, gone, cried

aloud in his great loneliness: "O, my sisters! my sisters! Would that I had died with you! But will ye, indeed, return no more to dwell in the grove of Thea?"

"Mourn not, my brother," she replied, in a voice whose sweetness was yet saddened by her sorrow. "Say not that thou art alone; and weep not; for though absent in the form, never were we so truly present — never so closely and truly united as now. I shall come to thee in the still evenings, or in the holy night time, with a varying face, but with a heart always the same; and with the earliest light of morning, the bright hair of Eos will stream over thy face; her soft arms will be around thee, and her rosy lips pressed to thine. Mourn not, my brother Helius! but rather comfort our father and mother, but especially the good Terra, who will truly mourn; for the light of her old eyes is put out. Grieve not, my noble brother, but choose rather to make thyself worthy of thy own great destiny; worthy to achieve this immortal labor of renown, which, from the beginning of time, has been appointed unto thee."

The voice ceased. The form, line by line, seemed to melt away into its own light, until only the new-born moonbeams lay around him, still, and white, and solemn.

For the first time the desolation of death fell upon him. The dear, familiar ties of life had been snapped so suddenly, his heart was paralyzed. Gradually, and with repeated efforts, he awoke to a full comprehension of what had passed. And then, when he saw that his beautiful and dear companions were truly gone, his whole soul recoiled from the great loneliness that lay before him. He fell on the ground and surrendered himself to the sorrow which had never been foreshadowed to him by a dream, nor even so much as a thought. The death-gloom lay across his path; it loomed up all around him; it blackened the Earth; it even shut out the Heaven where his sweet sister had gone, so long, O, so very long before him! He knew not that he could ever go out of it into the clear and healthful daylight of life; and his heart sank within him at a view of the future.

Thus he lay for hours, until his pangs gradually eased away into a sense of repose so deep and so delicious, he dared not stir lest he should dissolve the spell. In all his previous life he had never known anything like it. At length the overstrained senses fell into

a brief unconsciousness; and for the first time the spirit became free, and conscious of its freedom. Then he rose into a higher sphere of being, and comprehended the necessity of that change which had fallen so heavily on him. He knew that his sisters spoke to him, and would speak to him again. The bitterness of loss began to be softened; the soreness of the wound began to be healed. But of all his experiences during that recession, he brought back only the results.

As he awoke in the morning, the full consciousness of his loss fell upon him with such a sudden and heavy blow as almost crushed him. But the next moment, looking forth into the gray shadows, he saw a rose-tint gradually stealing in among them; and before he could tell how she came, Eos was standing there, so full of life and beauty that he could not believe her words when she told him that she lived and was happy. She drew near; she hovered over him; she breathed into his soul the breath of Heaven; until suddenly recollecting herself, and promising to come again the next day, she flitted away into the roselight. A little while after, he saw her distinctly, standing on the eastern horizon, kissing her hand to him, until the rose became saffron and the saffron gold. Then, as the bright colors faded into a whitish gray, he saw that she was gone, and knew not whither. But it was not until after many days and nights that men began to connect the increasing light with the translation of Eos and Selené.

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## CHAPTER V.

### *The First Work.*

HIS Lethean draught had done one good thing for Helius. Henceforward he neither spoke nor thought of the great subject of his former anxiety and uneasiness. And this was the crowning act of love; for had it been otherwise, the memory of Prometheus and his horrible sufferings, would have absorbed all feeling, thought and passion, and thus have interfered with his true and natural development. But the great idea and purpose, that had been seared, as it were, on the surface, settled down and deepened in the soul; and the fire, though it came not up to the light, burned yet more intensely within. The latent irritation of this great necessity, by



which he should give development and expression to his highest power, kept him continually restless; and often from days to whole weeks and months together, he wandered away alone, that he might more truly put to himself those great questions, which none but his own soul could answer. Although the direct and tangible memory of the Sage had completely faded away from his thoughts, yet he was, though unconsciously to himself, actually in a truer sympathy and communion with him. But the truth was at first too profound and spiritual to be recognized by him, and gradually, as it dawned upon his mind, he became prepared for it.

But this interior power, or intelligence, did not exert any positive control. It would merely suggest; and after the decision was obtained, either approve or condemn. If he was sad, a strange comfort would expand within him, and he would rise up with a lightness and gaiety of heart, for which he was at a loss to account. At other times, when the heaviness of some great sorrow sat upon his breast with a suffocating pressure, suddenly the weight would be gone, and his heart, buoyant with the simple sense of relief, would literally leap for joy. If he were disappointed, an unaccountable hope of something better would displace the object he was still sighing for.

But with all this awoke a will and a power, that were continually reaching out toward that dark and undefined something—a purpose; a work—a destiny—which he felt must be, in some way, or by some means, accomplished—wrought out of the conflict, which was now incessant.

Every soul must be unfolded simultaneously with its own Ideal, though it does not often recognize the initial processes of its own image and superscription, which, by the growing light, it gradually projects for itself on the clear mirror within. It is only when this is completely unfolded, that it can reach out into the full measure of its destiny, and thus satisfy its highest capacity for happiness. This, with Helius, all lay in the future. The present was a period of transition, and could be developed only through struggle and suffering. But the beauty and genius that were continually absorbed, had become the vital aliment of his soul; and they must yet reproduce themselves; for the highest law of Nature demanded this. At length, under the influence of these feelings, he was almost alienated from his paternal home; for there was at once a depth and a

vastness in his yearning, that not only placed him beyond the reach of human sympathy, but often made him impatient of human presence. His family, and especially his father, felt this neglect; and Helius often reproached himself with it, and then he would come unexpectedly some times in the pleasant mornings, and look in at the green curtained tent of Thea, which now was so lonely; and as he did so, he saw from time to time, that the bright locks of Hyperion were beginning to be silvered, and the once fair cheek of Thea had lost its flitting roses. All were pleased when he came back to spend the hours of noon with the friends, whose first freshness of life was thus visibly declining. Then his mother brought out the finest fruits, which her own hands had gathered and hidden away for him. Under the influence of these simple and homely scenes, his boyish love and reverence would sometimes return; and then he would beg the blessing of the ancient couple, as he sat down at the feet of his good, old grandmother, and finally went to sleep, as he had often done in childhood, with his head upon her knee. But not even to his mother, the tender and thoughtful Thea, could he speak with entire freedom, or tell her how intensely the young heart was laboring to organize and develop its yet unformed greatness.

But the sorrow that had fallen on the house of Hyperion proved the means of blessing to his son; for it unfolded for him his first work. The idea of death naturally suggested that of an antidote. The question of remedial agencies came up, with a power that, for a time, absorbed all others. All the forces of his mind were concentrated on this one thought. In his wanderings he had both discovered and learned the virtues of many herbs. He invoked the Divinities. He studied spells. He compounded elixirs. He penetrated the profoundest, he brought home the remotest secrets of Nature. He extracted wisdom from the most inauspicious oracles, and potentialized it in the alembic of his own mind. He would arrest the doom of death. He would win everlasting renown, as the savior of men.

For a time he was satisfied with his work, believing that he had reached the ultimate of his life's ideal. He knew not that in an everlasting progress there is no pause—no perfect content with the present—no complete and finished result.

Again he grew uneasy with himself, and dissatisfied with his condition. There was another capacity of the soul to find expression, another want to be sated and quenched.

Study lost its inspiration, the quest of knowledge its excitement, and life all its beauty and interest. At length the work weighed down upon him so heavily, that he could no longer support it. With an almost insane dread of that old corroding idleness, he had clung to it till the last moment. But the great crisis demanded rest, that the unfolding power might more truly concentrate and evolve itself; and thus, from sheer necessity, he was once more reduced to inaction—at least as far as the exterior was concerned. This condition had now reached its climax; and he could no longer make any resistance.

Yielding to his restless mood, he wandered away over the mountains to the south-west, until he came to the borders of Attica; and there he lay down to rest in the fragrant shadow of Hymettus. He was very languid; but it was not so much a sense of fatigue caused by his exertions, as of weariness at the dull, aching void, that was again crying out for something to appease its anguish.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the scene that lay around him. To the north the pointed summit of Pentelicus shot up its marble shaft into the clouds. The sides were broken into gaps and wind-rifts, clothed with the brightest verdure, and exhibiting the most picturesque outlines. Now a tall cliff stretched out into the air, with a Vine clambering over it, and sending forth, at every point, its tender foliage and fine tendrils, whose delicate tracery, so strongly contrasting with the huge masses that supported it, was defined against the outline of the clear and deep sky; while the uppermost tendril, shooting out from the summit, asserts, both the prerogative and the power of life; for, pointing and stretching itself toward Heaven, it seems to say, that the highest law is "HIGHER." Yonder are myrtles, ivy and clematis, twining and tangling in luxuriant disorder, now, in some graceful nook secluding the coy shadows, now dashing out into the bold sunshine, now clothing with beauty the roughest crags, now hanging their snowy blooms over marbles, whose unsullied whiteness foils their own. Yonder the rocks are piled into grander arches, opening into deep caverns, through whose distant and dim perspective, only the exploring eye



might venture. Far to the South stretched the plain of Marathon, bearing in its fertile bosom, no omen of that great harvest of blood, which was to make its name immortal. Nearer was the verdant island of Salamis, whose clear waters were, as yet, untroubled by a dream of oriental despots, or invading hosts.

But nothing could be lovelier than Hymettus itself. It was clothed with rich woods, and now lay warm in the golden sunshine of an unclouded day. The little nook where he lay was draped and walled by the most luxuriant vines. Over the rocks grew delicate ferns; and at his feet lay a thickly matted carpet of fragrant herbs. Young birds nestled all about him; and the bees, as they dipped into the bells of the Hyacinth, or lingered in the cups of the Jasmine flowers, paid for what they had taken, in music sweet as their own honey.

The tenderest and most lovely sensations pervaded his whole being; for all the affections were brought into a divine unity with the spirit of the scene. All the bloom, the verdure, the music and the honey of Hymettus had flowed into his heart, and inspired his soul with an all-engrossing sense of majesty, and beauty, and sweetness, and power, and harmony.

His consciousness at length became so intense, that he could no longer support himself under it; and rising, he went down from the mountain, and wandered off toward the sea, which, at its eastern verge, almost laved the feet of Hymettus.

He felt an unaccountable impulse of journeying; and without questioning why, he set forth. He passed through his father's domain of Megara, and at length he came to the fertile plain and peninsula of Corinth. He ascended the summit of Acrocorynthus; and the matchless scene that was unfolded, all his previous experience had prepared him to appreciate. He regarded it with eyes that opened directly and deeply into the soul. Far to the north, were to be seen the snowy summits of Orbelus and Rhodopé, stretching away, until their white tops were lost in the clouds. From thence radiated the great chain of Pindus, reaching southward, and those still more famous ranges, of which Olympus, Parnassus and Helicon were the chief summits. Thence the eye wandered far over the sea, every where indented by its picturesque and fairy-like shores. Every variety of outline seemed exhausted in the forms of

golph, isthmus and promontory, while the opposite characters of grandeur and delicacy, boldness and grace, were constantly interwrought in their combinations. From the Cyclades, the island chain, whose green links encircled Delos, his eye ascended to the virgin sanctity of the Queen Island, whose oracles, through a long period of the great Future, he knew not were to speak in his own name; nor could he have comprehended the truth, had he even seen it; for what mirror has the Crysalis, that can reflect through its impenetrable cerements a clear image of the painted wings, the sunny air, and all the bloom and brightness, that open to receive its perfect form!

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *Inspiration of Art.*

Again Helius wearied of inaction; and leaving Argolis, with its cestus of Cyclopean masonry, on the left, he followed the general direction of the coast, until he came to a high point of land opposite the island of Cythera, and there, in a sheltered grotto that overhung the sea, he threw himself on the ground, looking out over the deep with that yearning sense of infinitude, which vastness of outline always excites in the impassioned and dreaming soul. Through all his journeying, and for many days, still that sunny feeling accompanied him, and his mind was thus prepared for the great work, which he was unconsciously opening.

When about lapsing into repose, he was suddenly roused by the sound of flitting footsteps, and the mingled sweetness of merry voices. He had hardly time to rise, when a company of nymphs, of the most excellent beauty, approached the bower. The majestic mien of the foremost was tempered by a fine modesty, as, perceiving Helius, she drew back, while a soft blush lent the additional charm of sweetness to her noble features.

Helius was about to give the accustomed salutation, when he paused with that feeling of devout reverence, with which the ardent and pure young mind is always inspired by a sight of extreme beauty in woman. Filled with this feeling, he would have withdrawn himself, when the elder of the nymphs, who has been already noticed, perceiving his youth and timidity, thus addressed him:—

"Fear not; for I see that thou too art a divinity. We are three nymphs, daughters of Jupiter and Themis—"

Helius recognized the acquaintance by a profound salutation.

"Dost thou know," said the younger nymph, coming out of the tall shadow of her sister Eunomia, and shaking back the long, fair hair, that fell almost to her feet, glistening like a flood of moonbeams. She hesitated a moment; for she saw that the large eyes of Irené were turned on her with a deprecating look, as if chiding in advance. But her charming vivacity broke through the habitual check; and whispering, "fear not, my sister!" she sprang forward: and with a gay, little laugh, whose innocent hilarity reassured him, she stood beside Helius.

"Dost thou know," she began again, "that here, within the shadows of Cythera, should appear at this very hour, Venus, daughter of Coelus and Light? It has been thus foretold; and it is so well accredited in Olympus, that Juno is half frantic with rage and jealousy; for it is rumored that all the fair forms of Heaven and Earth are tame and ugly in comparison, and fit only to be foils of this fairest."

Helius blushed modestly, as with a low obeisance, that gave an irresistible point to his words, he answered: "If it be so, fair Nymph, it would be safer to fly than to behold her; but though the Gods incite us to believe, they, happily, do not punish us for want of faith."

The compliment was so delicate—it expressed so little, yet implied so much, that the sisters were not less charmed with his politeness than his ingenious method of declaring it, while he, himself, suddenly relapsed into silence; for he was wondering in his own mind if there *was* anything fairer than the brilliant and varied vivacity of the group before him. He had never before seen much of female beauty, except that of his own sisters, with now and then a Naiad, or Dryad.

Eunomia perceiving instinctively that their looks discomposed him, and pitying his diffidence, thus addressed him: "Hide thyself in yonder tiny grotto. It will just shelter thee. There thou canst see without being seen. We go forth to meet, and welcome the Goddess."

Hardly had he spoken, when a line of finer light appeared on the



horizon. The nymphs sprang out toward the shore, while, at the same time, Helius, with a throbbing heart, dropped down into his grotto, and sat still to observe the phenomenon. It passed the northern point of Cythera. Its outlines became gradually more distinct; and on the near approach, he perceived a car, spotless as the snowy robe of Lebanon, and of the most exquisite proportions. Within, and reclining on piles of down, white as the sea-foam and of aerial lightness, was a form, whose bare outline, even in the distance, filled his bosom with a strange transport, so new and so delicious, he could not analyze it. His first thought was, that he might take the great blessing to his heart, and die, that the soul might thus forever expand itself into that divine inundation of the infinite love, which, as yet, it was too small—too weak—to clasp, and make finally its own. As it came nearer, he saw that the pillows were of sea-foam, soft and fleecy as the cygnet's down, and that her rosy limbs had tinged with a warmer hue the stainless white. Sea-nymphs of the most graceful forms followed, hovering round her, with their wreathing arms and their starry eyes, while loving Zephyrs flew by her side, wafting her forward with their breath.

On came the snow-white car; and nearer drew the enchantment, that seemed suddenly to have taken possession of all being, and to have annihilated every thing but itself.

But when Helius caught a nearer view—when he beheld the large and lustrous eyes, the mouth that seemed melting in its own entrancing smiles, the dimpled cheek, the hair that streamed over her, light and soft as golden plumage, warming the rosy pearl-white of the skin, and the matchless lineaments of the whole form, he beheld a being, who had come to inaugurate a new Ideal of Beauty. He had but one faculty; for sight absorbed every feeling, thought and passion, all emotions and conceptions of sense and soul, until his whole life seemed to be drawn out of him; and gasping for breath, he sank upon the ground.

He dared not look on her again. He was entranced beyond all power of thought. He knew nothing of the past or of the future. There was no time for him, save that one sweet and perilous moment, when he had so daringly gazed on one that might doom the world to madness. But that instant absorbed all experience, and

became in itself an eternity. Speech, action, thought, sense, other than this, had forsaken him.

How long he had been thus, he knew not, when an air-light hand was laid on his, and a soft kiss was felt flitting over his cheek. As he looked up, a serene light stole into his bosom; and before he could rise, he beheld the chaste form of Selene, even more beautiful than it had ever been before; but the lovely face was touched with an unspeakable sadness. She was standing before him, clothed in her robes of light, and the same bright crescent beaming over her fair forehead.

"Helius," she said softly, "Helius, my brother, fear not; for greater ones than thou might almost curse the Father of Gods, for having fashioned such entrancing beauty. Yet thou shalt be stronger, more truly a man, for the experience of this day; for in thee the passion shall evolve itself in the divinest forms of Art."

She paused a moment, regarding him with that ineffable sweetness, that bathed his soul as with finest drops of balm; and then she added: "Rise, now, my brother, and turn homeward; for the heart of Thea is sad, lest thou, too, should'st fall into danger. Behold, what I have said, shall be. I am ever near to comfort and to bless thee."

The voice ceased; and the form seemed to dissolve itself in a hovering cloud, out of which came a voice, saying: "Believe it, my brother, for thou shalt soon know a truer and sweeter love than this."

"Never!" he exclaimed, passionately, "never shall I know—never shall I see—any thing so lovely, as Urania\* the divine."

These were the only words he had spoken; and again he relapsed into silence.

"And yet," said Selené, once more coming out of the cloud, "I, who can perceive with the wisdom of the Immortals, know that thou hast looked on this perfection and wonder of the world, with the eyes of an artist rather than a lover. The God within thee is awakening. Go forth, and give utterance to thy thought. Go, my brother, and achieve thy destiny."

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\* One of the surnames of Venus, because she was daughter of Uranus or Cœlus.

She spoke no more; but with a majestic wave of the hand, she wrapped the cloud about her, and passed away.

And Helius was still reclining there, subdued and passive, but conscious of remarkable changes. His mental capacity seemed extending itself in every direction. He knew not before how large his heart was. He seemed to go out of himself, into a sphere, and a being, so clear and luminous, that he could see, as he surely felt, the waves of light ebbing and flowing, rising ever with a stronger swell, that was bearing him up — out — into an ocean of pure radiance, where the essences of all things opened to him their vital laws, and bound his soul by the most delicate and delicious affinities. He knew that there was something there that must utter itself; but as yet neither the means nor the power had become apparent.

[To be Continued.]

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## SLEEP AND DEATH.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Over the bridge of slumber  
Into the land of dreams,  
Who hath not wandered, times without number?  
Who hath not drunk of the streams  
That flow from the wonderful Land of Dreams?  
  
Yet pausing upon its border,  
The arches of mist beholding,  
Doth any one cry to the merciful warder,  
“O, save from these shadows enfolding;  
I tremble the mist-built arches beholding!”

Over the bridge of Death  
Lieth the shore of Heaven.  
Callest thou cruel the wisdom that saith  
Unto thy feet it is given  
To cross to love-haunted shores of Heaven.

Ever the pass is holden  
By beautiful angel bands,  
Bathed in the waves of an atmosphere golden.  
They hold out welcoming hands,  
Singing their gladness—these beautiful bands.



## A MINER'S DREAM.

BY AURILLA F. STEVENS.

One summer eve, just as the sun  
Its golden rays of light were closing,  
A miner, whose week's work was done  
Had sought his couch, and there reposing,  
He brought to mind the thoughts which kept  
Within his heart, hope brightly gleaming.  
But soon the weary miner slept,  
And in his sleep was sweetly dreaming.

A pleasant scene rose to his view,  
'Twas home, where years ago he parted  
With those that he yet loved most true,  
And left them almost broken hearted.  
And now with joy he trod again  
The well-known walks where blooms were springing,  
And in a low and tender strain  
These words he heard a sweet voice singing:—

“O, send for me; I long to go  
And share thy distant home;  
I fear not want, nor care, nor woe,  
Nor ocean's surging foam—  
I only ask to share thy lot,  
And then if fortune will  
Upon thee only cast her frowns,  
I'll toil and love thee still.

O, send for me; and in that clime  
Where purest waters flow,  
And mountains lofty and sublime  
Display their crowns of snow,  
We'll seek some quiet, sheltered spot—  
Plenty, our toil will bless,  
We'll scorn to sigh for wealth or fame—  
But live for happiness.

O, send for me—the fleeting years,  
Alas, have been too long  
Since thou wert here to dry my tears,  
Or join me in my song.

Often I've looked, but looked in vain.

Once more thy face to see—  
And now I ask, and ask again,  
O, dearest, send for me!"

The listening miner heard no more—

But hastily a few steps taking,  
He rushed in at the open door  
And cried, "My wife, I now am making"  
A slight amend, he would have said,  
For absence—but the scene elysian  
Vanished before his words, and fled,  
A sad and sweet, but cherished vision.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where Shasta's river gently flows,  
There stands a plain and humble dwelling;  
Beauty, her charms around it throws,  
A tale of love, the winds are telling :  
A happy twain are drawing near,  
With joy upon their faces beaming—  
He says, "we owe our bliss, my dear,  
To just a half an hour's dreaming."

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—A Presbyterian clergyman, while walking the deck of a steamer at St. John, N. B., where secessionism has a considerable footing, noticing the American flag flying from the masthead of a ship, tauntingly said to Col. Favor: "Why do n't you take a slice off that flag, since you have lost a portion of your country?" Yankee-like, the Colonel quickly replied: "Why do n't *you* tear a leaf from your Bible, because a part of your church have fallen from grace?" The clergyman had no more to say on that subject.

THE wicked are always surprised to see talent and ingenuity combined in the good.

ONLY what the mind drinks in with eagerness becomes thoroughly its own.

## L A R A . — A N   E X P E R I E N C E .

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN — (DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.)

FLESHLESS, yet living, I strode through the grand old hall of a mighty temple. I was compelled to climb the hills that bar the gates of Glory, and soon I found myself on a mighty plain, stretching out to the Infinitudes as it seemed in the short spaces wherein the vision was not obstructed by dense vapors that rose from the waters of the river of Lethe that skirted the immense prairie on which I was traveling toward my undreamed-of Destiny.

Dark, dense shadows rolled massively over the spaces—grim shadows of the dead worlds. No sound, no footfall, not even mine own,—not an echo broke the awful stillness. I was alone !—alone on the tremendous wastes of an unknown, unimagined Eterne. Within my bosom there was a heart, but no pulse from it went bounding thro' my veins ; no throb beat back responsive life to my feeling, listening spirit. I felt that it was changed to solid stone, all save one small point, distant as the vague ghost of a long-forgotten fancy,—and this seemed to have been the penalty inflicted on me for things done on the earth ; for it appeared that I was dead, and that my soul had begun an endless pilgrimage to——What?—to Where ? It seemed to be a penalty, and yet no black memory of dark-handed crime had seat within the mystic portals of my deathless soul. And I strode all alone adown the uncolumned vistas of the grand old temple, whose walls were builded of flown seconds, whose tessellated pavements were laid in sheeted hours, whose windows were wrought of the Gone Ages, and whose sublime turrets pierced the clouds, which roll over and mantle the summits of the gray mountains of Time. And so I strode through this temple alone !

With clear, keen gaze I looked forth, and my vision swept over the floors of all the dead years, yet in vain, for the objects of my longing were not there. There were trees, but all their leaves were motionless, and no caroling bird sent its heart-notes forth to wake the dim solitudes into life and music ; there were stately groves within the temple, but no amphian strains of melody fell on the ear from their moveless branches, or from out their fair theatres. All was still. It was a palace of frozen tones and only the music of



Silence prevailed, and I, Paschal, the Thinker, and my thoughts—strange, uncouth, yet mighty—but moveless thoughts, were the only living things beneath the bending dome. Living, I had sacrificed health, wealth, fame, honors—all things, even Love itself, for THOUGHT, and by thought had risen to a throne so lofty, that mankind wondered, stood aghast, and by reason of my thought had gathered from me, and condemned me to solitude even in the busy marts of men, and in the lanes and streets of earth's crowded cities; and now, after I had quitted earth with fearless tread, assured of an endless immortality, and had entered upon the life of Thinking, still was I alone. Had my life, my thinking, been a failure? The thought was bitter—seemed true, yet was rejected by my soul in utter loathing. For a moment, the social spirit had overshadowed Reason, and caused me to forget that even though stricken with deformity, poverty, sin or disease, the Thinker is ever the only true King. I had forgotten that the name of Paschal was inscribed on the fadeless parchments of the Imperial Order of the Rosy Cross, and that to be a Rosicrucian, was to be blest with boundless knowledge. But now, as I strode along, I felt my human nature yearning for human society and affection, and in the terrible presence of its absence I—I longed for death—that deeper death which sweeps the soul from being, and crowns the intellect with the hood of limitless, eternal Night. But it was not to be; and so I laid me down in despair beneath a tree which stood out from its fellows all ragged and lightning scathed, an awful monument, telling the on-looker that God had passed that way in fierce deific wrath, once upon a time in the dead ages whose ashes now bestrewed the floors of that vast and mighty Temple of ETERNE.

It was dreadful, very dreadful to be all alone. True, the pangs of hunger, the torture of thirst, the fires of ambition, nor the flames of passion could no longer mar my peace, nor disturb my being, for I was immortal and could laugh death to scorn,—yet suffering was mine. I wept, and my cries gave back no outer sound, but they rang, in dreadful echoes through the bottomless caverns and abysmal depths of my soul, racking it with torments, such as only lonely souls can feel, and such as are only undergone by the destined daughters of the Star-beam, the quenchless sons of Day,—the treasured children of the **Empyrean**.

Sleep came — a strange, deep sleep, and in it I dreamed. Me-thought I still wandered gloomily beneath the vast arches of the old grand hall, until at last, after countless cycles of ripe years had been gathered back to the Holy One, I stood before a solid, massive door, which, an inscription thereabove told me, opened into the vestibule leading to the garden of the Beatitudes. This door was secured by a thousand locks, every one of which might be opened, but the opener could not pass through, unless he unfastened one gigantic master lock having ten thousand wards and bolts. A doom! again despair enshrouded my soul in this dream within what was not all another dream; for to achieve such a task without the master key, was a task requiring the labor of a host for periods of time, defying human comprehension, so many were the locks, so vastly strong the door. Mournfully I turned away, when, as if by chance, my gaze encountered a rivetless space upon the brazen door, of a circular shape, around which was an inscription running thus: "MAN ONLY FAILS THROUGH THE FEEBLENESS OF WILL!"

Within this smooth circle was a golden triangle, in the center of which was a crystalline winged globe, surmounted with the cypher "R,"\* while beneath this winged globe, in fiery characters, was the single word, "TRY!" The very instant I caught the magic significance of these divine inscriptions, Hope was begotten of my soul, and born of stern resolve. Despair fled to his dismal solitudes, and in the excess of my tumultuous joy, I awoke from the dream within a dream.

But what a change! During my slumber I had been transported to the summit of a high mountain, in another part of the Temple. By my side stood an aged and saintly man of most regal and majestic presence. He was clad in oriental garb, and his flowing raiment was bound to his waist by a golden band wrought in the form of a shining serpent,—the sacred emblem of Wisdom, and insignia of Power. Around his broad and lofty brow was a coronet of silver, dusted with spiculæ of finest diamonds, in the center of which was a magian character, which told me his name was Ramus the Great—the same known historically as Thothmes or Thotmor, the builder of the first Pyramid, King of Egypt, and sixty ninth chief of the Imperial Order of the Rosy Cross.

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\* Rosicrucia.

This regal being spake kindly to me, and his soft tones fell upon the hearing of my soul like words of pardon at the Judgment Seat fall upon the repentant sinner. He pointed me to a vast procession of the risen dead—a spectral army, wending its way toward that part of the temple I had just quitted in such a mysterious manner. Said he: “O, Son of Time, yonder host are men and women who are seeking, as thou hast sought, the Gates of Glory, that they may pass through into the delightful garden of the Beatitudes. It is one thing to be endowed with Immortality; it is another thing to be Happy. The first is a boon granted to all the children of the earth alike; the last can only be attained by self-endeavor, on Earth and in the great Eterne alike! The way to the garden lies ever through the Hall of Silence, and each aspirant must open the door for himself and no other. Failing, as thou hast failed, each must turn back, and like thee, come hither to the Hill of Retrospection, and must search in the vales of memory for the triple key, which alone can unbar the gates of Glory! Remember! Despair not—TRY!” and in an instant the glorious phantom turned from me, and with arms outstretched in more than mortal love, hied him toward the head of the moving army. \* \* \* Again I stood alone, but not now in despondency and gloom, but in all the serene majesty of noble, conscious Manhood, aware of my short-comings, failures and mis-spent time, yet conscious of having meant well.....In this spirit I began to search in the crypts of memory for the magic key, which I knew instinctively must consist of some three grand human deeds or virtues.

At length it seemed that I had found them—Virtues clothed in words or names, and no sooner was this thought born than I wished myself before the gate, and instantly by some magic power I found myself standing on the exact spot I had occupied during my dream within a dream. The first inscription had disappeared, as had the trine and winged globe, and in their places I read: “Speak, and tell what thou hast done toward uplifting thy fellow-men: when thou speakest the three words in which resides the magic spell and key, the door will open, and thou mayest pass!”

The writing slowly faded, and the smooth space assumed the appearance of molten gold. I spoke aloud, and to my astonishment my voice rang shrill and clear through the spaces of the grand old



Hall. "I have educated myself—have developed reason, judgment, intuition—have reaped laurels in the field of letters, and surmounted difficulties without number, thus setting an example to all the world, by following which, man might elevate himself to the loftiest spheres of usefulness." While uttering this sentence of living truth, I firmly expected at its conclusion, to see the gate fly back upon its hinges. But to my horror it moved not at all, while the echoes of my voice echoed back in frightful waves, repeating my last word, "usefulness." Not being able to think of any nobler deed, I cast my eyes downward, and on raising them again, I saw across the clear space on the door, the word "TRY."

Taking heart again, I said: "I have made grand efforts to redeem mankind from sloth, sin, and ignorance. I have told them of Jesus, and upheld the power and honor of the cross and the sweet religion it typifies. My aims have been to lift the veil that hides man from his own soul; and to effect this end I have endured poverty, slander, insult, disgrace; and to attain the great end I have ignored wealth, fame, honor, place, and have even been deaf to the calls of LOVE." I ceased. The gate moved not, but the word "Try" reappeared in greater brightness, and the vast vault echoed back with a gentle, soft, and velvet cadence the one word "LOVE." I tried again. "I have rebuked the high, comforted the mourner, redeemed the thief, saved the harlot, fed the orphan, and upheld the rights and dignity of LABOR!" Still the door moved not; and again the echoes gave back my last word, "LABOR." "I have preached immortality, written of it, convinced thousands, been its champion; I have confirmed the wavering, beaten the skeptic, reassured the doubting, and through long and bitter years; throughout both hemispheres of the globe, from sea to sea, have I proclaimed that if a man die he shall unmistakably live again, and thus have I endeavored to banish error and superstition, and on their ruins lay the broad and deep foundations of a better faith!" As if a myriad voices chimed out my last syllable, there rang through the spacial hall the sublime word "Faith!" Instantly the bolts of the thousand locks flew back in their wards, and the ponderous gate moved forward and back, like a vast curtain when swayed by a gentle wind. Joyously I tried again, knowing that only one thing more was necessary to end my pilgrimage of loneliness, and exalt me to

the blest companionship of the dear ones whom I so longed to join in their glory-walks adown the celestial glades of God's infinite gardens of Beatitude.

"I have fallen from man's esteem in pursuance of my duty. A new faith sprang up in the land, and zealots brought shame upon it. Lured by a false eloquence I yielded to the fascinations of a specious sophistry, and for a while languished beneath the bondage of glittering falsehood. At length I saw my error and theirs; I strove to correct the faults, and to sift the chaff from the rich new wheat; but the people did not or would not understand me, but insisted that I ignored both grain and tares; yet still I labored on, trying to correct my faults, and cultivate the Queen of human virtues — CHARITY!" Scarcely had this word escaped my lips, than the massive portal flew open, and a sight of supernal magnificence stood revealed before my ravished soul, whose nature I may not now reveal.

Lara—Lara, my beautiful one—the dear, dead maiden of the long ago, stood before me, just within the lines of Paradise. She loved me still — aye, the red maiden had not forgotten the lover of her early days, ere the cruel death snatched her from my arms; for the love of the Indian maiden survives the grave, and she spake, saying: "Paschal, my beloved — lone student of this weary world — I await thy entrance here. But thou mayst not enter now. Thy work is yet unfinished. Thou hast found the keys! Go give them to thy fellow men. Teach them that only USEFULNESS, LOVE, LABOR, FAITH and CHARITY, are the keys which are potent to unbar the gates of glory!"

"Beautiful Lara! I obey thee! Wait for me, love, I am coming soon," I cried, as slowly she retreated, and the gates closed again. "Not yet, not yet," I cried, as with outstretched arms I implored her to stay. But she was gone; I fell to the ground in a swoon. When I awoke again, I found the night had grown an hour older than it was when I sat down in my chair in the little chamber I occupy in this goodly city of the Golden Gate.

WEALTH.—Let us not envy some men their accumulated riches; their burden would be too heavy for us; we could not sacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honor and conscience to obtain them; it is to pay so dear for them, that the bargain is a loss.

## THE HOUSE.

BY ALICE GILL.

THERE is no art in the world so well named as the art which is thought to be the only art proper for the study of females—House-keeping. Driven down to this one employment, woman has exhausted all her efforts on its faithful accomplishment, and has become, in consequence, nothing more, nothing less, than a House-keeper.

By the constant attention of its keeper, the house itself has become so exalted, that we might almost ask with propriety if it has a soul, and if it is supplied with delicate nerves, that like telegraph-wires carry messages of the approach of disease to its brain—the Housekeeper.

The little boys in the nursery dare not amuse themselves with their balls, lest they disarrange the clothing of its windows. The little girls pass stealthily by its parlor, their shoes are too dusty to tread on its best coat.

Gentlemen consent to pay large school-bills for the imprisonment of their children, that their wives may the more assiduously guard it from injury.

All that belongs to the house becomes holy in the eyes of its mistress. The young artist is severely punished if he displays the germ of a godlike talent on its rosewood tables; and the glorious sun, who comes with the morning to bless us, and strengthen us for the duties of the day, is forbidden to enter, lest he steal the rainbow hues from its tapestried walls. The little mechanic, without knife or stick, envies Robinson Crusoe his liberty, and grows pale and diseased, while his mother is polishing and adorning the mere case which encloses him.

Does a chair or table become warped and crooked, watchful woman, ever on the scent, discovers the imperfection; but her poor boy may become warped and crooked, both in body and mind, and she is blind to the fact; or if she does occasionally perceive the defect, she does not trouble herself to study the cause.

She frequently reprimands her maid for marring the fine polish of her mirrors, but she takes no note of the lack-lustre eyes that are reflected from them, or of the inefficiency of those whom she em-



plays to polish the minds of her children, and who through ignorance or carelessness, constantly mar the beautiful handiwork of nature.

Why does man continue to assert that the only sphere proper for the development of a woman's mind is enclosed by four walls of brick and mortar, and take for himself the wide world for his pleasure and his profit? Why does he call this little box a home? Will not this home become stagnant, and generate unhealthy vapors in the mind, unless its occupants, female as well as male, go forth into the world to gather flowers for its adornment; and unless the old thoughts and old customs, as well as the old chairs and old tables, decayed and useless, be driven out to make room for the new and the fresh.

Can our homes, any more than our bodies, continue constantly in one place without becoming torpid and unhealthy?

Home is where our friends are. Home is anywhere among humanity. Home is here to-day if we feel friendly towards one another; and if our virtue is not silver gilt, we may wander abroad without being in danger of losing our purity, even if we come in contact with those who are stained with the blackest crime.

Let us go forth occasionally, and leave the little box kindly prepared for us, that we may gather a few thoughts, and learn how to make our houses accommodate themselves to the wants of their inmates.

If our house is built for the comfort of a few invalids, whose bodies are past repair, it is very well for us to continue to fit it up with all the appliances of a hospital; but this will not meet the wants of little children who are taught by nature, to run, jump, climb, construct, destroy, and reconstruct out of the old fragments; and no house is a home that does not meet the wants of all its inmates.

No true woman ever took pleasure in the gaudy colors of a carpet, or the fine polish of a cabinet, while her children lacked the rosy hue of health.

Painting and sculpture are beautiful to behold in a palace, but more beautiful far are the whitewashed walls of a cottage whose only frescoes are the shadows of finely formed children.

The reason why we have not time to do that which we ought to do, is that we constantly do that which we ought not to do; and as

long as we do that which we ought not to do, we must expect to be sick, unhappy, and immoral.

It is a wasted moment that is spent in knitting tidies to preserve dumb chairs, while a little girl's feet are becoming deformed by cruel fashion. It is a wasted moment that is employed in closing windows to keep the dust out of some orderly chamber, when half a dozen lungs are decaying for want of fresh air.

The time was when a house was a place for shelter from storm, a place for protection, a thing needed for our use; now, we live to take care of the house, to guard it, and to dress it; and we often tuck our children into the smallest possible compass, in some out-of-the-way room called a nursery, where huddled together under an overseer whose good qualities depend on her power to keep them in this small domain, they look like plants kept in a cellar.

Now, if the house could take the place of the children, and coming to years of discretion, could go forth among men, doing good,—at Washington, and other places where distinguished and good men go,—or lecture on monuments,—or tell from the pulpit of the “good time coming,”—there would be no objections to its being the first and only care of a woman; but in spite of our ceaseless efforts, this house must grow old, get out of fashion, and decay, and leave to the future nothing but a heap of rubbish to say, “I once lived:” even though we work like the little nerita, who, to adorn her home, stains with her own blood the pearly portals of her palace.

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THANKSGIVING.—BY CORA WILBURN.

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I thank thee, Lord, for every joy of earth,  
For the sweet memories of the by-gone life;  
For the dear home-songs of my love-lit hearth,  
Upfloating from the past's dim vistas, rife  
With blessed refrain, with the magic power  
Of faith's deep essence, love's transcendent dower.

Not with rebellious sorrows' anguish riven  
Come o'er my soul those memories of the past;  
I know my earth-lost treasures safe in Heaven  
Before Thy throne are reverently cast.  
That for bereavements every heart-wrung tear,  
A star-gem glistens in yon sun-bright sphere.

I thank Thee for thy guardian Love's evangels;  
For the chastisements of Thy hand divine;  
For the blest mandates of Thy teaching angels;  
And at thy world-wide, universal shrine,  
I bow submissive to Thy sovereign will,  
While heavenly music whispers: “Peace, be still!”

## W O M A N .

R. H. T.

“He is a parricide to his mother’s name,  
And with an impious hand murders her fame,  
That wrongs the praise of women.”

The power and influence exerted by woman, in the formation of human character, can scarcely be over-estimated. During our tender years, when our minds and dispositions are plastic, and capable as well as ready to receive impressions for good or evil, it is she who moulds and forms the budding character, giving it a direction whose influence pervades the whole future course of our lives.

“ ’Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.”

How much of that education does the tender mind receive at the lips and in the outward conduct of woman! And how many men there are, and have been, whom the world delights to hold in remembrance, — upon whom have been heaped power, station, and honor, who might have referred all these to the fact of having had a good, virtuous, and sensible mother, whose precepts and example instilled into their youthful minds a love of truth and virtue; and of beauty in the material as well as the moral world!

Truly, the mission of woman is an high and holy one. She has been called the “weaker vessel;” I do not think the term is a just one; I think that in her proper place she is stronger, exerts more power than man. Her greatest power is felt, her highest honor is won, in the domestic walks of life. Let man battle with the world; let him go forth to right the evils of society; but let his heart be attuned to the work by the gentle influence of woman. Hers be the happier task to cheer the domestic fireside with her sunny smiles; to build a holy temple of the heart, to whose shrine man may come from the wearying cares of the busy world, and find peace; to rear an altar around which shall cluster all the tenderest sympathies, all the highest and best affections; where the light of her bright eyes may kindle a fire of gladness in the soul, and her sweet voice, sweeping the tremulous heart-chorus, make more delicious music than the harmonious whisperings of Æolian harps! Hers be the task



"To rear the graces into second life ;  
 To give society its highest taste ;  
 Well-ordered home man's best delight to make ;  
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
 With every gentle care-eluding art,  
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
 And sweeten all the toils of human life ;—  
 This be the female dignity and praise."

It is woman's peculiar province to render home attractive ; to soothe the cares, to heighten the joys, to call into action all the better impulses, to refine and elevate the domestic circle. Here her character assumes its true position and dignity. Woman only can render the home fireside attractive ; it is there her influence is most felt ; there she may reign a queen. Her throne is built upon the affections of her household, and, if she prudently and virtuously administer the affairs of her little kingdom, pleasant words and kind smiles are her sceptre, contentment is her prime minister, and a loving family are her loyal courtiers. Peace abides perpetually throughout her realm. When she goes beyond the family circle, she loses her royal prerogative, but not her influence. She imparts a healthful tone to the society in which she moves ; she awakens and vivifies the better portions of our nature, the virtues and the graces of our hearts ; and the effect of her presence is to polish the manners, while at the same time it improves and refines the character of the sterner sex.

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#### THE HAND.

The instrument of instruments, the hand ;  
 Courtesy's index ; chamberlain to Nature ;  
 The body's soldier ; the mouth's caterer ;  
 Psyche's great secretary ; the dumb's eloquence ;  
 The blind man's cradle, and the forehead's buckler ;  
 The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign.—*Lingua.*

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#### SLEEP.

Sweet sister unto him who lifts the veil  
 Life o'er our earthly vision has closed round,  
 Enchanting sleep ! How willingly we hail  
 Ever thy approach when good deeds abound !  
 Peace comes with sleep, but yet where good is found.

— A. A. Lewis.

## MASKS AND SHAMS.

BY G. T. S.

THAT was a brave saying of a noble lad, who, when asked to commit a mean action, with the plea, "Nobody will see you," replied: "I shall see myself." That lad was a real moral hero, and worthy to wear the crown that will grace the head of Victoria's son.

Alas! how few of us are ashamed to do a mean action because we shall "see ourselves." We put on a mask, that we may not be seen of others, little caring what passes underneath the painted face we wear. Not what we are, but what we would have others think us to be, is our motto. And then, through our mask, we utter "false, squeaking voices," and stare with hollow, lying, deceptive eyes, and smile and smirk, and lisp out honied words, while our hearts are full of cursing and bitterness. And so we change this world, which should be full of clear outspeaking voices, into a "hollow masquerade of veiled and restless souls." What the world says of us, is of more importance than what our own hearts say, with God and conscience sitting as an umpire. With most of us may it not be said that we "carry a lie in our right hand"?

And yet, how ashamed we should be if we only knew how well others can read us through all our disguises. We fret and disquiet ourselves, and cover ourselves with subterfuges, to avoid the world's dread laugh, and the world laughs at us for our pains. For, after all, truth and straightforwardness are honored by those who possess but little of them themselves: they love and worship the image of Truth, although they follow after Falsehood.

Do we doubt the hollowness and misery of this pitiable life of sham and false seeming which so many of us lead? Let us hear the testimony of one who was in his day the most accomplished man in Europe—the Earl of Chesterfield.

"I have seen," says he, "the busy rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those that have not experienced always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen

all the *coarse pulleys, and dirty ropes* which exhibit and move the gaudy machines, and I have *seen and smelt the tallow candles* which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do, by no means, desire to repeat the *nauseous dose* for the sake of the fugitive dream."

"I scorn this hated scene  
Of masking and disguise;  
Where men on men still gleam  
With falseness in their eyes,  
Where all is counterfeit,  
And truth hath never say;  
Where hearts themselves do cheat,  
Concealing hope's decay;  
And, writhing at the stake,  
Themselves do liars make.

Go! search thy heart, poor fool!  
And mark its passions well.  
'Twere time to go to school;  
'Twere time the *truth* to tell.  
'Twere time this world should cast  
Its infant slough away;  
And hearts burst forth, at last,  
Into the light of day.  
'Twere time all learned to be  
Fit for Eternity!"

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As we stand by the sea shore and watch the huge tides come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in this world—they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

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WHY are black eyes called piercing? — Because they can look daggers when they like.



## THE SPIRIT OF '76.

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[THE following graphic sketch of the first great martial epoch of liberty on this continent, is here reproduced because of its application to the present condition of affairs in the Union. It appears that the spirit of the grandfather has been only latent in the grandchildren, ready to assert itself on any sufficient occasion. Two generations have not dulled the edge of our enthusiasm, or weakened our determination in defence of free institutions. Let us hope that twenty may go by and leave us still the true children of Liberty. The extract is from "The Old Continental," a novel of the late James K. Paulding, and sufficiently explains itself.]

Bidding farewell to home, as he believed for a long while, and receiving divers cautions to take care of himself, from the old folks, John had, the morning after parting with Jane, pursued his way to the quarters of General Alexander McDougal, one of the earliest and worthiest patriots of New York, with whom his family had been acquainted during their residence in the city, and in whose brigade his father served as a captain of dragoons. The General was of Scottish descent, of a cool, determined character, and undoubted courage. Like Napoleon, the great Captain, he was an egregious snuff-taker, and to save the trouble of opening a box, or because no box of reasonable dimensions would contain his daily supply, usually carried his snuff in his waiscoat pocket, as we have often heard from one of his old companions in arms. From the same authority we learn that the General's ruffles and buff jerkin, generally exhibited a plentiful sprinkling of his favorite debauch. Our adventurer first sought his father, and the meeting was affectionately solemn. But after the parent had welcomed his son, he began a long lecture on the impropriety of leaving home, where his presence was required for the protection of the old people, and the cultivation of the farm.

"Besides," added the captain, "you would have seen me soon without coming here. I was about asking leave for a few days as early as next week; however, John, I should not find fault with you for taking all this trouble to see me. So give me your hand; you are heartily welcome."

"But, sir," replied John, "I did not come to see you; that is, I did not come on purpose."

"No? what then brought you here?"

"I came to fight for my country, sir!"

"You? why you're but a boy—a chicken; what will you do amongst our old cocks?"

"Crow and fight like the rest, father."

"Poor John! go home and take care of the farm, and the old people. I'm sure you've run away without permission."

"No, on my word sir, they consented."

"What! mother too?"

"Yes, sir. She opposed it at first, but at last said to me: 'Well, go, John, fight for your country, and take care of your father.'"

"Did she, the dear old soul?" exclaimed the captain, drawing his hand across his brow; "but why should I doubt it, when I have seen so many of our women with the hearts of men in their bosoms? John, you can hardly remember your mother, you were so young when you lost her. Though brought up tenderly in a quiet city, I verily believe she never knew what it was to fear for herself. I have seen her twice in situations that made old soldiers turn pale, without a change in her countenance. If you ever turn coward, John, you will disgrace both your parents. But you are too young for a soldier of freedom. Can you live without eating; sleep without covering; fight without shirt to your back, or shoe to your foot; without pay, and without the hope of victory? If you cannot, you'd better go home. Look at *me*, John."

John ran his eyes over the poor soldier of freedom, and, though he had been absent but little more than a year, was struck with the change in his face and person. He had grown very thin; his brow was seamed with deep furrows; his hair, which was only a little grizzly when he left home, was now almost white, and a deep scar on his cheek, gave token of his having been within arm's reach of an enemy. Cap he had none; but its place was supplied by a coarse wool hat, of a grim, weather-beaten hue, ornamented with a little faded plume, now of a most questionable color. His *epaulette* was of the tint of rusty copper; his garments not only worn threadbare, but rent in more than one place; he wore a common leather stock, and his clumsy cowhide boots, the soles of which were gradually depart-

ing from the upper leather, were innocent of oil or blacking. His sword was cased in a scabbord of cartridge paper, made by his own hands, and his entire appearance presented no bad emblem of the fortunes of his country.

"Well, John, what do you think of me?"

John made no answer; his heart was too full for words; but he thought to himself, "such is ever the price of Liberty!"

"But don't be discouraged, boy. Though I seem rather the worse for wear, I have plenty of money. Look here—" and the captain drew from his pocket a handful of paper money, with a smile that partook of bitter irony. "See how rich I am, if I could only persuade people to take these rags for money. I offered Mangham, the pedlar—you know him, I believe, a wary rascal—a hundred dollars for a pair of stockings, a luxury I have not enjoyed for some time; but the fellow answered: 'No, captain, if I expect to be charitable, I give things away; but when I trade, I want something of equal value for my goods.' He offered to give me a pair for old acquaintance' sake, but I could not bring myself to that. So you see me barefoot, with a pocketful of money."

"If I were in your place, sir, I would resign and go home. Let *me* take your place, while you get a little rest and clothe yourself. I can't bear to see you look like a beggar."

"No my son," replied the captain, with a firm determination, unalloyed by a single spark of enthusiasm, "no John; when I first put on this old rusty sword, I swore never to lay it down till my country was free, or all hope of freedom was at an end. I mean, if God spares my life, to keep my oath, let what else may happen. If my country cannot give me shoes, I will fight barefoot; if she cannot afford me a hat, I will fight bareheaded; and if she can't pay me for my services in money, I will live in the hope of being repaid hereafter by her gratitude. I know she gives us the best she has to give—that she shares in our sufferings—and may God forsake me, when I desert her!"

Such were the men who bore the country on their shoulders, thro' peril, doubt and despair: such the unknown heroes, who live only in the blessings they bestowed on posterity. And here lies the mystery which has puzzled the world, namely: the achievement of independence in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles, presenting



themselves at every step and every moment, which cannot be explained but by the virtuous firmness, the unwavering patriotism, not more of the high than of the low ; not more of those whose names will forever remain objects of national gratitude, than of those whose names were never remembered. The soul that animated and inspired the revolution spoke from the lips of this nameless soldier.

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## THE CHILD'S WAKING HYMN.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

BY SAMUEL H. LLOYD.

My Father kind, whom we adore,  
On bended knees we lisp thy name ;  
Thy gifts my mother's heart inflame,  
On whom thy blessings I implore.

They tell me that the sun so bright  
Is but thy play of light and heat ;  
Self poised it swings beneath thy feet,  
A lamp of soft vermillion light.

The little birds of summer fields  
To thee alone do owe their birth ;  
And all the children of the earth,  
Thou gav'st a soul that knowledge yields.

They tell me, that the flowers rare  
Are but the product of thy hand ;  
And but for thee, throughout the land  
The orchard trees no fruits would bear.

The universe—thy banquet-hall,  
Is by thy glory fitted up ;  
And e'en the insect there may sup—  
It is thy bounty feedeth all.

The lamb-kin feeds on upland ledge,  
The skipping goat the wild grass crops;  
The little fly sips the white drops,  
That hang upon the vase's edge.

The skylark leaves its sunny nest  
And seeks the gleaner by the brook;  
The sparrows to the winnower look,—  
And childhood seeks its mother's breast.

And to obtain each sacred gift  
That day by day doth bring to light  
The morning hour, the evening—night,  
To thee our waiting hearts we lift.

O God, my stam'ring lips set free,  
To lisp thy name that angels fear;  
But e'en a little child may hear  
And join the choir that praises thee.

Ah, can He know so far away  
The secret thoughts that move my heart;  
Then that his grace he may impart  
To me, to Him I'll daily pray.

My God, who giv'st the fountain rain,  
And feathers to the sparrow's breast;  
Who giv'st the sheep their wool, and blest  
With shade the roses of the plain.

Restore the sick to health, we pray;  
Give bread to those who weary roam;  
Unto each orphan give a home,  
And to the captive—freedom's day.

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A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a cold winter morning, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said: "What, sirrah, can't you tell?"—"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I have it at my finger ends."

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GOOD temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything.

# LILLIE HAINES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

## CHAPTER I.

NOT always does just heaven accept of a complete martyrdom; not every heart is called upon to drain the bitter cup of suffering to the very dregs; in mercy and compassion the wreath of thorns is sometimes transmuted into the myrtle or rose crown of joy and victory; the earthly compensation as well as the heavenly award is granted. I will tell you the story of one sweetly willing to sacrifice her all of life at the bidding of sacred duty; I will read you a few, brief life-pages from the heart history of Lillie Haines. She was the oldest daughter of a wealthy merchant, and had been endowed by nature with the sovereign and oft dangerous gift of most excelling beauty: but the rare perfection of her face and form was equalled by the grace and humility of her spirit, that from earliest childhood ever obedient to the calls of duty, in after years made of her strong, brave heart, the prop and stay of the sadly altered household.

For reverses came, and summer friends departed; and the ruined merchant sat alone with the wrecks of a once princely fortune; overwhelmed with grief, a prey to despondency, and meditating upon the right of suicide. The wife of his bosom, deprived of the means of luxury, and the all-engrossing delights of society, vented her reproaches in no measured terms; not a word of comfort or of pity fell from her lips; her wifely arms wound not around the neck of the wretched man with the love clasp of their golden days of happiness: alone in her own room, she brooded over the misfortunes she believed his want of judgment and his lack of prudence had occasioned. Mrs. Haines was not fortunate in the management of her children. Her son, Robert, had left home in a fit of anger caused by her violent remonstrances of his extravagant mode of life. He left for the land of gold; and for three years had been unheard from. Leon, her second boy, a bright scholar, yet happy in the enjoyment of school days was wilful and disobedient, as the result of her over-indulgence; and Nellie and Marian, lovely children of eight and twelve, were naturally docile and lovable, but much spoiled by the mother's excess of vanity and ostentation that delighted in making fashionable puppets of the drawing-room, of these angels confided



to her care. Lillie was the guardian spirit of that worldly household; the peace-maker and the restorer of harmony; at her gentle entreaty the rude Leon would subside into quiet; the wranglings of her sisters would cease; the imaginary troubles of her mother be lulled to rest; even the clouded brow of her father relax from its business gloom. Rightly named, she was the lily whose pure and holy image was reflected in the lucid depths of their affections; and whose fragrant goodness charmed the atmosphere of home.

It was while the unhappy merchant sat pondering deeply, wildly thinking of escape from life and its encompassing trials, that his daughter entered the room, and stood gazing upon him with tear-filled eyes, and a heart overflowing with filial love and pity. Not that he had ever been a very loving father, for he was usually cold and stately, and bore to the hearthstone the forbidding manner of the counting-house: he had been proud of her beauty and accomplishments; but she, in return, loved him with all the fervency of soul and strength. She saw him clasp his throbbing temples, and beat his tortured breast. She heard him say in wild, impious accents: "I will not live,—I will not live to bear this shame!" and she read in his haggard face and bloodshot eye the purpose from which, with a thrilling shriek of terror, her soul recoiled; and her protecting arms stretched forth in mute entreaty rescued him upon the very brink.

"I am lost, dishonored! Never more can I walk forth an equal with my fellows!" cried the distracted man.

"Dear father!" said the low, earnest, pleading voice, "you are overcome with the shock of sudden adversity. Why speak of dishonor. Have not your dealings been always fair and honorable? Who can prove one solitary act against you? With conscience, health, and energy left, there is every thing to hope for. Oh, father, be of good cheer; with willing hands and submissive spirits, our heavenly protector will guide and assist." And the noble girl kissed the bitter, briny tear-drops from her father's eyes.

"My blessed angel!" he murmured; "O, if your mother were but half as considerate! But Lillie, Leon, your sisters,—we are reduced to beggary. What will become of them and of you?"

"We will trust in God, and I will labor——"

"*You* labor!" cried the proud father, in astonishment; "you soil

those pretty hands with work! *you* bend to the drudgery of daily toil! O, daughter, this is indeed too much! O, why did you come in?"

"To comfort you; to give you the poor consolations of my love," said Lillie, weeping. "I heard your dreadful words, my father, and I know that you meditated the commission of a fearful sin. O, for the love of Heaven do not rebel against God! do not despair and seek to fly from sorrow. What would become of us, if you were to leave us? And to die by one's own hand!—O, father dear I tremble at the thought!"

She was so angelically beautiful in her grief for him that he drew her to his bosom in a close embrace, and wept upon her shoulder as a little child. With the pitying softness of a stronger nature, she put aside the matted clusters of his hair and kissed his pallid brow, and whispered sweet assurances of comfort and ultimate success, until the first great storm was stilled in Mathew Haines' breast, and he asked forgiveness of his Maker for the premeditated sin; and a renewed love and almost veneration for his lovely child sprang up from the sorrow and the ruin.

She brought about a reconciliation between her parents, apparent if not sincere on the part of her mother, whom she implored with tears to spare her reproaches and repinings. The weak-minded woman yielded to the better influence, and a gentle and forgiving spirit brooded over all. From their magnificent home grandeur, they dared not remove one article of comfort or luxury; all went to pay the merchant's uncanceled debts. With no vestige of their former state and influence they removed into humble lodgings in an obscure street; and he, who once dispensed moneyed favors and lordly hospitality, was content to obtain the humblest clerkship and to labor early and late for a scanty pittance. Upon Lillie Haines devolved the greater portion of the household arrangements, for her mother seemed incapable sometimes of either thought or action. Living constantly in the past, not always repining loudly, but weeping often and silently, never illumining the changed path by a stray smile or gleam of cheerfulness, she augmented, by her looks and manner, the melancholy spirit that possessed her husband. He was no longer cold and distant; but he became gloomily irritable, and would sit pondering and still, with strangely fixed eyes and ner-

vously wandering hands. The children, long accustomed to all that wealth commands, were imperious and exacting; and the patient elder sister was at once their nurse and governess, their true mother and only teacher. When she had seen to the comforts of the house, she went abroad to give lessons in music and embroidery; on returning home, she would assist her mother in the many domestic duties; and midnight often found the faithful daughter toiling wearily at her needle, for the sake of those dependent on her care.

One glorious hope lay folded closely to her heart; and beneath its rainbow splendors she walked erect in faith, and wove youth's fairy visions of the years to come. James Waltham, toiling earnestly in the far off California, was her affianced lover; and for his return she waited with the trust that knows no doubt; with the confiding affection that was as deathless as it was deep and fervent. From her then proud father, a reluctant consent had been obtained, but the affixed condition was, that James, to claim her hand, must return with wealth. Mrs. Haines had always treated the young man with the most supercilious coldness; but Lillie, brave, and true, and loving, had vowed to him her troth plight; and had firmly given her irrevocable nay, unto all the thronging suitors for her hand. She wrote to her beloved one a detailed account of the misfortunes that had befallen them, but no reply was returned; weeks and months passed on, and still no letter came. She never dreamt of doubting him, but a sickening terror and a vague apprehension weighed heavily upon her spirits; her cheeks waxed pale; her once bounding step grew laggard, and the blue veins tracery shone through the transparent clearness of her skin; while a subdued and mournful lustre beamed from the erst joy-illumined eye. Thus time sped on; and she mourned him as we mourn for the departed, and yet she clung to hope, even as the drowning mariner to his last hold on life.

She pursued her avocations faithfully, and labored diligently at her household tasks; but much was done mechanically, and her pillow was moistened by the heart-flood of her first, bitter grief. As if commissioned to arouse her fully from even the partial indulgence of sorrow, there fell upon her heart another and a crushing stroke. Ever watching with the wakeful eyes of affection for every change upon her father's face, she noted soon that its expression was altering; that the sullen apathy gave way to bursts of fitful and unnat-



ural merriment ; that his sunken eyes gleamed with a lurid fire ; and that crimson spots of excitement burned on his hollow cheeks. In vain she sought to delude herself and evade the questionings of her anxious mother ; the revelation came too soon ; and beneath it the long-suffering heart of Lillie bent and almost broke. Her father, whom she loved and revered so boundlessly, had fallen into the inebriate's sin !

It took all of the young girl's strength of heart and mind to soothe the wild anguish of her mother upon this dread discovery.

How she expostulated, wept and supplicated, He who reads the human heart's intensest agony alone could tell. Sometimes weeping penitently, and heaping imprecations on his own dishonored head, her wretched father prayed for forgiveness, and promised reformation ; at other times, lashed into fury by the effect of the intoxicating poison, he heaped reproaches on the innocent head of his child, and accusing her of ingratitude and selfishness, bid her marry some wealthy man, and relieve her family from the pressure of the necessities that, making of her a drudge, drove him to desperation and forgetfulness in the brimming wine-cup.

Poor Lillie ! Sorely beset by trials, and utterly self-dependent in the days that should have been consecrated to happiness and peace. Earth contains no sadder picture than that of young maidenhood uplifting on its fair white shoulders the heavy cross of maturer trials, and wearing on its angel face and form the impress of long chastening cares. With the yet ever-uprising hope of love in her bosom, Lillie could not perjure herself at the marriage altar, nor could she for mere home and shelter barter the choicest affections of her soul.

" You are clinging to a dream ; he will never come back ; he is either dead, or has long since forgotten you. If he has earned money he can obtain the wealthy and the fashionable ; the first lady in the land can become his wife. Pooh, girl ! he wouldn't look at you, now that our fortunes are altered." The sneering manner with which her father accompanied these words wounded Lillie to the very soul. But she restrained her tears by a supreme effort, and hushed the indignant reply that was about to defend the absent and the still beloved. " It's a dreadful thing to have disobedient children ! " sighed Mrs. Haines, and her air was solemn as that of a judge pass-

ing sentence upon a criminal. "When *I* was a girl, I obeyed my parents; and I married your father because they desired it, and never stopped to inquire if I loved him or not. Love—pshaw! we always love those who are kind to us, and give us comforts. I should have much more love for your father if he had had more foresight and prudence to keep out of *this* scrape. Here he is driven to intemperance by poverty, and I am dying with hard work, and the children growing up without education, for go to the horrid public schools *they shan't!* And you could live in splendor and marry Hubert Winthrop any day. And you doom yourself and your family to misery all for a whim; for your nonsensical romantic notions about love and constancy, and all such stuff." The inconsiderate mother spoke in a rage, with hasty tones and taunting manner. Lillie meekly crossed her hands, and checking the wild flood of sorrow and remonstrance that arose to her lips, said sadly pleading, yet with a gentle firmness in her voice:—

"Is it a whim, mother, to guard a sacredly given promise——"

"You had no business to make it!" interrupted the mother. "I always disapproved of your throwing yourself away upon that ragamuffin."

"I gave him my promise, mother," continued the young girl, because I deemed him in heart and spirit the superior of all who surrounded me, because I knew that his was no mercenary longing for my father's riches; nor was his love for me that of a mere outward attraction. For that which I possess of truth and good he loved me, for earth and the beyond; for his nobleness, worth and honor I loved him, and shall forever be true to his memory;—for I can not believe he lives and would forget his Lillie. O, James! O, my beloved! if you are on earth, return, return to me!"

And unable any longer to control her emotions, she burst into tears and wrung her little hands in mute appeal to heaven.

Alas, that poverty should warp the heart, and so congeal the natural sensibilities. Mrs. Haines could not behold her daughter's tears unmoved; so she coaxed and petted her awhile; but still the favorite project held possession of her thoughts, and she could not refrain from saying:—

"I don't believe that James is unfaithful; but I think he's dead and gone; and I think it very foolish for you, whose engagement

to him was not even known outside of the house, to want to be mourning for him all your days. Hubert Winthrop is a gentleman, and the only beau you have worth noticing; marry him, and resume your former station, and then we can all hold up our heads again in society. And what is of the first and foremost importance, your father would be restored to himself."

"Oh, if that could only be!—If I could but save him from his besetting sin!" cried Lillie, with uplifted eyes.

"So you can, by putting him in a position to feel pride in himself. If you marry Mr. Winthrop, he will take your father into business; as it is, he will go downward, step by step, until he fills a drunkard's grave. Oh, that I should live to see this day! And your brother Leon, for whom you used to predict such a wonderful career, what will he become but a clodhopper or a coarse mechanic? And Nellie and Marian, my fairies, as folks used to call them, what will they be but drudges all their live long days? And you, who so pretend to love your family, can prevent all this, and exalt yourself and them." She spoke in her usual whining tone, and her reproaches, although of daily repetition, struck dread and compunction to the conscientious soul of the loving girl.

And thus, for two years of trial and privations, was she tormented by those most near and dear; no tidings came from James, and the hope of life, long guarded against despair, waxed faint and finally expired. For weeks tried Lillie lay unconscious of the outer world, and reveling in the fever-realm of dreams. When she arose from her bed of suffering, emaciated, wan, and feeble, it was to find her mother crying and bewailing loudly the accumulated misfortunes of her house; for her unhappy husband had been committed to prison for an assault upon an officer of the law, while laboring under the workings of the wine demon to whom he had given up his soul.

[To be continued.]

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WHEN does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn?—  
When he pulls its ears.

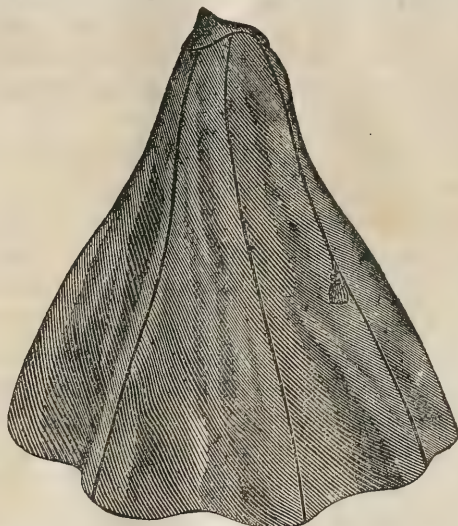
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HE that keeps his temper is better than he that can keep a carriage.



## Fashions.

Cut in eight gores, thirty inches wide at bottom, and about  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards long, according to the height of the person. Black silk makes a very stylish cloak,



**GORED CIRCLE.**

with the seams corded so as to define them fully; finished at the neck with a small collar. It requires from eight to ten yards of silk, thirty inches wide, to make it.

**A SACK DRESS.**



Consists of three parts—back, front, and polka. The skirt and waist are in one piece, but cut through about half way across the waist; and the skirt plaited on the hip; the polka is joined in with the seam connecting the skirt and waist. A box-plait in the waist gives an additional fullness to the skirt, and is also trimmed across with narrow velvet or braid in diamonds. The arm size should be finished with an edge. Is suitable for a child from two to four years, and required  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of single-width material.

**CORA APRON.**



Waist is separate from the skirt, and laid in small plaits in front; the back is plain and buttoned; the shoulder joins, but is cut to form two joints on each side of the seam; skirt cut circular and scalloped, the whole finished with braid or very narrow edging, according to the material. For a child of four years. Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material.

THE MONTESPAN.



The "Montespán" Sleeve consists of a plain piece at the top, over which is placed a pointed cap which extends upon the deep puff which forms the body of the sleeve. Below the elbow it joins the lower part, which is plain, and in the form of a coat sleeve, finishing with a pointed cuff at the wrist.

COAT SLEEVE.



This sleeve is suitable for the silk poplins, so much worn for traveling dresses. The pointed cap is trimmed with black velvet and tassels; two puffings, crossed with bands of black velvet, which ornament the wrists, and are made wide enough to slip over the hand.



**THE DYRENE CLOAK.**—A very appropriate and stylish cloak for mourning. Made of heavy corded silk, without lustre; trimmed with broad folds of double English crape, carried around the shoulders to form a cape.

## Editor's Table.

HOW BEAUTIFUL.—The last words of Elizabeth Barritt Browning were “How Beautiful!” and what a volume is contained therein—the night had been passed quietly but not alone, for her poet husband had watched the feeble pulses play, and even gathered to himself a hope that she might be spared yet a while to bless him by her presence. With trembling joy he watched the coming day, nor dreamed that the dawn of a more glorious morn was breaking upon her ravished soul. He saw not the shadow of the angel that ever descends softly and gently to the pure and true. He heard not the rustle of the white wings as they outspread to bear upward to bright realms above the new-born soul. As her spirit yet hovering upon the threshold of its clayey-house reached forward and caught a glimpse of the radiant land beyond, her whole being swelled with exultant joy, and the electric thrill which filled her soul, through that mysterious sympathy which had so long united soul and body, found audible expression in those rapt words, “How Beautiful!” and the spirit, following its higher and holier attractions, passed on beyond the veil, leaving that clayey-home still vibrating in sympathy with the soul’s last and most glorious discoveries in the spirit land.

Of all the eloquent words penned by this gifted child of genius, none convey a deeper lesson, none contain more fervent aspirations, or a more uplifting, soul-sustaining faith, than is expressed in that NEW VOLUME, and that last most ELOQUENT POEM, bequeathed to us in her dying moments, in those two soul-thrilling words, “How BEAUTIFUL!”

How beautiful! how beautiful!  
Oh! words of holy power,  
Earnest of the true soul’s heritage,  
Its high and heavenly dower.

Surely in such a departure we can realize nothing of the grim horrors of death. But our Spirits, reaching out after the departed, behold the Spirit’s BIRTH into the glorious realms beyond, where, surrounded by loved and loving ones gone before, and knowing even as she is known, her soul fills with gratitude to the Beneficent Father, who has prepared for his children glories which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Away, then, with the dismal funeral trappings, the black paraphernalia of woe, emblems of a dark and superstitious age. We “mourn not as those without hope,” for we *know* that the death of the body is the BIRTH of the spirit to those realms where through the endless ages of eternity it shall progress in wisdom, guided by the ineffable love of the Infinite Father, God,—surrounded by the resplendent glories of the Spirit’s divinest aspirations.

THE HOUSE.—We commend this truthful little sketch to all, husbands as well as wives, fathers as well as mothers, for there is much of truth in its quiet as-



sertion ; and its suggestions may be valuable to many a poor over-worked house-keeper. Verily we forget that the combination of brick, and wood, and mortar, which we call a house, was originally designed as a place of shelter and comfort for the human body, and have made the poor toiling body subservient to the house, just as we have forgotten that the human body was made as a house or tenement for the elaboration and growth of the soul. In both instances we suffer the penalty of the crime of making that *first* which God had appointed to be *last*.

Oh! when will men and women learn to comprehend the great fact, that our human bodies, with all their wondrous complexity, their beautiful symmetry, and their graceful proportions, were created by the Infinite Father as vessels, *expressly and exclusively*, for the growth and development of the human soul. Beautiful, but clayey jars, in which has been implanted by the Divine hand, the germ of the Immortal Spirit—there it may *begin* the growth and unfoldment which shall fit it for a higher habitation, a more spiritual and refined body. Then this body, like a garment outgrown, will be put off and forever laid aside, and the spirit will go to where you have assigned it—by the degree of cultivation you have bestowed upon it. If by you it has been developed toward the eternal source of good, how happy will be your lot; if contrawise, how deplorable. Think of this, gay butterflies of fashion, whose only attraction to the HESPERIAN are its Fashion Plates and Patterns—the adornment of the Temple is well. But see to it that ye neglect not the inner shrine. While we place the one before you, we could not feel ourselves guiltless in the sight of Him who has laid upon us the responsibility, did we not call earnestly upon you to consider not alone the needs of the outward Temple, but also the higher needs of the spiritual indweller.

Since our bereavement, we have derived so much consolation from the following soul-cheering hymn, that we feel it our duty to give it our readers that it may, perchance, comfort others:—

## HYMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

O, friends, we are drawing nearer home  
As day by day goes by;  
Nearer the fields of fadeless bloom,  
The joys that never die.

Ye doubting souls, from doubt be free—  
Ye mourners, mourn no more,  
For every wave of death's dark sea  
Breaks on that blissful shore.

God's ways are high above our ways—  
So shall we learn at length,  
And tune our lives to sing his praise  
With all our mind, might, strength.

About our devious paths of ill,  
He sets his stern decrees,

And works the wonder of his will  
Through pains and promises.

Strange are the mysteries he employs,  
Yet we his love will trust,  
Though it should blight our dearest joys,  
And bruise us into dust.

"DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD. By *Paschal B. Randolph*." A most wonderful volume, touching the Human Soul, its migrations and its transmigrations, or its beginning and development; a very suggestive and thought-provoking volume, whose title (in our opinion) fails to do it justice; for certainly its theme is not the *dead*, but the *living*. We like a volume that gives us something new to think about,—that steps aside from the old beaten track, and dares to express an original idea in an independent manner; and such we find the little volume before us, containing only 268 pages, and yet furnishing an amount of mental aliment that the brain may be long in digesting, and that no review can possibly do justice to.

THE LADIES' WREATH. Edited and published by Mrs. L. D. SHEARS, New York City. A Monthly Magazine of Literature, Art and Fashion, containing thirty-two pages of original matter, second to none in the Eastern States. Of the accomplished editor we need hazard no remark: her name is too well known to Californians, indeed, too much beloved and revered, too intimately associated with the happy hours of by-gone times, to need comment here. She was one of the earliest female writers of California. Her graphic and spicy communications in the olden time enriched the columns of the Golden Era, the pages of Hutchings' Magazine, and other journals whose names we do not now remember. More recently her genius and talent have added interest to the pages of the Hesperian; and although now herself bearing the burthen of editorial cares, we have her assurance that she will yet from time to time contribute to the Hesperian. Across the deep waters of two oceans we extend the sisterly hand of sympathy and encouragement, and breathe a fervent God-speed. The Ladies' Wreath is furnished to subscribers at the low price of one dollar per year. Its illustrations are good, consisting of colored plates of the New York Regiments, Fashions, &c. All orders enclosing price of subscription addressed to Mrs. F. H. DAY, will meet with prompt attention, as we have been appointed agent for the Ladies' Wreath on this coast.

LARA.—It is with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that we announce to our readers that we have secured another new contributor,—the talented and world renowned Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH, whose contribution to this number, besides being fraught with intense interest, contains also a pointed and significant moral. LARA will well repay perusal.

DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.—See Cora Apron, page 436.







ED. COPPIN

PORT OF PONDICHERRY.

JULIE.



DOUBLE GOWN.



Consists of three parts—front back and skirt. It is low neck, and the waist is carried over the skirt and joins at the hips. The skirt is plain and sufficiently circular to set well. The bottom is cut in reversed scallops, which trim prettily with either braid or edging, according to the material used. Suitable for a Miss from 9 to 12 years. Requires three yards of muslin or chambra.

ARRAGONESE.



This rich cloak consists of a full circular of heavy silk, box-plated into a yoke: finished with puffing, headed by a passementerie of velvet and lace. The edge of the circular is bordered with lace, and above this is placed, at regular intervals, a series of cone-shaped ornaments in open crochet. Arm-holes trimmed with lace ribbon garniture.







# THE HESPERIAN.

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## HELIUS—A GRECIAN MYTH.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE troubled hearts had been comforted; for Helius slept once more under the leafy tent of Thea. But scarcely had Eos given her morning kiss, when he sprang from his couch, and set forward for the Quarries of Pentelicus. A thought lay in his heart, and an image in his brain, so perfect, so divine, it seemed to contain within itself a whole infinitude of beauty. Yet how should it be evoked, or find utterance? If it were not reproduced in some tangible form, so that he might clasp it to himself with the diviner affection of the soul, life would be to him a burden of insupportable heaviness. With this power shining through him, until sight and feeling both were lucid, he came where the morning sunbeams lay, warm and rosy on a shaft of purest marble. He gazed upon it with a kind of enchantment that took both thought and sense captive, until it became transparent; and he distinctly saw the form of the Goddess as if in a soft and delicious sleep, reposing within.

With lifted hands and streaming eyes, he bowed himself down before the rare and wonderful beauty, which his own spirit had invoked, consecrating himself to new excellence, that he might thus become worthy to call it forth and take it to himself.

Reverently, as if the living form had really been lodged there, he transported the block to a distant grotto, within the forests of Dodona. There he toiled day by day; and when the long twilight

faded into night, he lighted his torch\* at the fountain, and still wrought on until the fullness of the stream subsided. Then he knew that it was past midnight, and unwillingly yielding to repose, he sought his couch of mosses for a brief season. It seemed as if all the forms of nature animated and inspired him, until his work became a perpetual and living joy. The oak leaves whispered to him with the sweet breaths of the loving zephyrs, praising the beauty which, as yet, no eye had seen—the beautiful black doves of Egypt, as they perched in the branches above, or came and sat upon the form he was liberating, looked on him with still profounder promises of good in their deep and mystical eyes, and as he leaned at rest over the lapsing stream, his soul opened to itself a clearer sight, and his hand a finer touch. One day as he saw a flock of goats frolicking around the fountain, a kid fell into the water; and as the goat-herd stooped down over the green brink, to lift it out, he, too, prophesied, in words which he himself could not comprehend, of some matchless divinity that should be born in marble.

Meanwhile the Goddess seemed to struggle outward, as if her beautiful repose had been broken by the engrossing Will, and the prophetic interest by which she was invoked. With the hand and eye of a true artist, Helius tenderly removed the enveloping stone, calling forth feature by feature, and bringing out line by line, until the whole form lay beneath his hand in the matchless beauty of perfect outline, but without life. Then he became inspired by his own work. He bowed down before it; he invoked it; he breathed on it until it glowed and warmed with the fire that burned continually in his own soul. Thus expression and character were called forth, and life and beauty, clothed with their divinest attributes, came out; and the full and perfect Venus lived in the immortal stone. Enraptured at the first view, he regarded it with a heart so worshipful, he forgot it was the work of his own hands.

He had achieved far more than he had dared to hope; but when the first ardor of composition had gone by, and he looked upon it with a cooler eye, he could not but acknowledge that it fell far short of his first Ideal. And yet he had given utterance to a feeling

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\* The waters of this fountain, though cool and pleasant, would instantly light a torch, if applied to them. It was dry at noon, and in full flow at midnight.

which, but for expression in some form, would have been fatal. If he had not thus worked, he must have died.

At length he came out of this crisis with a stronger heart, and a truer will; and unconsciously he was preparing for another.

The reaction of all this excitement brought on a season of extreme lassitude. He returned to his mother's bower, and remained quiet for several months. But still progressive motion was kept alive, and the thought was ever forward and upward. At length he again became weary of inaction, and felt that his mind must develop in some form; for he had come so far to know himself, that he now comprehended something of this great necessity of his nature. He invoked Eos and Selené morn and evening; but never a word would they tell him of the inscrutable mystery, that still lay in the future. He saw nothing for himself to do, and yet he knew that he could not long remain thus. Oppressed with these ominous discouragements, he fell into a profound melancholy; and, as if he had been another Atlas, the weight of the world seemed resting on his single heart.

But one evening Selené came into his bower, and with a low love-chant sang him to sleep. His rest was sweet and refreshing, as it had not been for a long time; and the next thing he knew was the pressure of rosy lips; for Eos awoke him with an early kiss.

He rose and went forth strong and vigorous, happy and free in body and mind. With an unwearied step he wandered miles and miles away.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Birth of Poetry and Music.*

PASSING the fertile plain of Larissa, he entered the Vale of Tempé, which, at that early period, was even more beautiful than now. The majestic summit of Ossa lay on the right; and on the left rose Olympus, disposed in vast masses of unparalleled grandeur. Rising one above another, they threw up their huge black walls against the sky, or in bold, depending cliffs, hung over the valley. Yet with this massiveness of outline, robed in woods looking through the transparent mists that hung around, and piercing the clouds that



hung over it, the hoary old mountain, whose feet reached down to mid-earth, and whose life led back to the beginning, seemed invested with the ærial beauty of a dream. Pleasant groves, and glens, and grottoes opened in its sides; and, as was then believed, the heavens rested on its top.

Helius stood where he could see the eastern front, with bold projections overhanging the sea, rounding occasionally into deep hollows or ravines, clothed with the richest verdure, dotted with blooming shrubs, and sprinkled with the brightest and sweetest flowers.

Still he kept on toward the East, until the narrowing of the vale brought him to a deep gorge traversed by the River Peneus. Here the former amenity of the scene was entirely lost, and only images of terror presented themselves. The two mountains approached so closely, they seemed to have been torn asunder by some volcanic violence; and the characteristic expression of the horrors still remained. Sometimes the rocky walls rose so abruptly from each bank of the river, there was hardly a foothold to be obtained. Through this gorge went Helius, though often his bold foot was constrained to pause, for his brain whirled with a sight of the whirling waters that went roaring and rushing through the fearful abyss that lay at a dizzying distance far below.

After a while the path widened unexpectedly into a fair little grotto; and thinking to rest himself, he gladly sprang aside from his toilsome and dangerous way. But just as he began to do so, a nymph, by an abrupt turn, came suddenly upon him. Whether his presence had startled her or whether her foot slipped, he knew not; but for an instant she tottered over the fearful brink, and would have fallen, had he not interposed a timely effort, by stretching forth a strong arm to save her. He seized her with a firm grasp. He poised himself by throwing the weight back with a force that almost deprived him of life. He but just recovered his equipoise. She was safe from external injury; but she lay in his arms swooned away with the sudden terror.

He could not have told whether she was fair or not; but there was something inexpressibly sweet and dear to him in the sense of protection; and the interest of the position was enhanced by the utter helplessness of its object. He bore her to the grotto. He bathed her face and forehead in the gushing water of a fountain.

Instinctively he pressed her to his bosom; and with every clasp awoke feelings more tender and delicious. With every moment his fears increased, and his interest quickened; and just as he was thinking what should he do if she died, she opened her eyes. They were deep, rather than brilliant; and he seemed to look down into them, as into profoundest wells of light. It was surprising then how her face gradually woke into a wondrous spiritual beauty, beside which that of even Venus, with its sensuous perfection of form and color, would have been eclipsed. Every lineament, every motion, was eloquent with that immortal self-consciousness that could never perish, and never fade. Helius recognized it and was happy. There was a thought there that answered to his thought. There was a mind that mirrored back his mind. There was a soul there to duplicate his soul. These were his first impressions; but he soon saw that he had not only found an answer to what already was in himself, but new powers and properties that supplied deficiencies in himself, and for the first time, invested him with a sense of completeness.

It seemed but a moment, as he thus held her in his arms; and yet there came a mutual revelation. The Divinity within had spoken, and they both heard. They knew that they loved, and must thus become forever pleasant and necessary to each other; and with a divine joy they sought to read this assurance, over and over again, in each other's looks and eyes. Yet there was nothing like gross passion in their rapture. It was a feeling so true and pure that the highest angel could not have been absented by a thought of their's. Even as they clasped each other, the shadow of a Godlike presence came before them with the outstretched hand and the loving smile of benediction; and though it lingered but for a moment, they both saw and recognised Prometheus.

"And who art thou?" exclaimed Helius, for the first time breaking silence, as he held her still more closely to his throbbing heart. "Tell me, dearest, most excellent one, for I would fain lead thee to the tent of Thea, that they who love us may smile upon our love, and be happy in our happiness; for I do not see in the light of these dear eyes, that *thou* would'st forbid me?"

"I know not," she answered, hiding her blushes in his bosom; "but they who first knew and cared for me, have called me Psyché."

“And I,” he said, kissing tenderly the cheek she sought to conceal, “I am the son of Hyperion and Thea, oldest children of the Earth and Heaven. But such a one as thou has been foreshadowed on my whole life ; and now I know by the quick and earnest throbbing of this heart, that thou can’st not say me nay.”

“Helius,” she replied, looking him full in the face, “the Divinities have spoken to me, also.” And as she thus answered him, the transparent whiteness of her cheek, warmed with color, soft and delicious as the tinting of a sea-shell.

Charmed with her frankness, not less than her modesty, he brought her to his mother’s tent ; and the blessing of the aged ones flowed around them with the inspiring richness of nuptial wine.

And when Psyché sat by the side of Helius a loving and an equal bride, unfolding new beauties with every hour, the inspiration of his love took unto itself a yet finer and more interior expression. Common speech flowed out in rhythmic numbers that naturally winged themselves with notes of rapture. And thus, in those remote and early ages, Poetry and Music were born ; for they were then, as they ever must be, the truest language of impassioned hearts, and loving and aspiring souls.

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## CPAPTER IX.

### *The translation of Helius.*

AND in the wholeness of this perfect union, that made his life beautiful, Helius developed new powers continually, aspiring to a higher excellence ; and this life and character was to Psyché, not merely a worship, but a sympathy, for her own was wrought with it, and became a corresponding part of it. And thus they grew into a truer nobleness, as constantly emulating each other, they sought only to surpass themselves. Meanwhile the current of their life flowed on ; but its harmonious music had no charm for the crude ears that often came and listened ; but as yet no shadow fell on the fair landscape that bloomed and smiled around, with the cherishing beauty and love of Earth and Heaven. But after a while they began to feel a premonition of some approaching evil. The faces of



men looked coldly, and even suspiciously upon them. But bent upon their good ministries, they would not yet believe that the very hearts they were yearning to bless, were nursing in secret, a deep and deadly wrong. But so it was in the days of Helius, even as in the latter periods of Prophets and Martyrs, who, in almost every age, have set the crimson seals of their own blood to the great Book of Human Wrongs.

One night the married couple lay silently awaiting the approach of Selené, as they often did. She came; but she wore a vail of mist over her wan features, they saw that the tears were falling like rain from her drooping and mournful eyes. Wondering what this could mean, they did not perceive that a tall, cloud-like form followed close behind her, until the mass suddenly assuming the human form, lifted up a torch, whose reddening glare illuminated the features of Prometheus. It was but for a moment, and then the cloud of pitchy smoke, with its black and crimson folds, enveloped the defile head, whose last expression was that of an almost agonizing human love, sublimed into a god-like calmness, by a sight of the immortal victory that came from beyond the sufferings it looked over. At the same time, the tearful face of Selené was hidden; and though they watched for her long and anxiously, she never came back again through all that dark and wearisome night. Nor did these evils disappear with the darkness; for when they opened their eyes in the morning, they saw that Eos was veiled from head to foot in the deepest sable, through whose heavy and almost suffocating folds they could catch but imperfect glimpses of her bright face, which they could not but feel now wore its own interior shadow.

Vainly they struggled against this vague sense of coming doom; and so heavily did the dire uncertainty press upon them, that they were almost relieved, when a company of ungrateful men, to whom they had been the truest benefactors, came to take Helius, and hurry him away to death.

Foaming with infuriate passions, they tore him away from the clinging arms of Psyché, and bore him to the stake that was near at hand, where, with inconceivable tortures and indignities, they put him to death.

The passion of agony was shared equally between him and Psyché; for although held at a distance, she yet knew and shared his

sufferings, while the great Shade of Prometheus stood between, and strengthened them both. The instant the struggling Helius was liberated, Psyché swooned away. At that fearful moment the Heavens were darkened, the Earth quaked with terror and anguish, while at the same time, the great thunderbolts broke over Olympus, and rolled down his shattered sides.

The murderers fled in extreme terror, and when, on the following morning they beheld a shining form, with a crown of gold, whose radiance smote them with sudden blindness, standing over against the eastern heavens, believing that some unknown God had come to punish them for their crime, they ran with frantic violence, and before any person could arrest them, they threw themselves into the Styx and perished.

Meanwhile Selené, in the first moment of freedom, had sought and supported the wedded Souls; and Eos came with her heavenly bridegroom, the starry-eyed Orion, and stood by their side, Eos with Psyché, and Orion with Helius, while the pale, sweet face of Selené, retiring to a little distance, looked over the group that now stood leaning against the Orient, whose gold and purple splendors already mantled their fine, spiritual forms.

The wrath of Jupiter was appeased by the immolation of a human victim; advancing to meet the august Shade of Prometheus, he took from him the golden crown, and with his own hand set it on the head of Helius. And all the Deities came and blessed the spiritual pair. Thus, even to this day, the love that has but a span-long life on Earth, receives the immortal benison of the Heavens.

Prometheus came forward, and pressing the clasped hand of the wedded pair in his, said: "Thou, my son, with the opening of tomorrow, shalt enter upon thy career of everlasting renown. Shine on the world\* forever, and make the day glorious with light. Go, and bless those who have only sought to destroy thee. And thou, my daughter, for the good of mankind, must for a time sojourn upon the Earth. Fear nothing. No power can alienate thee from the love of Helius; for the soul is indissolubly, and forever wedded to Light.

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\* Helius is the sun.

## A BRIGHT SUMMERY MORNING ON THE SEA COAST.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

The morn is coming o'er the hills  
In vestments rich and rare,  
Like girlhood dressed in flowing robes,  
With waves of golden hair.

A blessing's in her hand for man,  
A gift of peace and light;  
For, while she walks the fields of heaven,  
She plucks their treasures bright.

The birds, those poets of the sky  
Whose voices ne'er grow old,  
With gladness sing, and plume their wings  
Of satin and of gold.

The partridge through the thicket runs,  
Clear-whistling to his mate—  
What knoweth he of grief or pain?  
He never heard of Fate!

The deer upon the hills have seen  
The coming of fair Morn,  
And haste to crop the grass all wet  
With dew-drops from her horn:—

The proud old buck with antlered head,  
The nimble-footed doe,  
The fawn with eye of innocence  
And skin like calico!

And over all the eagle soars  
In regal majesty—  
His gray wing reddening in yon cloud  
That decks the eastern sky.

On mightier wing than aught that flies,  
With keen, far-reaching eye,  
He soars like Genius in the blaze  
Of Immortality!

And man, whose fancy mounts on high,  
E'en where the angels sing,  
Immortal man looks up from earth,  
And envies him his wing.

Well may each living thing rejoice,  
For never yet was born,  
Beneath th' eternal eye of God,  
A fresher, lovelier morn!



## W O M A N ' S   R I G H T S .

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BY S. S. SOCWELL.

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It is a fact that cannot be denied, that children, generally, have little true respect for their mother. I believe one reason of this is, that so little respect is shown the mother by the father. The children see him treat her as a cypher, or, at best, as a mere child, and they grow up with an indistinct idea of her inferiority, and treat her accordingly. Her opinions have little weight with them, and her advice fails to exert its due effect, because both have been ignored by the father. The wife is not generally consulted about business affairs, sometimes not even about providing for the household wants which are under her immediate supervision. Money is doled out to her with jealous care, as if she were not capable of appreciating its value, or of being trusted to make purchases. She is not expected to know anything about the public affairs of her own country, or of the world in general, or if she have sense and intelligence enough to know, she must hold her tongue; such things are above the weak comprehension of women. Her opinions are often treated as the vagaries of a child, if not openly ridiculed, and her authority is often set aside at the pleasure of the father. Such things I have seen; and how can children truly respect and revere a mother treated thus? We "children of a larger growth" are very apt to treat persons as we see others treat them, and we can not expect children to do otherwise.

But women are partly to blame themselves for this state of things. They are not satisfied with the pettiness, the shallowness, the empty mockery of the life they live; but instead of ennobling themselves so as to command respect, they fill up their time and minds with idle complaints and silly gossip. I have no sympathy nor patience with the helpless, sentimental, complaining creatures, who are forever pouring out lamentations over "woman's lot." Her "lot" is very much what she makes it herself; and I utterly detest those hard, bold, unwomanly women, who should be men, and who go forth, with a flourish of trumpets, "conquering and to conquer." They have yet to learn that the best and dearest "right" of woman is a true, dignified womanliness.

It is the women who compose these two classes, happily not very

large, who bring into disrepute all efforts for the benefit of the sex.

Since men inherit more from their mothers than from their fathers, and women, more than men, mold the characters of men, they hold in their own hands an immense power for good. Neither complaining nor browbeating will ever ennoble either themselves or those who come within their influence; but let woman assert and maintain her rights with quiet dignity, as one does who feels the justice of his cause; let her be womanly and tender, as well as strong and self-reliant; and above all, let her train her children rightly, and her redemption from the old barbaric forms and disabilities, which hang about her like rusty shackles upon a freed prisoner, is sure to be speedily accomplished. When men see that woman is really equal, in all respects, with themselves, they will no longer refuse to accord her her proper place in every department of life; and until she is prepared to fulfill faithfully and efficiently all the duties and obligations of a "higher sphere," let her not complain that she does not occupy it. Let her not plead, in her own extenuation, the limited means at her command. "Where there's a will, there's a way;" and if a woman has the will to improve and advance, the way will be opened. Her deliverance from bondage will come as soon as she is prepared for it, as has the deliverance of all who have borne bonds of any kind. When the Israelites had become prepared for their inheritance, deliverance came; but it led them through trials and dangers in comparison with which Egyptian bondage seemed pleasant. The emancipation from English rule brought new trials and greater responsibilities to the American people, and until new modes of thought and motives of action grew up among the masses, this new-found liberty was a somewhat vexatious thing to manage.

And so it is, and will be with those emancipated from the thralldom of a false opinion or a false position in society. Woman need not dream that her millennium is to be one of peace and rest. When woman is once fully recognized as a power in the world, her labors will be but begun. If she wields such an immense power as is ascribed to her now, while occupying an inferior position, what will be the measure of her influence and the amount of good she will be expected to accomplish when she takes her proper place as queen, as man is now king, in all the relations of society?

The world is not yet fully prepared for the full and public recognition of woman's true rights. The age of mere physical force is not quite conquered; and the eager gold-worship which clouds the spiritual vision of our age can not truly appreciate and revere woman's peculiar excellencies. But even now, in the rush and turmoil, and selfish greed of our prosy working life, there are true, noble women who have boldly, yet quietly and modestly, stepped into their proper places in the hurrying ranks of humanity; and true men respect and admire them for it. Let women show that they can step out of the old tread-mill, and be true women still, and objections and obstacles will vanish. It is not necessary that they should proclaim upon the housetops that they are determined to assert their "rights," nor that they should "flare up" indignantly when any penny-a-liner or small stump orator chooses to make them the butt of his weak ridicule. Very few, except fools and ignoramuses, laugh at what a true woman chooses to do. Who ever thought of ridiculing Elizabeth Fry, or Florence Nightingale? And yet these noble women did what no woman had done before, and what silly sentimentalists would call unwomanly. Hundreds of women are following in the footsteps of these and other self-sacrificing pioneers, who have left the well-trodden paths of woman's "sphere," yet we find as many modest, ladylike, refined women as ever before; and men learn that a wife is none the less wifely because her vision penetrates beyond her own chimney corner.—*Water Cure Journal*.

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If a man all his life long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then I think this may be an atonement for his neglect. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educate thy child well.

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THE most valuable part of a man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.



## THE GUNS.

A PARODY ON EDGAR A POE'S POEM OF "THE BELLS."

BY MRS. JAMES NEALL.

Hear the loud secession guns,  
Rebel Guns!  
What a world of anarchy their gathering foretells,  
How they load them—load them—load them,  
In the darkness of the night;  
While the stars, that over sprinkle  
All the heavens seem to twinkle  
As tho' quivering at the sight.  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of solemn chime,  
To the wild disorganization that so fearfully foreruns,  
All the booming of the guns,  
Guns, guns, guns,  
All the charging and the loading of the guns.

Hear the great Confederate guns,  
Congress guns!  
What a world of *happiness* their *harmony* foretells;  
In defence of Southern *rights*!  
To what paradoxical heights  
Out of tune,  
All their rabid speeches float,  
Near the moon.  
Oh! from out those stately halls,  
When a drop of wisdom falls,  
How it swells  
How it dwells  
On the future—how it tells  
Of the ardor that impels  
Every Southern rebel "son  
Of a gun"  
To the loading and the firing that foreruns  
The discharging of the guns,  
Guns—guns—guns—guns—  
The discharging and the roaring of the guns.

Hear the strong Manassas guns;  
TRAITOR guns!  
What a tale of wickedness their turbulency tells,  
How the rebel armies shout,  
When the "Panic" comes about.—

Too much glorified to speak,  
They can only shriek! shriek!  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the soldiers to come out,  
In a mad expostulation if the people dare to doubt,  
They are coming higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
Now—now—to storm or never  
The Legislative halls,  
And put Jeff. Davis on the throne.  
Oh! the guns, guns, guns,  
How they clang, and clash, and roar,  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air,  
Yet the ear it fully knows  
By the twanging and the clanging  
How the tide of battle goes,  
Yet the ear it fully knows  
By the jangling and the wrangling  
There are rebels to oppose,  
Oh! the guns, guns, guns,  
Husbands! fathers! brothers! sons!  
These are fighting mid the clamor  
And the clangor of the guns,  
These are wounded and are dying  
From the guns.

Hear the moaning of the guns,  
Awful guns!  
What a world of solemn thought thro' all the discord runs,  
In the silence of the night,  
We behold the awful sight,  
Hear the melancholy cadence of their tone,  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats,  
Is a groan.  
But the people! ah! the people,  
Ring it from each high church steeple,  
All along,  
They are moving, moving, moving,  
With unruffled steady pace;  
They are proving, proving, proving,  
They are ready now to face,  
Either rebel man or woman,  
With a courage superhuman,  
They are brave;

Winfield Scott it is who moves,  
*And his armies they will move,*  
 Till a pean from the guns,  
 Over all the nation runs ;  
 Till he utters with delight,  
 " Victory has crowned the Right !"  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a glorious golden chime,  
 With the conquering Federal guns ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a great thanksgiving chime,  
 To the ceasing of the guns,  
 Guns, guns, guns,  
 To the sobbing and the ceasing of the guns.

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TOO SHARP FOR HIM.—Professor Johnson, of Middleton University, was one day lecturing before the students on mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate his subject. A roguish student, for sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The professor was taking up the stones one after another and naming them.

" This," said he, " is a piece of granite ; this is a piece of feldspar," &c.

Presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice :

" This," said he, holding it up, is " a piece of impudence."

There was a shout of laughter, and the student concluded that he had made little by the trick.

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DECISION.—How absolutely necessary, in this world, is the ability to utter, on needful occasions, a clear, defiant No ! Mentally or orally it has to be done every hour of our life ; and we would be near the mark, in dating the full development of self-sustaining manhood at the thorough attainment of that power.—*Bayne.*



# CLAUS OF NORLAND.

## A CHRISTMAS LEGEN

BY FANNY GREEN.

### CHAPTER I.

IN the suburbs of Oviedo, a beautiful town of Asturia, in the northern part of Spain, some centuries ago, dwelt Don Lopez de Morello, a descendent of one of the noblest houses of Andalusia. He was proud, energetic and severe; and in his office of Alcalde, he had dealt so effectually with the neighboring hordes of banditti, that, for the first time in ages, they began to feel and to fear the strong arm of the law. One chief, however, remained invincible, the terrible Balziero, whose daring was even quickened by the stringent action of the Alcalde into a corresponding power and greatness. He had planted himself in a declivity of Mount Morcin, which opened into a cave, or deep subterranean glen, where he made his chief rendezvous; while the castellated halls of his rival and enemy, occupied the front of the opposite height, the vine-covered Naranco. Nothing could be more picturesque than the position of the town between these two mountains: the first rugged and almost perpendicular, and stretching to a height where the snow lies unsullied by a vapor during most of the year; and the latter wreathed with the luxuriant vines of Asturia, which rejoice in an almost perennial freshness. It was a favorite scheme with the robber chief to obtain possession of the Alcalde; and three times he had very nearly attained the summit of his wishes, when his prisoner was rescued, either by a great stroke of policy, or by events upon which no human foresight could have calculated; and, indeed, so signal were these several deliverancies, that the people and the Governor, himself, came to believe he bore a charm-ed life. The rival chief, however, never accepted this opinion; and, stimulated rather than dismayed by the obstacles he met, his daring took a wilder and a deeper power; and he ever sought for a distinction which would have given brilliancy to his reputation, and crowned his life with glory; for in those days a Spanish bandid *had* reputation to which the people universally paid homage; and even now those days have not entirely gone by. Balziero was so bold as to offer immense pre-

miums for the capture of his enemy ; and, not unfrequently, notices to that effect had been publicly posted in the streets of Oviedo.

Donna Ellena, the wife of the Alcalde, was a woman of rare beauty, and great intellectual power. She was of a noble German family, and she possessed in a high degree the enthusiasm, the imagination, and truthfulness that characterize her people. But from her position for the last fifteen years, that of wife to one of the most dominating and tyrannical spirits that ever wielded the domestic scepter, her actually superior mental power had become subdued into a tacit consent to wrong which she could not correct ; and her gentle spirit, beautiful even in its submission, was bowed down in meek awe before the brute force which she could not resist.

They had two children, José, at this time about twelve years old, and Marie, ten. José united in his character the prominent traits of both parents. He inherited the fire, the energy, the indomitable will of his father, united to the higher mental expansion, the deep-loving heart, and sincerity of his mother ; but as he was left for the most part, to the gentle influences of that devoted parent, the harsher features—the angles of his nature—were softened down, and all the tender and purer affections developed ; while, at the same time, were implanted principles of the highest moral integrity. He had the dark proud eye, black hair, and warm complexion of Andalusia ; yet beautiful as he was, and chief-like, even in his infancy, he was never a favorite with his father, from whom he seldom received a word, or a look of kindness ; but for this very reason, perhaps, he was the idol of his mother, who strove to atone for this injustice by every mitigation of the wrong which her love could suggest ; and well was she repaid, in the deep and earnest affection of a young heart, that, through its own wrongs, early came to understand, and feel, those of his beloved mother.

But Marie needed nothing of restraint. She was one of those rare specimens of the perfect human being that are sometimes sent into this world, on a mission of love and joy—bright, unconscious revelations of the Beautiful, the Pure, and the Good—never fully understood or appreciated ; and yet the divine ministration of their being is taken to the heart, and incorporated with the life, where the direct lessons of the Sage may never reach. Such was Marie. Wonderfully endowed in mind, heart, and person, she exhibited,

even in childhood, the latent elements of all the gentleness, the tenderness, the devotion, that ever were shrined in the form of woman. All were affected by her presence. All had an instinctive apprehension that her race would be short; and even the rudest peasant, as he met her by the way-side, and gave the common salutation of the country, would pause and look upon her with tears; and holy priests bowed their gray heads as she went by, and murmured to themselves, as if it were almost impious to bless *her*—feeling, rather, that her presence, in itself, was a divine blessing. All the officers and servants of her father's household seemed to know that her life was a mission of love; and all became more or less assimilated to her character; and to have been inattentive to her slightest wishes, would have been considered the most flagrant heresy. Nor did this excessive indulgence injure her, either in mind, or temper. She knew nothing but love; she felt nothing but love in return; for she was ever true to the higher revelation, of which the world knew not. Even her stern father, whom no earthly being had ever turned from his grim purposes of violence, which the necessities of the society he lived in seemed to require, felt himself wholly unable to resist her influence—and many criminals had been set free, sorely against his will, and the convictions of what he termed his better judgment; yet perhaps the only true friends he had ever won, were thus obtained; for several had shown by their subsequent lives, and their zealous devotion to his own, and his daughter's interests, that clemency is the truest policy. His only way was to keep his official movements as secret as possible, whenever they were likely to be of capital termination; for when he felt her tender arms twining about his neck, and her soft warm cheek, all wet with tears, laid close to his, and heard her sweet voice pleading for the accused, so tenderly, so sorrowfully, and yet so trustingly, all was over with his justice; and his decision was that of a father—a man—and not a tyrant; for all feeling, all thought, all character, became absorbed in this one master-passion of his nature, which to subdue, or keep latent, had become a life-struggle; yet, at each successive time, the iron of his soul was doomed to melt before the undenyng love of the doating father.

Such were the children of the Alcalde of Oviedo. They had, as yet, dwelt almost wholly in an atmosphere of love; for they knew



little of the scenes of violence into which their father was often plunged ; and their life was fair and beautiful as the sunset skies of their native mountain.

It happened one day that they had been permitted to gather fruit in an orange grove a short distance from the castle, under the care of an old servant who had been their nurse. Good old Adele, oppressed with the heat of noontide, lay down in the shade, and was soon fast asleep ; when the children determined to improve their momentary freedom by exploring the country, in a direction where they had never been : so, promising themselves, and each other, that they could certainly be back before good Adele should wake, lest she should be alarmed at their absence, they turned into a little path that wound round the mountain side. As it often happens in such cases, they were lured on from one beautiful spot to another, until, insensibly, they had wandered a considerable distance from home. Here was a bird of brilliant plumage, there a rare butterfly, that *would* fly forward—and they must follow it ;—now there was a delicious little nook, all so cozily sheltered by the loving vines ; then a luxuriant grove of cork trees, with their rich dark foliage glistening in the yellow sunlight. At length they came to a view of Mount Morcin, in its most sublime aspect—its high brow, even then, white with glistening snow. A deep and rapid stream had worn a narrow gorge between the brother mountains, and there they stood, divided, and ever frowning upon each other ; for on that side even Naranco smiled not ; while the stream was ever wearing more deeply the chasm that lay between, like a principle of distrust or selfishness, that will sometimes come between two noble brother-hearts, sundering forever those who should be one in mind, in purpose, in affection. The river came roaring and dashing down the sides of the opposite mountain ; but when it reached the quiet valley, its voice was hushed and musical, as if its terrible spirit were subdued by the power of gentleness ; and it went murmuring away, kissing the tender buds, and the fair oziars that ever bent to its caressing lips, quiet, and unconscious of its strength, as the proud spirit when it yields itself to the flowery bonds of love. A narrow path or pass skirted the banks of this stream, and led in an ascending direction around Mount Morcin, through varying scenes of beauty, and almost Alpine grandeur and sublimity.

The poetic temperament of the mother was inherited by both the children ; though its manifestations were wholly different. In José it acted through the medium of form, of color, of all beauty that is revealed through the eye ; but the soul of Marie shrined that *inner light*, which penetrates all forms, unfolding the spirit, whose imperfect revelations they shadow forth. In both the love of the beautiful, the sublime, burned with the intensity of a passion ; and never had it found such glorious food as now. Nor was it only the actual that affected them ; for their vivid imaginations, fed by the stories of old Adele, who had been born and nurtured within the very confines of the Black Pass, peopled the shadows with giants, robbers, and banditti, never forgetting spirits of every hue and character. These terrible fancies entered naturally into the elements of the scene, giving new zest to their enjoyment — for the passion of wonder, when strong, craves aliment, and is greatful for it — until they felt a thrilling intensity of delight that wholly deprived them of utterance. Such spirits are not those which turn calmly back on the beaten path, when a glorious horizon opens before. As well might the young bird that has just found out his wings were made for soaring, turn tamely back to the nest, which he has, by every law, outgrown. It was impossible. They had climbed crag after crag. They tried picturesque openings from every point of view. For the first time in their lives they were wholly free. Good Adele was sound asleep. There was no careful nurse to cry out of danger, no servant, no officer of the household to follow them there, casting upon every step the fetters of their high rank ; and in the delicious abandonment of freedom, they went where the foot of the wild chamois might have paused, scaling rocks, gliding down declivities, and plunging through torrents, with headleng eagerness ; for they felt there was much to be accomplished in a little time, that there was much of life to be compressed in a short period. So they went on, trying unknown paths ; for the soul is ever stretching its wings forward to explore, to know, to investigate, to scan all that lies beyond the veil of the immediate senses. Yonder was a grove of fine old chestnut trees, with their rich flowers, set like tufts of finely wrought silver upon their verdant robes ; then a magnificent sweep of cork trees wound a way to the vanishing point, sheltering in return the rude crag that supported them, — their deep-green, glossy leaves,

reflecting the light with almost metallic lustre. In the extreme distance a bold cliff, a portion of the opposite mountain, rose abruptly from the valley, lifting its dark granite up against the clear sky, as if it had been the arrested development of a fiend, exulting in having created a barrier between earth and heaven. Rocks in every fantastic variety of grouping and of form, peeped out from the viney covert of Naranco, or stood in bold relief against the abrupt sides of Morcin. Oaks that had grown hoary with time stood, like ancient prophets, among the fresh young children of the forest, admonishing them of the end of all things; for even their own strong arms, and the glory of their mid-day crown, were yielding to the weight of uncounted centuries. Blighted pines, that had been uprooted by some ancient avalanche, were projected across the shelving bed of a torrent, or leaned in fantastic groups upon the growing shrubbery, like monitions of death to the young and hopeful; while skeleton cedars, white and ghostly, hovered like troubled spirits amid the dense masses below. At length they reached a fair cove sheltered by luxuriant pines, which, from its fine openings, afforded points of sight to the best views around them; and there they sat down upon a fallen tree, with hushed voices and hand in hand, until the spirit of the scene wrought its ministry of power in their young hearts: and tears, their only language, fell unchecked.

So they had been for some time, when they were startled by a groan, as of a human being in acute distress. They then remembered more distinctly that they were, probably, near a Pass, which was frequented by those terrible scourges of the country, banditti. Their first impulse was to fly; but as they rose to do so, the distressing sounds were renewed in such a piteous manner, that they determined to seek the sufferer at all hazard. José grasped his sword: for he had lately been promoted to the wearing of that gentlemanly appendage; and, at the touch, he felt so large and strong, one could see it was not a single bandit he could fear, nor a whole horde that would turn him from his purpose.

“Where can I hide thee, my sweet sister, while I run and see what is going on yonder?” he said, looking at the child, whose bright cheek had faded in her alarm, till it rivaled in whiteness the fairest marble of Paria. “Here,” he added, “is a little nook quite



sheltered ; stay here, dear Marie, and in a few moments, if the gracious God permits, I will return to lead thee home."

"No, José," she replied, with a firmness which was latent in her gentle nature, "I will not stay, I will go with thee. It is true there may be danger, but could I live, O, my brother, and see thee die?" She looked up into his face; and the light of her deep-loving eyes met, with its benignant softness, the fire of his—until they fell subdued—as the material by the spiritual must ever be.

He was, doubtless, willing to be persuaded, spite of his chivalry, for he answered, "Come, then, my sweet Marie; for does not our good Father Clement say thy presence is a holy charm, and the spirits of evil can not resist its power? Come, then, and it may be thou shalt not only be safe thyself, but shalt preserve thy brother." Then the two children embraced each other, breathing softly a familiar blessing; and hand in hand, they advanced in the direction of the sound, for a deep religious sentiment had pervaded and strengthened their hearts. Sometimes they were obliged to pause, in order to determine their true course, by listening for the cries, which every moment were growing fainter.

"Let us hasten," said Marie; "the sufferer is failing fast. O, if we should be too late!"

"But what if he should be a robber," said José, pausing suddenly; "what if the blood of thousands should be upon his soul, will it not be serving Satan to save him?"

"But is not our OWN FATHER the father of robbers, too?" responded Marie; "let us hasten the faster, that holy Augustine may shrive him, lest he go down into the pit, with all the weight of his terrible crimes!"

"Ah, thou knowest not, my sister," returned José, straightening himself proudly, "I am older than thou, and I have sometimes been in the courts, and seen them. They thirst for blood, they love it, they are more cruel than the wolves of Siberia!"

"But are they, always, even from the beginning," interceded Marie; "are they wicked when they are little babies? And if God should give them bread and money, as he has given us, would they love to rob and kill then, just for the pleasure of being wicked? Ah, José, I have thought a great deal about these unfortunate men, and wondered if God is their father, why he has permitted them to

do evil, and why he has placed them so that they can not do good. Then a voice seemed to tell me that the robber is a man ; and if he hates others, they hate him, and when his children cry for bread, he forgets that all men are brethren ; and it sometimes really seems as if *our* people forget it, too ; and for less reason. But let *us* never forget it, dear brother ! ”

“ I hope it *is* a robber we shall find. I wish to see one. I wish to tell him how much happier he would be to do good than to do evil ; and would he not believe me ? ” As she spoke, the face of the child shone like the face of an angel ; and her brother, as he looked upon her face, crossed himself, and whispered a paternoster.

“ José,” she continued, “ I have thought much of these wild men ; and when the silence of midnight hovered around my couch, I have wept over their condition ; for it seems natural to weep sometimes—and I seldom have a sorrow of my own to weep for. Then, brother, I have looked through my tears, up into the clear sky, with all its beautiful lamps shining like the eyes of heaven ; and then a voice comes back to my soul, in the wingéd light of all those serene star-beams, telling me that wrong and hatred will NOT live for ever ; and that all men will yet come to love each other. And then I know our Father is ALL-good ; and his children will grow into his likeness, and be as he is—ALL-GOOD.”

The boy paused, looking earnestly into her face, as if he had expected to behold her transfigured before his eyes ; then, crossing himself again, they passed on. A dark and deep nook in the bosom of a wild ravine seemed to be the place of shelter ; and pulling the thick vines, and the tangled hazel copse aside, they entered it fearlessly ; for their spirits had become sublimated by communion with a higher sphere ; and the white feet of angels, although they knew it not, were walking in the path before them, and the atmosphere was filled with their divine breathings. So it is given to me to know that the true soul has nothing to fear from the Outer ; for there is nothing that is stronger than itself, save the STRONGEST ; and He is its Father—and one with its own essence.

There was a thick clump of young chestnut-trees just before them ; and beyond it they saw the projecting limbs of a human being, stretched upon the ground. Their hearts throbbed almost audibly in joy and praise ; for they saw it was not the bandit’s cos-

tume that decked them; and in an instant they sprang to the side of the stranger. An old man, with hair and beard white as snow, and of the most benignant and gentle aspect, was partially reclining against a tree, while his head exhibited a severe contusion, and the blood was fast flowing from a cut in the arm, which he had been trying to staunch; and he now appeared nearly insensible with faintness from the profuse bleeding. It was but the work of a moment for Marie to tear off her scarf and bind his arm, and then she went in pursuit of a fungous vegetable, which she bound on to the wound; when she joyfully saw that the stream began to coagulate. While this was doing, José, with the help of his new sword — and he never found for it a better work — had stripped a section of bark from a young tree, and hastily closing the ends, brought water in it from a neighboring pool. Then Marie gently raised the patient's head, while her brother administered the refreshing draught. He drank heartily, and, having done so, inhaled a long breath, which showed he was getting relief of his oppressive faintness; and then he turned his large blue eyes on the children, with a look quite conscious, and full of love — his lips moving, though as yet, he could utter no sound.

It was wonderful to see those children, who, in ordinary times, were not permitted to supply their own simplest wants, so active and so intelligent. Nothing is, perhaps, more true than that man is, by constitution and instinct, a WORKER. However much the laws of society, whose fabric is wholly false, may contribute to degrade free, intelligent labor, into the coercion of a servile necessity; yet, before the children of the rich are taught this, or the children of the poor are made to feel it, they love work, and seem keenly to enjoy the independence it confers, as well as the triumph of having achieved something. It is only when they learn that hand-labor is made servile, and vulgar, by being cast upon the masses, who are supposed to be in that condition, that they come to despise and shun it.

"There, that is quite surgically done," said José, for the first time speaking aloud, "thanks to good Adele's stories; for if they have done no other good, they have shown us how to care for wounded knight, in quite knightly fashion."

And then Marie knelt down by the venerable man; and, dipping her handkerchief in the rude vessel of water which her brother



held, she bathed his brow. It was a scene for a painter. The central figure wearing the features of age, in its most picturesque and divine aspect, looking upon his young preservers with an expression of gratitude and love, which required no words to render it intelligible—and they both so fair—and one of angelic beauty. The boy, with all the warmth of Andalusian blood glowing in his cheek, and beaming in his dark eyes; while in the girl the outer aspect of fairness was half-forgotten in the deeper revelation of spiritual beauty. The exuberant wealth of fair tresses—the alabaster clearness of complexion—the large dark blue eyes—German blue—warmed by the fires, and deepened by the shadows of Andalusia—the long lashes now drooping so tenderly—the exquisite molding of the whole form—the statue-like proportion of every feature—were but media through which the soul manifested itself, an outshining presence. Such is all beauty—it is a revelation of the Interior—a shadowing forth of the Pure—the Perfect—the Infinite. It is not strange that the old man thought himself in heaven, and that the spirits of a higher sphere were ministering around him.

In this situation the children were, when they were alarmed by the tramping of horses; and the next moment a company of mounted cavaliers rode into the midst. The foremost, with a face of ashy paleness, leaped to the ground; and, almost simultaneously, Marie sprang into his arms. Claspings him convulsively around the neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, she murmured, “Father!” and then every muscle became relaxed—and the child fainted away. The fearful excitement of the last half hour—the sudden transition from extreme terror to the assurance of safety, were too much for that tender frame. For a few moments the alarm was intense; and that strong man whose brow never paled, and whose heart never quaked in the extremest danger, was bowed down before his insensible child, in utter weakness, with cheek and lip blanched to ashy whiteness, and every muscle quivering, as if stung with the deepest anguish. The excitement of the scene acted with a renovating power upon the old man. He rose; and, sitting upright, desired the child to be brought to him, when he took her in his arms, and placing one hand on her heart, and the other on her brow, he bowed his head over her a moment, and breathed strongly upon her face; when she immediately opened her eyes; and looking up with that

sweet loving smile that was more angelic than human, she sprang upright; and flinging her arms around the old man's neck, kissed him. From that moment a magnetic sympathy was established between them, although they knew it not. Don Lopez was nearly frantic with joy. He embraced the old man; he embraced his child; and laughed and wept by turns; but the priest, Augustine, looked upon the stranger with a boding frown.

It seems that Adele, on waking, had missed the children; and having sought them, and called in vain, she was obliged to return home, and report their loss; when Don Lopez, fearing they had fallen into evil hands, hastily called together a force that might be sufficient for their rescue.

Marie was lifted to her father's arms, when he had remounted his charger; and the Alcalde, after giving hurried orders for the removal of the stranger to the castle, and desiring José immediately to follow, dashed homeward; for though ordinarily inattentive to the feelings of the Donna, in this case he could not, from sympathy, be otherwise than regardful of her distress.

The importance of some events foreshadows itself. That evening when Marie lay clasped in the arms of her mother, who could not yet cease from weeping, and who in her deep joy at their return forgot to chide them, she whispered softly after speaking of the stranger. "We shall love him always, dear mother, and he will always love us; for God has sent him here—he will love us as long as we live;" and then, after a thoughtful pause, she added, in those deep solemn tones her voice always took in its revelations of the spiritual: "Will he not love us longer, mother? Will he not be with us in the Good Land, when the Gracious God permits us to dwell there?" Thus was the mind ever reaching out into the Great Dark that bounds the Present; but to her it was not dark; for the shadows were made luminous by the outbeaming eyes of angels.

Donna Ellena kissed her daughter's glowing cheek, but she answered not; for these simple questions had stirred deeper thoughts in her own soul; and leading Marie to her couch, she knelt down beside her there; and with the beautiful evening ritual of their Church, they mingled spontaneous thanksgivings yet more beautiful. So does real feeling ever seek a free expression in itself; and the soul gets relieved of bondage whenever and however it may;

for restraint is not, and never can be made, its native and genial element.

It is not important to dwell on the slow recovery of the old man, or the rapid growth of friendship between him and his young preservers. He found himself in an atmosphere of love; and he inhaled it gratefully and lovingly, for it was his native element. He told his young friends that his name was Claus, and that his home was in the far North-Land. He had been attacked by banditti, who had robbed him of all the money he had, and many rich jewels. Then probably he was left for dead; for he had been stunned by a severe blow on the head. As he came to recover they found that his mind was rich in stories of distant lands; for he had been a great traveler; but chiefly were they delighted with tales and poetry, embodying the beautiful mythology of his own weird regions of the North, all clothed as they were in the most lofty and eloquent diction, and uttered with thrilling earnestness of voice and manner.

He set before them high examples of heroic virtue. He told them of many who had even died for their Love of Right and Truth; of many more who had lived and suffered for their sake, through long years of hardship, privation, and trial. He thus, through his chosen characters, unfolded to them the PRACTICAL REALITY of all true Religion, the spirit and meaning of the blessed Gospel, which has become so deeply disguised by factitious trappings, which the different organizations have bestowed, each according to its own taste, that the original substance is wholly obscured; and, for the most part, is not, apparently, known to exist. He showed them how far better it is to submit, than to inflict injury, to suffer than to do wrong; that forgiveness is better than revenge, and love is stronger than hate. He saw with deep joy, that his words fell like good seed into the rich soil of their tender hearts; and he knew that their germs would expand and grow, and their fruits should be immortal. He taught them much that they had never learned before; for he had sat down at the feet of the Divine Master, with the bowed heart, and the simplicity of a little child; and he had gathered wisdom such as never was embodied in ritual, or held in the bonds of sect or creed; for it was the free and direct illumination of the Infinite. He showed them how much wiser it is to correct, than to punish evil; that Truth and Right are attributes



of Omnipotence, and so they must prevail against Falsehood and Wrong, which are Usurpers; and, therefore, can never be heirs of the Kingdom—the good Kingdom which he unfolded to them, as it lay reposing in the unconscious arms of the far-distant Future.

Much delight and wisdom did they gather from these discourses; for the Sage taught them not as one who *taught*; for so benign was his manner, so bland and gentle his utterance, and so delicate his perception of their spiritual wants, that it really seemed as if his teachings were but the unfoldings of their own latent thoughts. And perhaps they were; for are not the germs of thought native to the soul? whence it follows that all true teaching must consist in the judicious development of what is, rather than in the implanting of what is not. Hence the pupils of Claus gathered self-respect and self-reliance, instead of being bowed down in blind adoration of their Master, merely because he kept himself as well as their own minds, in a state of sealed mystery.

As soon as he was able to leave the castle, he led them forth through all those lovely solitudes, where the study of Nature is but an embodied dream of poetry, and unfolded to them the beautiful philosophy of Being. He explained the laws of Life, and Growth, and Decay, showing how they are continually passing into, and reproducing each other, with a progress ever upward, through higher, and yet higher forms. It was beautiful to see them seated in some quiet grove, the lovely children reclining at the feet of the classic figure of the Sage, with all the character of their earnest souls wrought upon the features of their upturned faces, as they listened to that deep mellow voice, that spake to them as human voice never spake before. It was a living picture of Academus and his children. So did Claus shadow forth to them the beautiful and ever constant laws of Nature. He unveiled the sublime and harmonious plan of the Universe, and explained the phenomena of life, and the philosophy of structure in the animal and vegetable world. He seemed, indeed, to have read the choicest secrets of Nature, and to have held the highest place in her private council-chamber.

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THE highest and most characteristic glory of all earthly beauty is to make us aspire to a heavenly one; and a woman is great in proportion to the ideal she suggests.

## OUR DARLING LITTLE EDITH.

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BY R. H. TAYLOR.

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Little angel-messenger,  
Sent us by Our Father's grace,  
With what rapture and what love,  
Welcome we thy tiny face ;  
Face with tender smiles aglow,  
And glance that mutely pleadeth ;  
Oh ! how yearn our hearts unto  
Our darling little Edith !

Little angel-comforter,  
To us a blessing given,  
Constantly to make us feel  
How much we owe to heaven ;  
To guide her future footsteps  
Our careful watching needeth,—  
But we will not grudge the task  
For darling little Edith !

Little angel-treasure-trove,  
While thee we are caressing,  
Let us look to God above,  
And thank Him for this blessing ;  
Let us call upon His name,  
Who e'en the sparrow heedeth,  
Safely by His love to guard  
Our darling little Edith !

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WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops ; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when the sun comes up to-morrow.

(Continued from page 435.)

## LILLIE HAINES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

### CHAPTER II.

THROUGH the dim veil of her tears, tears shed for the departed joy of life, and the disenchantments of her youth, Lillie looked forth upon the world, and questioned of the monitor within, as to the uses of her remaining love and strength. And conscience, tenderly filial and lovingly devoted as ever, made reply: "For thee, the promise and the hope is past forever; naught remains save the utter abnegation of self, and the sacrifice of the remainder of life unto the good of others. Thy poor intemperate father may be reclaimed through thy means only; and the mother, worldly and short-sighted though she be in all things constituting happiness, she is thy mother still; wilt thou not requite her care and sorrow with the demanded sacrifice of thy few years of earthly sojourn? By thy hand thy brother Leon may be rendered the genius thy partial affection deems him, and thy lovely sister's girlhood be made happier than thine own." To the whisperings of that "still small voice" she listened, till her lingering opposition waned, and the determined spirit gave to the weak frame a renewed, though momentary, gleam of life and energy. Seeking her mother in her own room, she presented herself with so firm a step, yet so pallid a face, that Mrs. Haines started in affright.

"Goodness gracious, Lillie!" she exclaimed, "why are you so imprudent as to leave your chamber? But poor child, why do I ask? — you wanted me, and having no servant and no bell to summon me, you had to drag yourself here. Sit down, my child: how strangely you look. Oh, your poor father! Oh, Lillie! Lillie! what will become of us?" and she wrung her hands and groaned aloud.

"Has Mr. Winthrop been here lately?" inquired the daughter, in an even, unmoved tone of voice.

"Yes, dear; he was here yesterday, and inquired particularly for you. Oh, child, he is using all his influence to get your father out of prison, and he paid for all the medicines you took while you were ill. He is of the same mind yet. Oh, Lillie, if you could only ——"



"I will marry him, mother," she calmly replied; but her unquivering lips were bloodless, and there was the look of a wounded dove in her sweet eyes.

"*Eh, what?*—say that again, my child!" cried her mother, springing forward and laying her trembling hand upon the wasted shoulder of the invalid.

"I will marry Hubert Winthrop, mother, for your and my father's sake; for Leon and my sisters. I will do your bidding, now."

"*You blessed, darling, sensible girl!* are you in earnest, though? Won't you change your mind? And are you really, truly willing to become his wife, and take us all out of this misery and wretchedness?" breathlessly asked the mother, with glowing cheeks and eager eyes.

"Willing and ready," she replied, in the same impassioned manner. "You can send Mr. Winthrop word."

"You blessed—— Shall I send your brother or the girls? or all three?—or shall I write a note?—or, if you had strength enough, darling——"

"Write all you please to say, and I will sign it," said Lillie, quietly. The note was written in trembling haste, and despatched with equal speed; half an hour later Mr. Winthrop appeared, and was tearfully welcomed by the overjoyed mother; he demanded an interview with Lillie, and was shown to the dingy little sitting-room, where, with her once busy hands, folded indolently in her lap, sat the convalescent, looking as pale, serene, and unmoved by any sensation of earth, as an arisen spirit.

She met his earnest, searching gaze with untroubled countenance; no conscious blush dyed her wan cheek with the brightening tide of life and feeling; the voice that bade him welcome was cold; the hand she extended yielded not the slightest response to his fervent pressure. Like a beautiful statue of departed hope she seemed to him who came to woo her for his bride. He could have been generous and have spared her; but Hubert Winthrop wished to gain the faded Lily for his own; he loved her, it is true, but it was with the selfish love of an intensely selfish nature; else had he never demanded so heartless a rendition of will and freedom.

He was older by some years than her own father, yet with the marks of a hale and vigorous constitution; his head was whitening,

and the wrinkles on his brow were deep, and the furrows deeply traced upon his cheek. He was not repulsive in appearance, and as a friend Lillie might have hailed him with beaming smiles of welcome. Now, there was no shyness or embarrassment in her manner; she looked into his face expecting him to speak.

"Your worthy mother has informed me"—he began with hesitation—"and the note I had the pleasure to receive, signed by your own fair hand—in short,—dear Lillie, you consent to become my wife?"

"I do!" she said distinctly, without a smile or tear.

He rapturously kissed her hand; it remained passively in his own; and her face was immovable as before.

"I must speak freely to you," she said, without the slightest alteration of tone or attitude. "I have told you before that I was engaged to James Waltham, who went to California in pursuit of fortune. It is now three years that no tidings have reached me. I believe him dead, as well as my brother Robert. Had our circumstances remained unchanged, I should have never married; but the burden of poverty has become too heavy to be borne, not for my sake, but for my dear parents. For their sakes do I consent to marry you; but all love is buried in the mountain or ocean grave of him I shall not on earth behold again. I will be to you a faithful wife, giving you all due consideration and respect; and you will not exact of me the impossible?"

"No, no, dearest! best of Lillies!" said the old man, moved despite of himself into something more than admiration for her beauty; "take your own time, darling, and in the meanwhile love me as a brother and a friend."

"You have expressed your desire on several occasions to concede to me all the conditions I should demand, if I consented to marry you?" How firmly and in what a business-like manner the gentle one spoke that day.

"I will grant all within my power," he replied. "And Lillie, dear," he added, "one word ere we go further: lest you should deem me all too intent upon forcing you into my power, I have repeatedly offered pecuniary assistance to your father, who has sternly refused me; only by your mother's concurrence have I been enabled to provide the slightest comforts you needed during your illness. I

would not have left your father in his present condition, had he accepted of my assistance. In a few days he will be restored to you. Now name your conditions, and as many of them as you please."

"It is the strongest desire of my mother to remove from this city after one year's residence from the day of my marriage."

"It shall be granted; I will remove South, East or West, or even to Nova Scotia, if you desire it."

"I want an education provided for my brother Leon, and the best masters engaged for him."

"It shall be my pride and pleasure to make a man of him. And your sisters shall be educated as princesses are in Europe."

"Thank you; I was about to speak for them. And my mother, accustomed as she is to comfort and luxury, I wish her to have her own suit of apartments, her own servants, and an annuity settled on my father and herself."

"It shall be done, and a house given them to live in if they prefer it; and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars settled upon you on your wedding day. And now, my darling, are you satisfied?"

She said "Yes," and glanced wearily away.

"Smile, my pretty Lillie! — give your intended husband one of your sweet sunshiny smiles," he entreated.

She complied, and the melancholy grace of the action charmed the old man, who thought to himself: "She will soon recover her health and bloom, once transplanted to a more congenial atmosphere. The old man's pride has helped my plan; it has won her better than aught else could have done."

He gallantly kissed her hand, and withdrew, elated with success and joy, to commence his preparations for the marriage that was to take place as soon as Lillie's health was fully restored.

In a few days, Mathew Haines, haggard and worn, was restored to the arms of his family; and in a broken voice he blest his child for her self-sacrificing devotion, and called her the saving angel of his life. The family removed to better quarters, prepared by Mr. Winthrop, who now became a daily visitor, and sent the costliest presents, and the choicest dainties to his bride. Lillie's strength returned, but her bloom seemed to have faded forever; the rose tint mingled no more with the lily whiteness on her cheek. The golden ringlets curled in all their olden luxuriance, but a misty veil



dimmed the once refulgent brightness of her large, dark eyes. She smiled again, but not as of yore; it would have been better to have seen her weep. But she bore up bravely, and struggled heroically with the recurring sorrow, and strove with all the anguish of a loving heart to chase the intruding image of her first and only love, deeming the thoughts of him a sinful indulgence; and striving with meek heart and prayerful lips to meet her fate with a cheerful and submissive spirit.

Swiftly rolled the days between the allotted reprieve and the time that was to usher in new duties, and another sphere of action. But already she reaped the beautiful compensations of good. Her father, relieved from pecuniary pressure, and taken from the uncongenial surroundings that had led to his degradation, assumed once more the manners of a gentleman, and the graces of a Christian. Alas! that mere worldly means should have caused the change. But though he spoke not of it, he was deeply conscious of the sacrifice his child had made. He read her inward struggles, for suffering and humiliation had rendered him clear sighted, and in compensation for her last and crowning act of goodness, he vowed he would delight her heart with his entire reformation. And he kept his word.

But in the silence of his chamber, communing with the past, he wished that it were possible that James Waltham would return, and with a minor fortune than that which awaited her, give to his devoted child the blessing of the love she craved.

But time sped on, and the wedding day arrived, and in her robe of richest satin, covered with finest lace, that was studded with pearls, the pale Lillie sat before her toilet, gazing abstractedly at the brilliant figure reflected in the mirror's depths. The flowing lace of her sleeves was gathered up with diamond sprays, and a necklace of pearls and brilliants flashed from her slender throat. A bracelet of the same rare gems glistened from each childlike wrist, and the bridal veil was attached to her sun-bright ringlets by a wreath of brilliants whose quivering leaves were formed of emerald clusters. Her mother stood behind her chair, radiant with delight, and once more attired with her usual taste and elegance. Nellie and Marion in their white gauze dresses and pearl ornaments looked like the Sylphydes whom the poets sing of. They were her

only bridesmaids, for despite of the magnificence of dress and surroundings, the wedding was to be strictly private; only a few invited friends were to be present. Looking into the depths of the mirror, Lillie bade a mute farewell to her maiden life, and prayed for strength to fulfill her wifely duties.

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T O M A R Y .

Farewell for a time—till the Winter and Spring  
 Have fallen—and gone—like a leaf on the stream,  
 With the sorrows and cares that each season may bring,  
 And the joys that flit like a summer-day dream!  
 Ere long the winds will rush out from their den,  
 And wail round thy home in the mountains afar—  
 O, may sorrow be tempered as light to thee then  
 As the footfalls of snowflakes that drop on the air!

In a frail bark we float down the river of years;  
 And beyond is a shoreless and fathomless sea,  
 And the river winds on through a valley of fears—  
 May their shadows be ever averted from thee!  
 Anon. it returns to the region of Spring,  
 And its banks are there decked in gorgeous attire—  
 May we hail with delight the first robin's bright wing,  
 And take hope in the first note she strikes from her lyre!

So gently Time flutters his zephyrous wing,  
 As the river glides on into summery fields,  
 That the Summer but seems like the ripening of Spring,  
 Giving glorious promise of rich Autumn yields.  
 Should our bark be still safe, and oh! far from that sea,  
 We may ramble again on those flowery banks;  
 And the spirit shall teach us to humble the knee  
 And gratefully answer the Giver in thanks!

Should we meet *not* again as in days that are gone,  
 When the love-light was bright in each radiant eye,  
 And the glow of young hopes o'er the future was thrown,  
 Like the sun's rising gleam on the Occident sky,  
 O, cherish my name in thy innermost heart,  
 And tenderly sigh for the days that are fled,  
 And forget not the *love*, though its spirit depart  
 To the gloom-land that circles the realm of the dead!

*San Francisco, 1861.*

JOHN SMITH.

## MRS. BROWNING.

BY SUSANNA V. ALDRICH.

I WAS impressed the other day with the beauty of an idea, embodied in the sweet language of poesy, by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Browning, that immortal poetess, the news of whose death has struck a sudden chill to many a loving heart, and caused many a chord, congenial with those which stirred the life-pulse in *her* breast, to vibrate with emotions of painful regret.

It was written on receiving the intelligence of the death of a little child whom she had never seen, but who was, nevertheless, dear to her mother-heart, as the treasure of one she fondly loved, and because she knew *herself* the preciousness of the tie which unites parents to these little portions of their own being.

Referring to the spirit of resignation with which their trial was received, she says: "God lent him and takes him," you sigh; but she, *herself contradicts* this assertion, urging that "God *gives what He gives,*" and *denies* that what He gives He ever takes back again, proving her assertion from the act of Jesus, who entered the temple at Jerusalem, and with "a whip of small chords, drove out the money-lenders, and them that bought and sold therein."

She asserts that when the child is given to the mother's embrace, and the first emotion of *love* is awakened in her breast by its innocence and feebleness, it is *hers forever*; if He removes it awhile from her earthly sight, it is but to clothe it with fairer beauty, to improve it with some added charms, or to keep it till some more fitting day in the future, as the mother lays up the toy which is too costly and beautiful for every day use, in the highest drawer of her bureau, or on the topmost shelf of her closet, until the day is more quiet, or the children are older, or more capable of appreciating its beauty or value.

And those, who, as she most beautifully and poetically expresses it, "possess a sweet piece of the Heaven which men strive for," she exhorts, "to be *more earnest* than *others* are," to proceed with greater haste, to press on while others cease. Taking courage from the thought that as they "know how one day angel smiles there,"



they may judge from that blessed knowledge, of the beauty and glory of the immortal scene, and be more easily drawn thither, far above the storm and despair of earth.

Is not *this* a beautiful idea, more consistent with the benevolence of our Heavenly Father, than the often-expressed notion that He has but taken away, in the death of our friends or our children, that which he lent us awhile, and which was still His own?

But the sweet poetess, whose songs have stirred the hearts of so many with deep delight, whose loving, truthful, and almost, it would seem, *inspired* words, have been like a fountain of pure water to many a weary soul, in which it might bathe and find refreshment and healing, has gone where she can read the pages which Infinite Wisdom has vied from earthly sight.

To *her* eyes, are open now the mysteries of the eternal future, and in the mansions of the upper homestead, she has met those whom God led thither before her, those whom she cherished with all her exquisite and undying tenderness here on the earth-shore, and those, too, who in their years of earthly trial have found comfort and rest in the gifts which she has bestowed so lavishly from her heart-treasury.

Yes, although her feet are treading the green pastures of the upper shore, and her voice, so long attuned to songs of melodious sweetness, is now learning the notes of the Heavenly choir, her earth-mission is not yet ended. Still, along the banks of the blue rivers, through the aisles of vast forest cathedrals, and in the darkened chambers of sorrow and suffering, her blessed words of comfort and healing shall float like a strain of angel music, and many a heart whose wounds have been *softened* and *bound up*, as it were, with ointment and balm thereby, shall hope to greet her in the mansions of the upper Home, as they cherish tenderly in thier inmost hearts, the sacred memory of her name.—*Arthur's Home Magazine*.

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NEVER PUT OFF.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it,  
And never idly wish it done ;  
Begin at once, and do it.

## THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

[From the German of Uhland.]

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

There stood in ancient ages  
A castle high inland,  
Far shone its glistening turrets  
E'en to the ocean strand ;  
Like wreaths of rarest flowers  
Sweet gardens closed it round,  
In which a hundred fountains  
With rain-bows clothed the ground.

There sat the haughty monarch,  
So rich in fame and gold,  
He sat within his palace  
But moody, pale and cold ;  
For what he thought was terror,  
And what he looked ne'er good,  
And what he spake was fury,  
And what he wrote was blood.

There sought this ancient castle  
Of bards a noble pair,  
The one with golden tresses,  
The other gray of hair ;  
With harp in hand the elder  
A wreathed steed bestrode,  
While gaily walked beside him  
The youth along the road.

The elder spake the younger :  
" Be ready now my son,  
Choose we our noblest ballads  
And sing with fullest tone ;  
Sing love as well as sorrow,  
Use all our nicest art,  
For it to day becomes us  
To melt his stony heart. "

When they had reached the palace  
Amid the golden sheen,  
There on the throne were sitting  
The monarch and his queen,  
The king in fearful splendor  
As blood red northern light,  
But she as sweet and gentle  
As full moon soft and bright.

Then touched the one his harp-strings,  
He touched them wondrous well,  
And sweet sounds rich and richer  
Through halls and arches swell ;  
In heavenly accents streaming  
The youthful notes how clear !  
While like the deep-toned spirits  
The old man's voice they hear.

They sang of love and spring time,  
The golden age of bliss,  
Of human rights and dignity,  
Of truth and holiness ;  
They sang of all sweet pleasures  
That joys to life impart ;  
They sang of all things noble  
That thrill the human heart.

The courtiers, in a circle,  
Forgot the time and place ;  
The monarch's fierce-browed warriors  
Bowed down a tearful face ;  
The queen, her heart dissolving,  
By tender grief oppressed,  
Threw down before the singers  
The rose bud from her breast.

" Ye have seduced my people,  
My queen ye have misled ;"  
Thus shrieked the raving monarch  
And trembled while he said ;  
Then hurled his gleaming dagger,  
It pierced the stripling's side ;  
Alas ! in place of music  
Now streamed a crimson tide.

The listening crowd was scattered  
As birds before the storm ;  
The youth breathed out his spirit  
Upon his master's arm,  
Who wrapped him in his mantle,  
And placed him on the horse,  
And left that haughty castle,  
The old bard with the corse.

But in the lofty doorway  
The aged minstrel stood,  
His priceless harp there seizing,  
No other harp so good,



Against the marble pillar  
He dashed the precious thing,  
While the halls and gardens  
His boding accents ring :—

“Wo! wo! thou haughty castle!  
Wo! wo! ye guilty walls!  
Let no sweet tones forever  
Float through your gloomy halls;  
But sighs and groans and echoes  
Of fear-enslaved feet,  
Till the avenging spirit  
Time’s doom to thee shall mete!

Wo! wo! ye fragrant gardens!  
So sweet in this May-light,  
Behold this mangled body,  
To you a fatal sight,  
That your rich bloom may wither,  
That yonder fount may fail,  
And through the coming ages  
In dearth this deed bewail!

Wo! wo! thou fiend of murder!  
A curse be on thy name!  
Nor shall thy bloody conquests  
Win thee a glorious fame,  
Thy name shall be forgotten,  
Lost in eternal night,  
And all thy living moments  
The pains of death shall blight!”

The old man’s words were finished;  
The heavens a vengeance kept;  
The castle’s walls in ruins  
For ages since have slept;  
A single shaft remaining  
Now marks that place of pride,  
For those that since are builded  
One night may not abide.

Instead of fragrant gardens  
A barren heath is seen,  
For no tree casts a shadow,  
No fount springs mid the green,  
No song the dead king praises,  
His name no records nurse,  
Lost! lost! forever perished!  
—Such was the minstrel’s curse.

## THE LITTLE CARPENTER.

BY G. T. S.

Lay thy hand on this heart of mine, little dear !  
How it knocks in the little chamber—hear !  
A carpenter dwells there, and wicked is he—  
He's busily making a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks, by day and by night,  
And long has he put my slumbers to flight.  
Oh, master carpenter, hasten and cease,  
That I may be quiet, and sleep in peace!—HEINE.

And a busy little carpenter he is. Sometimes he strikes with his hammer sixty, sometimes eighty, sometimes a hundred strokes in a minute. He never stops, but keeps on with his work day and night, pounding, pounding. But we seldom think of the coffin he is making for us. Life, with its numerous cares, its true and false pleasures, puts all such thoughts to flight. We never die, that is, in our conceit, till we find ourselves dying. Dying ! we are always so — most of us are half dead already. We sit at Life's feast for a few moments, then rise, put off our festal garments, throw down the goblet — it is broken, and the wine is spilled — we fold our hands on our breasts and walk away in a shroud. We go with veiled faces, down into the silent city, and shut its doors behind us. All is silent there. The windows are darkened, the chambers lonely ; there is no sound of voices in the halls. Go, knock at the door, can you disturb a single sleeper ? Drive an army over them, will they arise, or listen to its tread ?

But we do not thus go away from Life's banquet alone — many, many follow us. Kings and mighty men, the rich and the poor, the slave and his master, all tread the same path, and come down and sleep together with us in still, narrow homes ; and the sun rises and sets, and the birds sing, and the flowers bloom, all as brightly as when we lived. Children romp and play at evening, in the chamber where we died ; and other faces look out at the window, and gaze on the same landscape that cheered us. To many our memory is like a dream ; perhaps a few near and dear carry the remembrance of us in their hearts ; then they, too, pass away, and all is forgotten.

Thus does the little carpenter do his work. A wonderful coffin-maker is he; for he turns off thousands in a minute, and still the cry is for more. But while he hammers he sings, and these are the words of his song:—

Awake! for the day is declining,  
Awake! for the evening is near;  
The shadows of twilight are gathering,  
And deeper each moment appear.  
Then look towards the beautiful city,  
And seek for the palace and crown,  
Whose diamonds with light are still flashing,  
When the sun of existence goes down.

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### THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

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THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in dwelling upon happiness, says: "The art of being happy is less cultivated in this land than in any other. We make extravagant preparations for it; we give no bounds to our enterprise, we heap up material; we go through an immense experience preparatory to being happy. But, in the main, it is the very thing which we forget to extract from an abundant preparation. Contentment is a quality which few know how to reconcile with aspiration, and still with enterprise. Satisfaction, therefore, is the bright ideal of the future. It never blossoms to-day. It is always to-morrow. Men never come up with their hope. The short and intense excitements which we mis-name enjoyment, are paroxysms, not steady pulsations. At length, it comes to pass that men do not enjoy life in the midst of heaped-up prosperity. And amid reverses they bemoan themselves when the topmost leaves of the banyan tree are plucked by the wind, and refuse to shelter themselves beneath the vast breadth of what remains."



## Editor's Table.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all, kind friends and readers;—this is our earnest, heartfelt wish; and though our tone may be less mirthful, and our spirits more subdued than in times past, we pray you extend to us your charity and your indulgence, for since the last Christmas time our way has led through deep waters. We have received the baptism of a new suffering, and sit, even now, in this bright Christmas time, beneath the shadow of a great sorrow, and in this we feel we are not alone. Ah! no; other hearts, like our own, are bowed. Were it not so, we had not ventured to refer to our own grief; but we know that there are many bereaved mothers in our land to-day, who, like Rachel of old, refuse to be comforted “because their children are not.” Some miss the angelic smiles of an infant’s face, its artless witchery and grace; there’s an empty cradle and toys unused, and dresses, and stockings, and dear little shoes which nobody wears, yet are they precious treasures to the mother’s heart.

And others miss the youthful but manly forms of sons whose blood has watered America’s soil; and there are vacant chairs, and tattered, soiled uniforms, and sabres which nobody draws—these too are dear relics treasured in the lonely mother’s heart, and from many a bereaved and stricken spirit has gone up the cry, “Oh! God, can mortal survive such agony?” and the answer is borne back upon the wings of unseen messengers, “I will not leave you comfortless.” Behold “in my father’s house are many mansions” suited to the ages and conditions of all whom He calls hence. Be of good cheer: they have gone but a little while before you, and though you may no more behold their dear earthly forms, yet be *still* and your spirit may be exalted to communion with their freed and glorified souls, for all pure and deep affection is of the soul, and consequently IMMORTAL. Let not thy love, then, suffer blight: truly the dear object of that love has been transplanted to other scenes. Yet is it “God’s and *thine own forever*.” Fear not, for He who made the soul can fill its deepest needs.

“We must not doubt, or fear, or dread that love for earth is only given,  
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven:—  
Oh! love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.”

Let us then, trusting in the sure mercies of the Living God, bear patiently on awhile longer the burthen of our mortal life, earnestly devoting ourselves to do whatever of good we can. Mayhap in trying to strengthen others we shall be ourselves strengthened; in imparting the balm of comfort to others, we may find the grief of our own souls assuaged, and when at last our life’s labor is ended, and we too are called to go up higher, we shall find ourselves welcomed to that brighter land by those dear ones whom we now so sadly mourn. Again reunited to them, we shall find the deep yearning love of our souls forever satisfied, and filled to overflowing with a deep sense of the goodness of the Infinite.

ite Father, our spirits shall take up a new song of gratitude and thankfulness to Him, the ultimate of all whose wondrous works is PERFECTION.

WE make the following extract from a letter received from a valued correspondent at the west—"Ruth Hall"—with whose charming writings many of our readers are familiar:—

"Again the Fall, with its sad gray skies, its wailing winds, which drive the trembling leaves before it over the miry streets—for our thoroughfares here are bordered in many parts with trees—bring grave reflections to even the most thoughtless, while those who, having scaled life's hill and began the downward descent, are substituting memory for hope, feel still more keenly the outward gloom, and sympathize with the season so nearly resemblidg their own condition. The seed of habits sown in life's early spring are matured to harvest, and winter full in view, look forward, some who have been faithful to their best instincts to a few pleasant fireside evenings, and a peaceful sleep not long to be delayed, with tranquil gravity. While the young and gay, whose quickly-circulating blood the bracing air only exhilarates still more, see different and further means of enjoyment in winter amusements, and balls, theatricals, skating parties—last winter a very popular amusement—pass in brilliant review before their eyes.

"Our ever-busy city is still more like a swarming bee-hive than ever, notwithstanding the war—in fact, partly in consequence of it—so many rushing here as to a place safe, at all events; a depot where provisions are not likely to fail, and a commercial center where business can scarcely be otherwise than active."

The following ballad is from the same gifted pen:—

#### THE MILK-MAID.

O'er the bridge that spans the Weston lovely Patty tripp'd along,  
Making all the green lane vocal with her bird-like song.

"When," she asks, "will my sweet Willie come again to me?  
When return to home and Weston from the raging stormy sea?"

"Hodge the Miller seeks to wed me; he's a wealthy man,  
Jovial, hale, and under fifty, with money at command;  
But I love my handsome sailor, tossing on the stormy main,  
Still I live in hope to see him in his own dear home again."

Thus she tripp'd across the meadow near the rose-embowered stile  
Where a gallant tar sat listening 'twixt a tear and smile;  
Forth he sprang, as thus she ended, with an agile bound,  
"Patty, dearest, here's thy Willie; see, the lost one found!"

Need I say how one fine morning joyous bells the village told  
They were wed, the blushing milk-maid and the sailor bold;  
That they lived, and loved so truly, I have heard folks say,  
Lived and loved, and died together on the self-same day.

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.—At a public meeting lately held in this College, Dr. S. Gregory, the indefatigable friend and promoter of the movement to give medical instruction to women, made some statements which show the steady progress of this good cause.

He remarked that one of the results of the discussion and prosecution of the cause of female medical education during the past twelve years had been, 'as was intended and expected, a gradual transfer of the practice of midwifery from the hands of men to those of women.

He stated that Mrs. Goodwin, a female physician, in Worcester, Mass., during the last eleven years, had presided at *sixteen hundred and twenty-six* births, and never lost but *one* patient. Can male physicians show such a record? This is the great point. The safety of woman and relief from unnecessary suffering in childbirth demand the education and employment of women as physicians for their own sex.

"It would be interesting," continued Dr. G., "to know what proportion of the five or six thousand annual births in Boston were attended by females. One woman, Mrs. Edee Eaton, had attended over a thousand within the past eleven years, and many others had had a good amount of practice. If two women had attended twenty-six hundred cases in the past eleven years, what must be the number attended by all of the women in practice in the cities and towns of New England during that period? Probably a hundred thousand would be a moderate estimate."

We are glad to find that two of the professors in this College are women, viz.: Marie E. Zakrzewska, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, and Frances S. Cooke, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.

In our next number, we shall advert to the Colleges for Women in Philadelphia.


DISAPPOINTMENT.—We have been disappointed by not receiving our steel plates from the East, as expected. The difficulty can only be explained by the unsettled state of our unhappy country. We trust our friends and readers will extend to us their indulgence in this particular, especially as this is the first time since the publishing of the *Hesperian* that we have had to refer to this department of our magazine otherwise than in pride. For some three months past we have from time to time been disappointed, and been obliged to avail ourselves of such embellishments as California afforded. The result we feel that we need not be ashamed of; but still our aim is high, and we intend to give good steel plates.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—Of our reading matter, we need not speak; it is such as will commend itself to all of pure literary taste. Our "Christmas Legend," by Fanny Green, is especially worthy of perusal. "The Guns," a parody on Poe's poem of "The Bells," is a production of rare merit, and especially suited to the times. "Lillie Haines" is interesting and instructive, as all Cora Wilburn's writings are. "The Minstrel's Curse," a translation from the Ger-



man by Rev. J. D. Strong, is very fine. Indeed our contributors, one and all deserve and have our thanks. There are some whose pens have been silent for along time, whom we hope sooo to hear from.

DECEMBER.—The last month of the year is with us, and its sands are fast falling into eternity. Let us not look backward and downward, but forward and upward. The New Year is about to dawn upon us. Let us form good resolutions, and, resting on the arm of the INFINITE, go forward strong and earnest in the performance of duty. So shall the New Year bring to us Blessing, and leave us Rejoicing.

 N. B.—Mrs. Day has re-opened her Branch of Mme. Demorest's Pattern Emporium for ladies' and children's Dress-Patterns of every variety, on hand and for sale at No. 12 Montgomery Street, up stairs. A very large assortment of new and elegant cloak patterns just received by last steamer.

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### FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

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WE have tried to make up for our want of fine embellishments in this number, by sending two Patterns of more than ordinary value—a waist, and sleeve to match, of the latest and most elegant style now in vogue.

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### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED WAIST PATTERN.

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THIS waist is composed of three pieces: front, back and side trimming. Cover the front lining with the material of the dress. Sew up the dart. Trim each point on the side piece around the bottom and up the front (*but not on the top,*) with narrow lace, ribbon or anything that suits your fancy. Then lay the side piece upon the front so that the armhole in the side piece will fit that of the waist, and also fit under the arm and on the shoulder. Now gather the top of each point back, and finish with a button.

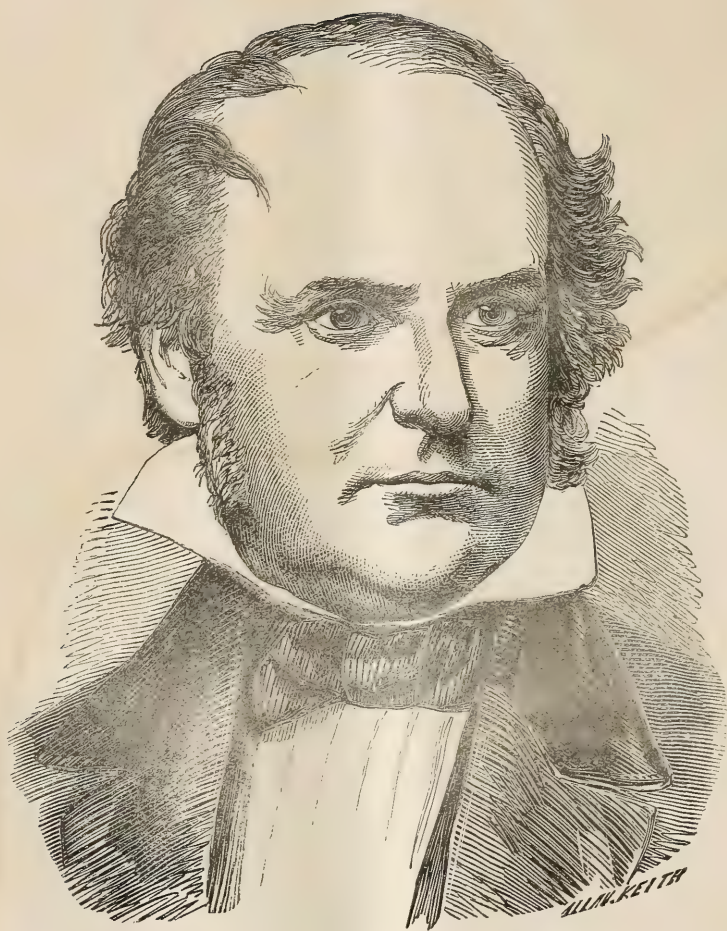
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### FULL SIZED SLEEVE PATTERN.

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THIS is a coat sleeve, composed of three pieces: front, back and trimming, which lays full length across the back of the arm, the points extending each way, both front and back. They should be trimmed to match the waist. The broadest part is the top.



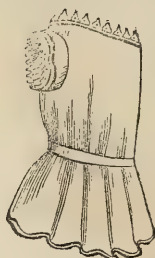


GENERAL E. D. BAKER.





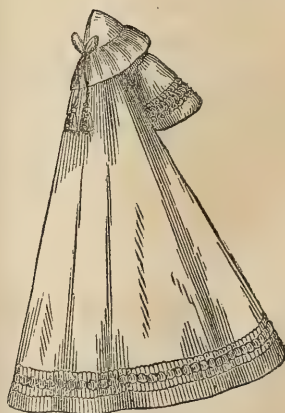
INFANT'S SACK.



CIRCLE DRESS.



NIGHT DRESS.



INFANT'S CLOAK.



NATIVE LIQUORICE.

# THE HESPERIAN.

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[No. 5.]

## LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *Madeline.*

I WAS awakened from a deep sleep by a sweet voice speaking interiorly: "Mary, the mother of Jesus; Mary Magdalene; and Mary, the mother of Mark—the three Marys." I heard nothing more, and saw nothing, but I felt the divine power and presence, which had thus been announced. Its beautiful sphere was opened. I went up into it; and again the scenes of earth were spread out beneath my gaze.

The whole view is now gathered to a single point. I see a woman sitting alone in the deepest midnight darkness. She is overwhelmed and bowed down with many sufferings, many sorrows, while disappointments, dark and terrible, have left a deeper shadow on her mind than that which robes the midnight sky. Through a sympathy with the quick and naked nerves, I can see, even now, the barbed thorns of trial yet rankle in her quivering flesh. Within the circle of her few years, I feel an age of anguish. How could this tender form, this highly sensitive system, thus have borne what giants are unable to meet truly? I answer myself this question by looking into her mind. There I see a will to suffer, a power to struggle, and a determination to overcome for the sake of good.



There have been, in the old ages, dens of lions, burning fires, and proffered cups of poison, with draughts of vinegar and gall, Mountains of Temptation, Gardens of Agony, and a Calvary of bitter scorn and God-like suffering, and anguish and death; and she has imbibed their spirit, and been strengthened with their strength, with no pitying eye to look upon her anguish, no support, no sympathy, no hope, but that sublime determination to wring from all the single drop of blessing that should be universally diffused, and thus become an antidote for human ills.

“Suffer for the good of all.” This was the exhortation that continually moved her to bear and dare all that might come between her and this single idea—the goal toward which every step was undeviatingly directed. It was imaged by the small, distant, but true and steady star on which her eyes were fixed.

But now the burden has become too heavy. She is bowed down by that unspeakable anguish, that can find no relief in tears. I see the large veins swelling over the depressed forehead, and, as if they froze in the struggle, binding more closely the rigidly clasping hands. In the fixed brows, in the quick but deep and firm eyes, there is a superhuman capacity of suffering. The corded arms are drawn up to the breast with a convulsive action. The head is thrown back, and the imploring eyes are turned up to Heaven. A few words seem to quiver over the rigid mouth; but the marbled lips give forth no sound.

Is there no kindness—no love—no pity—to restrain, to encourage, or console her? Is there no human being that can enter into sympathy with suffering so patiently—so heroically borne? Not one: not one.

They for whom she has suffered most, have wronged her by the most cruel aspersions—the most little and intolerable misconstructions. They for whom she has joyfully invoked these trials, have never recognized the masked angel, that would have been so glad to bless them.

Now she is sheltered by the roof of strangers; and being unmolested, she is working out the great unsolved problem, solely by her own power—unrecognized and alone.

By a sympathetic magnetism I take the struggle to my own

soul. I reach out my arms to clasp her ; and in a single moment the rigid muscles are unbent, and the head and limbs return to their natural posture. The moment of agony is passing by, and the earnest faith, that never was overthrown, is shining out serenely from eye and soul, inspiring the whole presence with an atmosphere of glory, giving that Godlike expression which the truly developed face always assumes in the strong will to suffer for the sake of good. By a reaction of the great struggle, she is intensely still and quiet. A profound calm overspreads the whole face, and seems to flood outward in the deep breath.

The single white point is now expanding into a large and brilliant star. It shoots its level rays along the gloom, and opens a way of light between her and the beautiful sphere, which is drawn nearer as she is drawn to it. Did I say she was alone ? Myriads of angel forms now appear, stretching away on all sides, into an amphitheatre of light and glory, till, in the intensity of splendor, they become invisible.

But now a soft white light flows into the low and darkened room ; and out of it a human form seems to organize itself, unfolding line by line, until it is complete. Now it stands before the watcher, whose name is Madeline, an unveiled Presence shrined in the pure majesty of womanhood. It is the Divinity of Love, but love so pure and lofty, that it goes hand in hand with Wisdom, mingling with its essence, partaking of its power, and one with it in will and purpose. She is standing quite still, and apart from Madeline, who does not yet perceive her. The hands, as if instinctively, cross each other, and are clasped to the bosom. The fine head, with its dark fold of braided hair, is bending gently forward ; and as the eyes are turned on Madeline, the whole form is instinct with intense and earnest thought. So she was standing when Madeline looked up, as if attracted by those deep and thrilling eyes. It was but an instant ; and then the whole form of the lonely one was suffused with the inpouring light.

With a cry of joy, so intense and penetrating that it seemed akin to agony, Madeline struggled to speak, but could not. Then she bowed herself down to the ground, and was relieved

of the pressing weight that had long lain upon her bosom. She wept silently ; nor did the heavenly visitor seek to interrupt her tears : for well she knew there was healing in their flow.

At length the weeper arose ; and standing quite calm and still, she looked upon the Angel, murmuring softly :

“ O, Mary ! beautiful Mother of the World ! Holy Madonna ! I know it is thou ; for truly have I invoked thee. Thy beautiful Womanhood assures and strengthens me. Thy divine Motherhood inspires and exalts me. All the power of thy wonderful life, and its great ministries, opens before me ; and by a mysterious sympathy I enter into it. O, Mary-Mother ! full of love and beauty ! I feel the wisdom of those who worship thee.”

“ And their worship has made me what it named me,” answered Mary, mildly, “ the Mother of the World ; for the hearer of prayers became the giver of love, that ever flowed back in answer, opening still wider and wider circles, and with every return bringing a larger capacity of good.”

“ And now I know,” answered Madeline, “ that thou shalt lift the burden from my heart. Thou shalt unclasp the chains from my soul, and I shall live to praise thee.”

“ Daughter, thou sayest truly ; for I have baptized thee with the baptism of sorrow, and strengthened thee with the consecration of suffering. Thou hast been chosen worthily ; and truly shalt thou vindicate the wisdom of those who are calling thee to higher ministries. Hast thou strength for yet more bitter sufferings ? Hast thou faith for still darker trials ? Is thy love of good so strong—is thy faith in good so true—is thy will for good so invincible—that thou mayest rightfully call thyself to bear and dare all this ? Then hear thou the word, and open thy soul to the wisdom of the Right.”

As these words were slowly and emphatically uttered, a very remarkable change passed over Madeline ; for the sweet and silvery tones had pervaded her whole system, and magnetized her. She stood erect and firmly planted. The lips are gently parted ; the eyes are radiant, and every feature, every lineament, is inspired with a fine electrical energy.

“ I need not question thee further ;” said Mary. “ In whatever



struggles come, remember this, that the strength thou hast truly invoked shall be sufficient for thee. And now, behold! thou shalt be a companion of prophets, and martyrs, that have gone before thee—not to be immolated, but to be exalted and glorified, that thou mayest more truly lead the way for an exalted and glorified humanity!”

“How can this be?” whispered Madeline, as if communing with her own soul, rather than questioning another. “Many times has this word been given to me; and ever more does it come. Open to me now, O, Beautiful! O, Beautiful! the mystery of my true mission; and read for me the great enigma of my power and destiny.”

“Listen: hear the words of the new dispensation; for truly as the Word came once to me I give it now to thee. Blessed art thou among women; and blessed is the power that is to be born of thee! for the Word shall be again made flesh; and in thy form shall the Incarnate mystery be first unfolded.”

“A thousand strange and mystical words, impressions, thoughts, feelings, have all pointed to this!” exclaimed Madeline; “visions by day, and dreams by night; all shadows, and shapes, and conditions, of thought and sense, have still unfolded this, leading me away out of my own littleness, and inspiring me with the conception of power so great, that I have fainted to behold only the shadow of it. Am I to be always struggling after what I can not reach, and forever mocked by the Unattainable?”

“Thy leadings and thy inspirations are true, my daughter. Listen, while I explain to thee the word that has been given. In the human form there is a subtile essence, which enters into all the vital currents, and determines all the changes of nutriment, growth, production, and reproduction. This long-hidden fountain is now to be unsealed, and opened to the knowledge of mankind; and by it the human form is to be reinvigorated, reorganized, and regenerated. And because the female system is peculiarly sensitive to this influence, and also because Woman has been the greatest sufferer from its misdirection and misuse, in her form is the power to be first unfolded. The true human body is to be first prepared, a temple of Beauty, and Love, and

Holiness, and made a fitting shrine for the true human soul, with all its ministries of peace, and wisdom, and harmony, and happiness."

"I can not comprehend it," said Madeline. "Explain, I pray thee, what I am to know of this great mystery."

"Look at thyself. Thou hast already been cured of long-abiding infirmities, operating unknown to thee, in the forces of thy system. But this work is not yet completed; for whether thou canst yet believe or not, remember that this will prove true, that though thou hast past the mid-period of life, and age and decay have begun to do their work, their power, by a stronger and higher power, shall be arrested; and all shocks or injuries which the system has received—all wasted or lost organism—shall be repaired or restored; and renewed freshness, life and beauty shall be unfolded. Thou shalt be a volume of miracles; and thine own will, and thine own work, shall bind together and make them immortal—not to gratify a weak woman's vanity, but to unfold a true human power."

"But why have I been chosen for this great work?" asked Madeline, meekly folding her hands on the now heaving and agitated bosom. "Is there not greater strength, greater truth, greater capacity in many others? Why have I been interrupted in my proper vocations, and called out of my weakness to a trial of power which I can not even comprehend?"

"Neither canst thou comprehend thine own strength," answered Mary; "nor the fitness, that is single to the great purpose of those who have chosen thee. Only in thee are the requisite forces to be obtained, because in thy whole constitution and condition they have been developed, and ordered so from the beginning. Know, then, that before thy birth—before thy form had put on the completed human type, this word had gone forth; and the first motion of life was an answer to the call. Believe then and know that this is thy destiny. Angels of the highest unfolding, dwellers of the spheres, that reach out infinite perfection, all confirm it. What they declare, they know; and what they say, they have ordained."

Again the face of Madeline beamed with that intense splendor,

which made her whole being radiant; and again she was transfigured before me. The meek suffering Woman stood aside, while the glorified Angel asserted her presence, and her power.

In a few moments the external consciousness was closed. The long, dark lashes drooped on the pallid cheek; the folded arms sank softly on the still bosom; and in her statue-like beauty, she was white and pure as marble. As she slept, the Madonna stood by her side; and loving and joyful angels came and blessed her.

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### EVENING SHADOWS AND DREAMS.

BY MRS. CASE.

No lights, no lights, they break the spell,  
The magic charm around me cast,  
As twilight's mystic shadows blend  
With memory's pictures of the Past.

Away the glaring light which mars  
My glimpses of the by-gone years,  
Whose pleasant scenes are coming back  
To meet me through the mist of tears.

The mellow gloom is weaving fast,  
Familiar phantoms on the wall;  
There are the eyes, the forms so true  
I list to hear their voices call.

But silence reigns—I only see  
The smile of lips that used to greet  
With tender tones and words of cheer,  
Each wanderer's homeward turning feet.

Beyond the blue sea's tossing foam,  
Some of those dear ones tread;  
One where the deadly cannons boom,  
And some are with the dreamless dead.

The solemn midnight hour is for  
The ghosts repentance bringeth back;  
But only glorious visions leave  
Their radiance in the twilight's track.

Then let the day's departing beams,  
To me be still a sacred hour;  
The heart must have its time for dreams,  
Must yield to memory's power.



[Concluded from page 477.]

## LILLIE HAINES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

### CHAPTER III.

THERE was a low tremulous knock at the door ; Lillie's mother said " come in ;" and in place of the expected summons for the bride, it was the bridegroom himself who appeared ; not however, with the exultant mien and joyous tread significant of the day and hour ; but with pallid and strangely altered countenance, with an unacustomed moisture in the keen grey eyes ; with a manner betokening extreme excitement and an almost entire loss of self control. Mrs. Haines was about to break forth in ejaculations and questionings, but Mr. Winthrop begged to be left alone with Lillie, and in utter astonishment, not knowing what to surmise, the good lady left the room, and descended to the company with her younger daughters.

Hubert Winthrop drew a chair close to the side of his intended, and taking her unresisting hand, said in a voice she had never heard tremulous before :

" Lillie, I have that to tell you—which—I—I—am so confused myself. Can you hear some news—my dear?"

She lifted her eyes enquiringly and smiled, the customary pensive smile. " What news is it?" she asked calmly ; " what news can come *for me*?" she mused.

" Good news—that is—yes ; but it quite upset me! Good news, good news *for you*, Lillie dear!"

" Good news?—*for me*?" she slowly uttered. " Who from?"

" Try, guess! is there no friend you would like to hear from—above all others, hey?"—the old gentleman twirled his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

" I have no friends abroad ;" she listlessly replied ; but looking at him more attentively, she was struck by his uncommon pallor, and the agitation visible in his every motion. " You have heard from my brother Robert!" she cried with sudden recollec-

tion. He nodded his head ; and leaning eagerly forward, she scanned his face, and the light hand placed upon his trembled perceptibly.

“ Is he well ? ” she falteringly asked.

“ Well and prosperous ! but that is not all. Robert has been immensely successful—and may be expected home—every day. But, but—there is some one else—there is another with him—who—”

Something seemed rising in the old man’s throat that impeded his utterance. With one hand pressed to her brow as if to collect her bewildered thoughts, Lillie looked up to him pleadingly.

“ Can I tell you ?—do you think you can bear—Lillie, are you strong enough to hear the glad tidings I bring you ? ”

“ Of whom ? ” she whispered faintly ; but the lethargy that had bound her life seemed rent ; and the joy of utmost expectation, the arisen hope of some great and yet vague good thrilled her being and flashed from her eloquently questioning eye.

“ Now be strong ! do not give way—be calm ! ” and he passed his arm around her, to support the trembling frame. “ Although what I have to tell you dashes my own hopes to the ground—I must do my duty. Lillie, he whom you have loved, aye, and love still, he is alive ! Do not start, be calm, I entreat you ! he, too, has been successful ; he is—he has returned. Lillie, child, be firm ! he is now in the city, well and happy ! ”

She broke forth into no frantic demonstration ; nor was she stunned into insensibility by the astounding revelation. But a healthful crimson glow of returning life overspread the beautiful face, and gently withdrawing from the encircling friendly grasp that sustained her, she fell upon her knees, and said in accents that no pen can render :

“ I thank Thee, oh, my God ! ”

That pure and unselfish heart’s first offering was unto Him, the Giver of all good. There were tears in the old man’s eyes as he reverently raised her from the prayerful attitude. A change had come over his spirit within the hour ; and in his long-seared and worldly soul the first and holiest emotions of youth were revived ; and he understood the full significance of true affection, and all

the holy rapture of a self-denying act. "Come, Lillie, come!" he said, huskily.

She remembered it was her marriage morn; that the guests were assembled and the minister waiting. She looked at him in mute fear and enquiry.

"Come with me, Lillie;" he said with a reassuring smile; "but not to the marriage altar, for henceforth I am only your friend and brother, and you need no longer fear me. I have realized what a fearful sin I should have committed in marrying you. James Waltham has come to claim his bride, and had I been deaf to the pleadings of love and justice, I should have yielded to his prior claims through gratitude. He is the son of a man who once saved my life at the risk of his own. Your brother Robert is with him, and both are in this house!"

She bounded forward with a low cry, and he led her towards an adjoining room, opened the door, and turning away, left her to enter alone.

She was clasped to the heart of the long absent and faithful James, and with her fond arms around his neck, feeling his tender kisses on her brow, she realized the fullness of Our Father's goodness, which giveth unto lower earth a foretaste of the eternal joys of heaven. And when she turned to welcome and caress her brother with the radiant face and soul-full smile of yore, she felt that her all of happiness was completely realized. As she thanked God for the safe restoration of her beloved ones, no one would have recognized in her the pale and listless bride of an hour ago, who sat before the mirror languidly gazing upon her own reflected loveliness, and steeling heart and nerve for the approaching doom.

My feeble pen fails in the attempt of the portrayal of that family reunion; I cannot tell you how the delighted father blest his child, and utterly forgetful of all dignity and determined self-possession, he wept and laughed by turns, and embraced James and his forgiven son most heartily. How he caressed his younger children with a fondness rarely exhibited before. How Mrs. Haines, who had first looked upon the new arrangement with a clouded brow, smiled and was exceeding gracious when she un-



derstood that James was almost as rich a man as Hubert Winthrop. How for the first time she took his proffered hand ; how Leon was beside himself with boyish glee ; and the sisters, Nellie and Marion, whispered to each other ; " Now Lillie will smile again and be happy."

There was a wedding that day, as had been previously arranged ; but the bridegroom was not the old man into whose kindly face the fair bride looked with a confiding and grateful smile. As if in a blessed dream she felt her hand taken in that of the beloved one ; and with earnest and devout thankfulness she uttered the sacred marriage vows.

James had returned from California that very morning with Robert, whose acquaintance and friendship he had won in that far off land. Both had toiled wearily and long and in various employments, until finally fortune smiled upon their efforts, and together they returned home. Both had written repeatedly ; and yet not one letter had reached its destination ; writing from the distant mines and the interior towns, these missives of affection had probably been lost by the way, or had been forgotten by the careless strangers to whom they had been entrusted. Only upon arrival at San Francisco had they heard of the failure and changed circumstances of Matthew Haines ; and they arrived just in time to save sister and betrothed from the consummation of the sacrifice of love and peace.

James Waltham proved to be the son of him who had saved Hubert Winthrop from a violent death long, long years since. The lover's entreaties might have been lost upon the world-encrusted heart, but when he named his father, and the old man recalled the debt of gratitude he owed him ; he clasped him to his breast as a son, blessed him, and relinquished his unwilling bride. Ever since that day he became the friend of the family ; and through his and James' united influence Robert was settled in life and reclaimed from his wandering propensities. Mr. Haines was restored to his former position, and the intoxicating draught never again passed his lips.

And the good and dutiful daughter reaped her own exceeding great reward.

## DEAREST, DOUBT ME NEVER.

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BY EROS.

---

Dearest, doubt me never !  
In my soul forever  
I am thine ;  
Sweet mistress of my heart,  
Never from thee to part  
Were a bliss divine.

With the mystic seeming  
Of thine eyes so beaming  
I am thrilled ;  
And their depths entrancing  
With a wild romancing  
All my soul has filled.

The love-light that flashes  
From under those lashes,  
Warm and true,  
Is brighter than morning  
When sunlight's adorning  
The flower-cupped dew.

And thy silvery voice  
Bids my spirit rejoice,  
For its tones  
Seem bounding with pleasure,  
In rapturous measure  
No other voice owns.

And thy fond, loving heart,  
Is so guileless of art,  
Yet so warm,  
That not to adore thee  
Were treason's own story  
To weave into form !

Then, oh ! doubt me never,  
For truly, forever  
I am thine ;  
Fate's storms may play o'er me,  
But always before me  
Thy image will shine !

## NATIVE LIQUORICE.

(*Glycyrrhiza Glutinosa*.—NUTT.)

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BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

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It may not be generally known that Liquorice is a native product of California; we therefore present to the readers of the *Hesperian* an outline sketch of the plant as we find it growing wild in this vicinity.

The specimens from which the figure is made were kindly furnished us by Mr. G. W. Dunn, of Oakland.

Prof. Gray observes, in his *Plantæ Wrightianæ*, page 50: "All the specimens I have seen, from whatever locality, have the spikes (of flowers) considerably shorter than the leaves, and accord with the character of *G. glutinosa*, Nutt., which I suppose is not different from *G. lepidota*"—found, we may add, abundantly, about St. Louis and along the banks of the Missouri river to its source in the mountains, in Arkansas, to Oregon and California.

Sir Wm. Hooker, on comparing these plants, could find no distinguishing character between them and the species found in Northern Africa. [See Tor & Gray Fl. I. p. 298.]

This plant has a very wide range, if, indeed, it is not the same as *G. echinata*, found wild in Italy and Sicily, where a large portion of the Liquorice root of commerce is supposed to be obtained from it. This species also abounds in the south of Russia, and a sufficient quantity of the extract is prepared from it there to supply the whole Russian Empire.

The uses of this plant in medicine, and in the manufacture of porter and other beverages, are exceedingly extensive, and its properties two well known to require extended remarks. An adequate idea, however, may be formed from the annual revenue on imports of this article into the Island of Great Britain alone, which exceeds \$100,000, besides what is raised at home.

School children, we are aware, are in the habit of digging these roots; some of whom consider it a secret not to be made too common, lest they lose a little reputation for superior intel-



ligence, upon which—like those of larger growth—they are wont to plume themselves.

*Technical Description.*—Stem, one to two feet in height, somewhat flexuous, angular, glandular and glutinous throughout (so that if carelessly pressed together the form is not readily restored) the oddly pinnate leaves, twice as long as the common axillary flower stems, leaflets oblong-lanceolate, acute mucronate. No. 1 represents the form and natural size of the tubular calyx a little swelled at the base, teeth as long as the tube, the upper lip, or two upper teeth, partly united, and an acuminate pointed bract below at the base of the very short pedicle. No. 2—the greenish white flower separated, showing the banner, wings and keel, with the echinate eight-seeded embryo pod.

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#### A MONODY.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Yes, weep for the brave who in battle have died,

Their fall was triumphantly bright!

With our sorrows shall mingle a feeling of pride,

Like the moon through the tears of the night.

They are gone, but the fame of their glorious deeds

Shall live in our memory yet,

As the tear-bedewed beaming of moonlight succeeds

To the blaze of the sun that has set.

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A GLASGOW antiquary recently visited Cathcart Castle, and asked one of the villagers “If he knew anything of an old story about the building?” “Ay,” said the rustic, “there was anither auld storey, but it fell down lang since.

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ONE shockingly inclement day a poor woman begged of Charles Lamb, ending her appeal with “Believe me, sir, I have seen better days.” “So have I,” said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, “so have I; it’s a miserable day! Good-bye.”

[Concluded from page 470.]

## CLAUS OF NORLAND. A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

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BY FANNY GREEN.

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### CHAPTER II.

THE new friendship grew stronger with each succeeding day ; the minds of the children expanded with almost preternatural power, and Donna Ellena and the Alcalde rejoiced in their happiness : but no one had dreamed of a separation, when Claus abruptly announced the necessity of his immediate departure. It is impossible to describe the consternation and distress of Josè and Marie, when they heard this. They clung to him, weeping so piteously and so passionately, that the heart of the good man well nigh relented. But he was, as he said, an uprooted and wilting plant in that soft and sunny clime. His heart yearned for the glistening icebergs, the exciting sledge-races, and the stirring breezes of his own Norland, the invigorating breath of Thor and Odin. And there were gentle reindeer, and young children, about his door, to whom his familiar presence was a joy ; and he knew they looked forth over the snowy plains, or bowed their ears to the gleaming earth-crust, to listen for the echo of his coming step—in vain. It was wholly without the desired effect that the Alcalde proffered him the most brilliant offers, or the Donna bathed his clasped hands with her tears. He could not delay his departure, even for one day. His young friends assured him, again and again, that they could never be happy any more ; and they really believed it. The Sage laid his hands upon their heads, and blessed them ; then, with a benignant smile, he spoke :

“ Remember, my children, that all unnecessary indulgence of sorrow is selfish ; for to be happy, and to contribute to the happiness of others, is the grand duty of life. I love you, as you well know ; but there are others, too, whom I love, and who love me—the children of my deceased daughter. They are mourning, even now, for my long absence ; and they look forth, with tearful

eyes, from beneath the eaves of their ice-mantled home. But to true and intelligent affection there is no parting; and let this comfort you. Still go abroad, as if I were with you, and study Nature; and, in the highest truth, I shall really be there. In the dews, the clouds, the stars, the rocks, the flowers, my spirit shall still speak to you, as it has spoken in bright days of the past. And when I am far away, and, in fond idea, I stretch forth my arms to embrace you, if I am oppressed with a momentary heart-sickness at the void I clasp, then will your spirits come to me in the memory of the sweet ministrations of divinest love I have gathered from your innocent hearts; and I shall still bless you with the blessing that is ever flowing forth. So shall all space be impotent to create a barrier between us; for true love, which is infinite, can neither be fettered nor circumscribed."

He extended his arms, and with one impulse the children sprang into his embrace; and when he gently removed them, their tears flowed calmly and soothingly, almost, as his own; for they had been led to a fountain of serener and higher faith. The Sage promised to return by the Christmas holidays; so he wiped away their tears, and, blessing them again, departed.

There was one who rejoiced in his absence, and that was Father Augustine; for he had become jealous of the stranger's power in the whole family: and as Claus turned from the gate, one might have seen the sneer of contempt that curled his haughty lip, and the latent fire of revenge that was kindling in his evil eyes. But he quelled the rising hatred, seeking better opportunity, and a surer revenge.

So the children went forth again in their accustomed round, and the lessons of the Sage were renewed; for they had been eminently suggestive: and peace revisited their hearts, and they grew in stature and in beauty. So months went by, and summer passed into winter, and Christmas eve came. The yule-log, which Donna Ellena never suffered to be forgotten, as it never had been in the halls of her fathers, was blazing brightly in the capacious chimney, while boughs of holly, pine, and bay, decked with their refreshing greenness the wide hall, and adorned the curiously cut panes of the deep castellated windows. All the household were



gathered in the principal apartment; and they had been speaking of Claus, and of his promised return. Marie wondered how he would like the decorations, and whether they had holly and bay in his cold Norland.

Josè took a leaf, and was explaining its structure to one of the attendants, saying at the same time, "He told us to remember him in his lessons."

"Yes," said Marie, "and beautiful it is; for when we thus remember, he is here present with us."

Scarce had she uttered these words, when, with a cry of joy, and outstretched arms, she sprang toward the chimney, saying: "Father Claus! Father Claus!"

They thought she was going mad, or that some evil charm had beset her; and even while they were uttering their spells against witchcraft, and Father Augustine was sprinkling the child with holy water, the door of the apartment was opened by one of the officers of the household, and the Sage entered.

"Peace be to this house; and a blessing for my sweet children!" were the first words he spoke; and at the sound of his voice, Josè and Marie sprang to his arms, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him; and he laid a hand on the head of each, and blessed them silently. But perceiving the anxiety of all present, he inquired the cause; when the whole matter was explained to him.

"It would not, indeed, be strange," he answered, after a thoughtful pause, "if the spirit did really outspeed these feeble limbs; for my heart was in the midst of you long since:" whereupon the priest frowned, and looked with an evil eye upon the Sage, as he continued to sprinkle holy water.

Then Claus opened a large sack which he had brought, and took out rich gifts for the rejoicing children, and their parents, and all the household. He had brought, for the illustration of their lessons, specimens of Nature in her rarest and loveliest forms. And they decked the Christmas tree, which they had planted in the midst; and it shone with soft wax-lights, and flashing gems, and many wondrous and beautiful things. So they rejoiced in the return of their friend; but when he had tarried

just twelve days, he girded up himself for his journey: and no entreaties could induce him to stay longer. And he departed, with a renewed promise to visit them again the next Christmas.

The Sage was still remembered in the cherished wisdom he taught; and the young students drank yet more deeply of the living fountains of Nature. So months went by; and again the yule-log blazed in the chimney, the hall was decorated with bays and holly, and the Christmas tree was once more planted; when, precisely as the Sage had appeared before, he came again: and the people wondered; and the priest frowned, and, muttering mingled charms and curses, sprinkled the room, and all in it, profusely with holy water; and the Sage looked on with a grave smile, but said nothing.

And so the good Claus continued to come and go, for several successive seasons, until Josè and Marie had grown nearly to their full stature. The hatred of Father Augustine had now reached that state when it could no longer be smothered; and he vowed solemnly to accomplish the ruin of his enemy, or perish in the attempt; for had he not taught doctrines of the most startling heresy? and that, too, where he enjoyed the prescriptive right of monopoly in all religious teaching? What true priest ever felt otherwise, in a similar position? or willingly relinquished the victims he could hold only by the strong cords of superstition and error? or wished not to pluck out the clear-seeing eyes that looked through his own falsity? Father Augustine did not, and he vowed a deeper vow to be avenged for the wrongs he almost came to imagine real. Often had he sought to entangle the Sage in some religious controversy; but without success, until one Christmas evening, when they sat together as usual, Augustine spoke of some of the miracles which were supposed to belong to the season. Claus made no reply, until he immediately addressed him, and in that manner of insolent defiance which is almost certain to call out an answer.

“Brother Claus,” said he, “thou art reported to be learned in all wisdom, all mystery; yet one would think thee but a poor son of the Church, since thou hast nothing to say of these beautiful and sublime realities, the memory of which should be so especially cherished at this holy season. It grieves me to doubt a person of such wondrous powers: and yet it seems to me that thou art

either wholly ignorant of them, or dost not *believe* them." And then he went on to describe how the cattle kneel down on Christmas eve, at midnight, challenging disproof.

"I know not what moveth thee, my brother," returned Claus mildly, "to lay these things to my charge, but since thou demandest a reply, I will give one. I do not believe that the cattle have any particular disposition to kneel on Christmas eve. That some have done so I doubt not. I disbelieve it, because it would be an infringement of the laws of Nature, which are ever constant and uniform. Neither can I believe that the great and wise God would ever seek, or be satisfied with the blind homage of beasts, otherwise than as it belongs to their nature. He loves the intelligent worship of the intelligent being, man, and cannot take delight in what must be to the worshiper wholly void of meaning. Not such is the singing of birds, or the sports and gambols of other animal forms; for they are necessary to their being, and their happiness; and HAPPINESS IS WORSHIP."

"Heresy! heresy the most damning!" shouted the Priest; while his face became almost black with rage.

"Brother," said Claus, with a soothing tone and manner, "I know not how I have offended thee. All these things may be very clear, and of vast importance to thee; yet to me they are not only wholly void of reason, but quite unimportant, even if they are true. Yet keep thy opinion, Brother, and I will keep mine; for nothing less than this is right."

Then the anger of the Priest burst all bounds; and he spat, and foamed with rage; and even the Alcalde turned pale at the sight. At length he became quite exhausted, and then he was led from the room. As he left he darted a furious glance at Claus, muttering a broken curse.

"I pity thee, O, my brother," returned the Sage, with mild dignity, as he followed him towards the door; "and I bless thee; for has not the Divine Master taught us to bless, and curse not?"

For several days after this the Priest seemed very quiet and subdued. A superficial observer might have thought he was suffering from mortification at his disgraceful conduct; but they who knew him better might have seen a deeper and deadlier purpose of revenge nursing in the folds of that well arranged disguise. He saw that by his violence, he had lost ground with the Alcalde,



and he determined to retrieve it if possible ; and so well did he improve his time, and play his part, that, during the eleven following days, he had succeeded in inoculating his patron with the poison, that was boiling like a flood of molten lava in his own veins. This he found comparatively easy, for several reasons. The Alcalde had one of those sour natures which, never happy themselves, cannot endure the sight of happiness in others. He found that the presence of Claus not only gave pleasure to his son, but seemed to gladden the cheerless life of the Donna Ellena. This fact in itself was an offence, for these were the two last persons in the world he could have borne to see happy. Why, he was not happy himself, he, the Alcalde, who labored so incessantly ; and what right had they, who did nothing, to be so ? So great was the change in his feelings that he forgot his accustomed hospitality ; and when his guest rose to depart he urged him not, as before, to abide longer. Both José and Marie perceived this ; and they bade their friend farewell in sorrowful silence.

"Thus it is ever," said Claus, as he finished the parting benediction. "They who minister to the real happiness and good of their race, create to themselves enemies in the very paths they have planted with perennial flowers. Nevertheless our mission must be wrought."

He stood leaning upon his staff looking into the faces of his young friends with the most tender earnestness ; and a single tear fell from each of his large blue eyes, "I shall come once more," he added : then he turned away, and, passing quickly around the summit of a neighboring cliff, disappeared from the view. Father Augustine declared that he had seen him enveloped in a huge cloud, and carried off by a whirlwind ; when the assembled officers and servants of the household, taking the suggestion, averred that the edges of the cloud were lit with blue flame ; while others said that they distinctly perceived the flames of burning brimstone, while some, who were affected with phthisic, and similar complaints, could not breath freely for several days.

But the good Ellena, and her children, pondered on the mysterious words of Claus ; though it was not till long after them.

A short time subsequent to this, Marie had a very mysterious dream of her aged friend—he came to her in the silence of the night-watch and told her that there was, even in her father's house,

a deadly conspiracy against him, but that he should visit them once more ; and in the hour of need he should stand beside her, and deliver her. She did not tell this for some time to any one ; for she feared it might trouble her mother, who seemed to have some deep cause of anxiety, under which her health was evidently sinking. But at length hearing something further of the designs of Father Augustine, she became excited ; and, losing her accustomed presence of mind, she told her dream to her mother. As she did so, the latter folded her a moment to her heart, burst into a passion of tears, and left the room. After a while she returned and told her daughter that it was indeed true, that Father Augustine had accused their venerable friend of heresy and sorcery : and that when he came again he was to be arrested and carried before the court of the Inquisition.

"It is quite plain," said the Donna, in conclusion, "that Augustine envies and hates him. What the stranger is I know not, my child. It is certainly very mysterious how he comes and goes ; and no one ever meets him on the way. I find that spies have been placed in all the passes, about the time of his appearance and disappearance ; and many inquiries have been made of the country people ; yet no one has ever seen him. But of one thing my heart assures me, if he is a spirit he is a good one. But, as I look more deeply into this dream, I fear some evil hangs over my children. Pray remember," she hesitated, and then added in a hoarse choking voice ; "you are all the comfort I have, or ever had."

So had the grief, which like a living viper, had been for years coiling around and stinging her heart to its intensest core, at last found utterance. The daughter she had borne had grown up in her sympathy : and she now leaned upon her nursling for strength and support. But there was relief in her own mind—relief of which none can know, until they have spoken the hitherto unspeakable. The great life-disappointment, that had spread its baleful shadow over all her young joys, had now found for itself an utterance. And the ice which no summer ever melted, and which had been so long congealing in her bosom, was softened at once, and then she clung to her daughter's bosom, and wept—O, how fearfully ! And then she grew calm, and told the bright story of her youth, and all the sweet dreams of her young romance—and how she be-

lieved they were to be realized in her stern father—and how, when it was too late, she discovered her error—and how she had lived for many years without sympathy, without love, without common kindness—without even being understood, or her constant and untiring effort to please being appreciated, or noticed at all; until at length she beheld all her yearning sympathies, all her clinging affections, which made love necessary to her as life itself, torn from the shrine of her young Ideal, and cast rudely back, with a cold indifference that was more cruel than scorn. How pitiful is all this; yet of how many women is this the history? Men suffer much less from these mis-termed *unions*, which the present state of society sanctions; because, for the most part, they are more selfish; and love is not to them, as to woman, a life-monopoly.

So the heart of Donna Ellena was comforted; and Marie came to know of sorrow; and the dispensation that could have sent evil upon such a being as her mother, was a problem she could not solve. Ah! she knew not that the elements of the proudest triumphs we achieve are wrought out of the direst conflict; and when we soar to the divinest elevation, we rise on plumes torn from the wing of Sorrow.

The knowledge of these things gave a tinge of sadness to the hitherto unshadowed features of Marie; and as she expanded into the first fresh promise of womanhood, a divine beauty overshadowed her, and a deeper and more spiritual light awoke in the clear depths of her dark shadowy eyes. She was, if possible, more than ever the idol of her father; though, as she had come to appreciate him more truly, she had lost much of that childish fondness with which she early clung to him. But José wholly failed to realize his father's ideal of a son. He had hoped to see him the leader of armies, the hero of battles—whose name should be syllabled in trumpet-tones over the astonished and groaning earth. But the lessons of the Sage, and the influence of his mother, had sunk too deeply for the development of such a character—which was, if I may so express it, the indigenous growth of the age. He delighted only in scenes of peace and beauty, and his ready pencil embalmed for itself all lovely forms.



Having none to teach him, he had bowed down at the feet of Nature; and the great Mother of all was pleased, and smiled upon him, and blessed him; and the few judges who had seen these first efforts, said that the hand of a latent Master had wrought them. Nor was Marie less gifted. When they sat together on the quiet, starry evenings, she improvised to her guitar; and all who heard her wept at the pathos she embodied; and her whole life was, in fact, a perfect harmony—a ministration of the divinest poetry. Thus cherishing congenial but yet distinct arts, and ever constantly together—one in heart, one in purpose, and one in soul—it is not strange that their very life-chords were intertwined with each other, and they were miserable when compelled to be, even for a few hours, asunder. If one was ill the other drooped—if one was sad, the other became almost simultaneously sorrowful; and it was quite clear to all who very deeply observed them, that their being had nearly become a unit, and that the preservation of one life was the safe-guard of both. Not of these was the father. To his son he was cold, cruel and severe. He had disappointed his ambitious schemes; and for this he could never forgive him. He seldom, almost never, spoke pleasantly to him; while he seemed to take a fiend-like pleasure in thwarting his most innocent wishes; and yet he expected perfect obedience! and, strange inconsistency of the human heart, love! The first he had, as far as it was possible; the last, he himself had rendered impossible.

Once more the Christmas eve had come, and gone, bringing with it, as usual, the arrival of good Father Claus; but although Augustine was even courteous in his demeanor, a heaviness hung over the whole party. So the days went by until it was New Year's eve, when the family were all sitting together in the great oaken drawing-room. Involuntarily the conversation had taken a solemn tone; and as it drew near midnight, this feeling deepened; until, at length, there was a perfect silence. Josè rose and looked forth from the window. The whole atmosphere was of inky blackness.

"I believe there is a fearful tempest coming on," he said, as, with a shudder, he drew near to his mother's chair. Scarce had

he spoken, when a volley, like the rolling of a huge globe over a dome of sounding metal, giving out deeper intonations at each time it revolved, slowly and heavily rolled over the firmament. It was awful! And then broke forth at once all the horror of the tempest. No human art could describe it. The atmosphere was literally one sheet of flame; while great balls of fire were seen descending in various places, and the thunder seemed as if designed to wake the dead. Every cheek in that apartment was pale as death—every lip quivered with fear, save those of Claus and Marie. They had reached a state of exaltation that could know nothing of fear. Just as the clock from a neighboring turret struck the solemn hour of twelve, which is, on New Years, so impressive, the doors of the apartment seemed to be thrown simultaneously open, and a procession, as of a funeral train, clad in the deepest mourning, entered, marching to the solemn music of a dirge, which came from without, and seemed to be chaunted by the voice of the storm, which was now hushed to a low solemn wail. But what was the astonishment of all to perceive that the train were dressed in the costume of the Alcalde's ancestors; and indeed, so perfect was the spectral masque, that he could have named each individual by the particular dress which represented him. Thrice did they pass around the hall, with that same slow, awful, noiseless tread; when the old nurse, with a fearful shriek, cried out:

“Estadea! estadea!”\*

“Silence, fool!” said the Alcalde. Then, advancing to the leader of the procession, whom he had in vain essayed to challenge before, he cried out: “Be thou man or devil, stand, and answer for this intrusion! or, by the soul of him thou mockest, I will disquiet thine!” The features turned slowly upon him; when, O, horrible! they were livid as those of the confined dead! At the same time a long bony finger pointed to a distant turret of the castle; and the Alcalde beheld it was in a wreath of flames.

In the next moment the cry of fire created such an alarm, it

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\* Estadea! is a cry uttered by the Spanish, when they suppose they behold the spirits of the departed.

was not seen how the spectral train had vanished. Josè and Marie ran out to get a fairer view of the flaming turret, when they found the castle was surrounded by armed cavaliers, who, under cover of the storm, had advanced to the very windows without being heard. They were just about to retrace their steps into the castle, and give the alarm, when Marie found herself lifted from the earth, and placed before one of the cavaliers, who was already mounted on a strong charger; when she beheld, in the light of a momentary flash, the ghastly leader of the spectral band. Josè perceived the act; and, seizing the bridle, he demanded the restoration of his sister.

"In good faith," said the other, "thou art better worthy of belt and spurs than they report of thee. But thy sister is a prisoner, my good youth."

"Then I am one," responded Josè; "If she goes with thee I go."

"But what if we will not have thee? Come, come, I must cut short this parley. Pray make the compliments of Don Balziero to the Alcalde, and tell him the fame of his beautiful daughter has done her gross injustice, as all praise must shrink and fail to shadow forth the perfect. Tell him she is worthy to be a bandit's bride; and this night—ay, this very hour, the cave of Mount Morcin is lighted in honor of our nuptials." Thus saying, he drew up the reins; and gently touching his horse, the fleet animal sprang away with the velocity of lightning; and the remainder of the train, all mounted, followed in his track. Josè staggered back, and fell, nearly fainting, to the ground. Was he really awake; or was this only a horrible fancy? Was Marie indeed gone, and in the power of the terrible Balziero? Scarcely alive, he crept back to the castle, and related, at intervals, the whole story to his father.

"And dost thou come crawling hither, at this snail-pace, to tell me such a tale?" said the Alcalde, bursting into a fit of wrath, to which he seldom yielded, but which, when he did, was fearful. "Dost thou come to tell me this?—coward, poltroon! poor miserable puppy! It is enough that *thou* art here! It is enough that *thou* art left to be fed and clothed—in thy laziness—



in thy poor, contemptible meanness! O, I could send thee out of existence, with greater pleasure than I ever felt to see thee enter it!" As he spoke, he hurled a large heavy mace at the head of Josè, which Donna Ellena perceiving, she flew to shield her son, and received the cruel blow directly in the temple; and in a single instant, without an apparent struggle, there she lay at the feet of the foaming madman, cold, stiff, dead—irrecoverably gone. Stung with the injustice he had met, and hardly comprehending the situation of his mother, Josè rushed from the castle, and flinging himself upon a charger so vicious he was seldom mounted, though of the most wonderful speed, he dashed madly on the track of the robbers.

Wonderful it was to see the almost superhuman strength that woke in the heart of Marie. Did her eye look through the darkness of the present and see the deliverance that was at hand? It must have been so; for her cheek never blanched—her eye never quailed—her soft curving mouth was but slightly compressed; and her spirit seemed to have reached its sublimest power. The Shade of her mother had hovered before her through the long way—looking upon her ever with a serene smile. Until she had seen this she was nearly distracted; but at the very moment of departure it had flown to her, to soothe and strengthen her. These ministrations are, at times, permitted; and while Marie was sensible of her mother's presence, she felt no longer alone or friendless.

Her captor was graceful, handsome and gallant; and though somewhat past the middle age, he might still be considered as a type of the perfect physical man; and he had withal the careless and easy bearing of one accustomed to please, and conscious of his own power to do so; but when he saw how little his attentions affected Marie, he became more assiduous to gain her favor. The picturesque robber costume set off his fine person with great effect; and the most dainty eye would have acknowledged the good taste displayed, both in the choice of materials and the arrangement of colors, as well as in the style of the garments. His linen was of snowy white, and over this he wore a vest of rich green silk, profusely garnished with silver buttons. The wide Turkish trowsers of a rich cloth of the same color, were confined

at the waist by the crimson *faja*, or girdle—with slippers of the most delicate fit, and silk hose, to adorn his finely-turned feet and ankles. A tunic of crimson taffeta, with an open collar, was surmounted by a small green cloth cloak, which was worn with the grace of a courtier; and, as a finish to the dress, came the beautiful Spanish hat and plume; for Don Balziero was a gentleman born, and never assumed the dashing turban of Barcelona silk, which completes the robber dress.

“What dost thou say, my gentle mistress?” he whispered, as bending gracefully over the neck of his charger, he attempted to take her hand. “They tell us we must crack\* the bellotàs ere night-fall.”

“I have nothing to say, because I am powerless to choose,” returned Marie. “I am a prisoner.”

“Say, rather, gentle Marie, that I am thy prisoner—held in stronger chains than the art of man ever forged.”

“Forbear,” she answered quickly. “If thou hast any mercy, address me not in this strain.”

“As thou wilt,” he answered, bending upon her a pair of eyes whose deep power of fascination had been felt by many a poor and forsaken damsel. “I will prove to thee my devotion, by making thy every wish a law.”

“Then turn thyself instantly toward Oviedo; and my whole life shall be spent in prayer and blessing for thee—for thee only!” She clasped her hands together beseechingly; and the thought of home, the first human emotion she had felt for many hours, filled her breast with a feeling of anguish she had never known before—and she wept bitterly. “O, they will die! they cannot live and support their horrible anxiety! Ah, José! Ah, my mother and my father! Why were we ever suffered to love each other so well if we must be so cruelly separated. Ah, thou wilt not—thou canst not be so hard of heart?”

He did not trust himself with any direct reply but strove to soothe her.

“These passes are extremely fearful to look upon; but not really dangerous. Trust me, gentle Marie, we shall go safely.”

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\* Near the valley of Caneiro the Asturian mountains rise to a considerable height: and they are called, in the language of the country, *Las siete bellotas*, or the seven acorns. To cross them is technically called *cracking the bellotas*.

"I fear nothing," she answered, "nothing in the world but thee."

"Ah, say not so. But here we are at the opening of the pass. Shut those beautiful eyes, and remember that upon thy perfect quietness, and silence, our safety depends." Marie instinctively obeyed; for the first glimpse of the passage which she caught, was, certainly, one to make human vision quail. Once only did she venture to look abroad; and that was, when they were on the summit of the midmost hight. Beneath them lay a black gorge of several hundred feet, down which dashed madly, and with a voice of roaring that was truly awful, a deep torrent, tearing its way through the rugged masses of perpendicular granite, of which the mountain is composed. A single false step would have precipitated them down that horrible abyss! Her brain reeled with the most intense sickness; and her lips were compressed in the effort to be silent, until the blood nearly gushed from them. The dreadful effort alone was sufficient to have extinguished life; but just then her mother came to her; and one gentle hand was laid softly on her brow, while the other clasped hers. Marie re-closed her eyes, confident and peaceful; and so they went through the danger safely. A shout from the whole troop announced their termination of the frightful pass; and after a few hours ride, they dismounted in the lovely valley of Caneiro, which is, of itself, a little paradise of beauty, inclosed by rocks of the most picturesque forms, and shaded by fine old chestnut trees. Through this valley runs a deep and rapid stream, celebrated throughout all Asturia for its excellent trout. So here the robbers rested and refreshed themselves, and it was near sunset when they entered the terrible pass of Baralla, which is seldom attempted after dark. The men, indeed, demurred at this; for superstition had invested the dark way with the most dismal fancies; and brave must be the heart that, in those days, could venture upon it, amid the terrors of night. But the chief knew the importance of making progress, as he truly said the Alcalde would not be a tardy pursuer.

For some time they went on, undisturbed; and the men, gaining courage, began chanting their wild songs to keep themselves in good cheer. But suddenly silence fell upon them, as if every tongue had become palsied; and then a fearful cry: "The



*duendes*\* of St. Francis!" smote through every heart and echoed, and re-echoed, through all those dismal solitudes. With one accord the men fled; for they beheld two ghastly horsemen in the path before them, riding rapidly, yet never outspeeding them; horses, riders, and all, of the deathliest white. There were the cowl and cossack. There were the very cloaks drooping, with the stone in their corners with which they had beaten each other to death. All was most horribly perfect. It was in vain that the chief sought to rally his men—in vain he poured out mingled promises, threats and curses. He was left with his prisoner alone, and the two demon friars holding their course before him. Suddenly the foremost whirled about and confronted him. Face to face he sat with that ghostly visage. Alas! for the human heart! superstition is stronger than love, or even hate. The knees of the chief smote against his panting steed. He essayed to speak; but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. He tried to lift the reins and urge his beast onward; but there was that fixed, horrible, stony death-gaze. Every limb was palsied. The blood rushed through his veins, a boiling torrent, yet congealing to ice as it ran. How it was he knew not; but Marie was lifted from his arms: and, when too late, he cursed himself with the deepest mortification, both for his own weakness, and his folly in being thus duped. Marie clung to her preserver; for though she had not seen his face, nor heard his voice, she knew it was the good Claus; and her heart told her, too, that the other horseman was her beloved Josè. These opinions were soon confirmed; for on reaching a village they were joined by a large body of cavaliers, who had been sent forward to protect them; and there her two companions threw aside their ghostly costume, beneath which they wore their own garments.

"We have fairly checkmated Balziero this time," said Josè, reining his horse close beside that of Claus, and stretching out a hand to his sister. "Their antique funeral procession, and fire in the turret, were well got up; but in point of effect—of the

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\* Two Friars of the order of St. Francis, while going through the pass of Baralla, became enraged at each other; when, having no other weapons, they each tied a stone in the corner of his cloak, and beat each other until they both fell dead; since which time their *duendes*, or ghosts are said to haunt the place.

actual dramatic power that was wrought out—I think they must yield to our scene from the *Duendes*; or, rather, thine, good Father—for I was but a supernumerary. And dost thou know, Marie, that Balziero, by the aid of a miscreant serf of our father, had actually possessed himself of the complete set of costumes from the iron chamber?"

"I thought as much," returned the other, "for I saw them in clear open daylight."

"It is even so, sweet Marie; and no wonder their characters were so graphic. I overtook the slave yesterday. He had met the reward of his sin; and was sinking under the anguish of a mortal wound. He confessed the truth to me; and I forgave and blessed him, for there was no priest at hand."

"And if there were," said Claus, "thy blessing, my son, would be, at least, equally worthy and acceptable in the sight of God."

This light strain of pleasantry had been assumed by José in the first moments of communication, in order to delay inquiries of home; for while his own heart was nearly bursting with sorrow for their great loss, he would fain have delayed the knowledge of it from his beloved sister, who now had nearly sunk, and seemed quite faint and exhausted. She was conveyed to a cottage where she was permitted to embrace her deliverers; and also to take some rest and refreshment; for she had known neither for the last two days and nights.

Gently, then, as possible did the Sage break to her the mournful story of her mother's death; though he told her not of the horrible circumstances attending it. He, indeed, called it *not death*, but only a translation to a higher and brighter sphere, which he described in such glowing terms, that Marie felt it was almost sin to mourn and when she remembered all the suffering that dear parent had so long borne, she repressed her own sorrow, as selfishness. But, ah! she knew not the desolation that had fallen upon her young heart—she knew not what it would be to go back to those void places, that had been filled by one unceasing ministry of love—that was to bless her no more, forever, in all this earth pilgrimage. Yet a few hours had wrought for poor Marie the discipline of years of trial. She was all chas-

tened ; and she bowed herself down in the beautiful and holy spirit of the Divine Teacher, "Not my will, O Father, but thine be done."

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which the Alcalde greeted the return of his daughter. He appeared completely subdued, and wept for hours like a child. Ah ! he, too, *had* a heart ; and he had come to feel remorse for his long neglect and ill treatment of the gentle being whose young head had rested in his bosom so confidently, and whose life he had cut off in the midst by such a ruthless blow. He had also come to perceive something of the wrong he had done his son ; and he was much affected by the brave spirit he had shown in the rescue of his sister. He for the first time in his life embraced him with deep tenderness ; and then he bowed himself down at his very feet and prayed to be forgiven. Ah, nature had made the Alcalde right. She had given him indeed all the elements of greatness. It was only from the unnatural germs of evil which predominate in society, that he had wrought out a character so wholly different from his first Ideal. So it is with many. But at the sight of Claus he was overwhelmed with grief and shame. He hastened to Augustine, and commanded him to stay all proceedings against the preserver of his child.

"That is impossible," replied the Priest, with a laugh that rang hideously through the vaulted chamber, like the exultation of a demon, as it was. "Thou, my brave Lord, hast called out a force that is stronger than thyself ! Ha ! dost thou not know the Holy Church has no backward steps. Even now, the officers of the Inquisition await my bidding." He stamped with his foot, when two dark, fierce looking men entered. "Arrest the accused," said he ; and in a few moments they had bound the defenceless old man, and were leading him away to the torture.

The Alcalde, heedless of the anathema that was thundered in his ears, became frantic with grief and rage ; but he was impotent to aid ; for what were all the forces *he* could muster, against the Pope ; and were they not, also, sons of the Church ; and, for that very reason, unable to assist him ! But he did all that the most devoted love could do in his position. He went with the victim.



He stood beside him at the rack. He wiped away the cold sweat from his brow, and the streaming blood from his tortured limbs, and bathed them with his own hot tears. He bore curses, and blows, and threats of fierce tortures. He was insensible to every thing but his gratitude.

For some time Marie was kept ignorant of this; and José, whose own heart was bleeding with the bitterest anguish, strove to amuse and detain her in her own apartment. But through her clairvoyant faculty she soon perceived the true position of her friend. Then she rushed from the castle: she traversed the long vaulted passages to that fearful den of iniquity, the Prison of the Inquisition, followed by her brother, hardly less frantic than herself. She met her father by the way, who told her their friend had fallen into a quiet sleep, and begged her not to disturb him. But she would not be detained. She demanded admittance to the prisoner, in a manner that could not be denied. As she entered the apartment, she beheld him stretched out, pale, ghastly, bleeding, upon a low pallet; while directly before him she distinctly saw the just-departed Spirit, in the image of the Living, but infinitely more glorious. It had the divine serenity and wisdom of age, with the freshness and brightness of youth. It looked upon the form wherein it had so long dwelt, with a sorrowful expression, like that of parting with an old friend; and then, in the triumphant exaltation of its full liberty, it soared away; and Marie, and they that with her, bowed down with deep joy and reverence, and praised God.

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Men know not their highest benefactors until after they have destroyed them, or suffered them to perish; and then they build tall monuments to their memory, and call cities by their names, and exalt them to the rank of demi-gods. So it was with Claus. Of so bright an example of virtue it was not in human nature to be long insensible; and pilgrims came from far distant lands to speak of his goodness, and consecrate his grave by their tears. He was **SAINTED**; and though superstition has wrought much that is false with his name, yet the out-beaming spirit of love, that ever rejoiced in imparting happiness, is an amaranthine

Truth—wreathing it with flowers that can never perish. His spirit has entered into the hearts of all who love the brightness of a glad holiday ; and it ever prompts them to give gifts, and to bless all around them with a far-radiating ministry of love : and thus *should* we cherish the memory of SANTA CLAUS.

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THE DREAM.

*Translated from the German,*

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

To-night I have been dreaming,—  
A blind, sad dream to me,—  
There grew within my garden  
A green rosemary tree.

A church-yard was the garden,  
The flower-bed a tomb,  
And from each twig and branchlet  
Fell every leaf and bloom.

Within a golden chalice  
The flowers I gathered up,  
But from my trembling fingers  
It dropped, a broken cup.

Then from the scattered fragments  
Streamed pearly drops of red ;—  
What may the dream betoken ?  
Ah, dear one ! art thou dead ?

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AN ancient clock, which belonged to James Guthrie, the martyr, who was beheaded at Edinburgh in the year 1661, two centuries ago, may now be seen in Stirling. The relic is curious ; and in connection with the circumstance may be stated, that the movements of the clock have not been in operation since the days of the martyr.

# FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR WHIPPLE.

## CHAPTER I.

The least attentive observer may perceive certain remarkable differences, which distinguish the various forms in the several kingdoms of nature. He will observe first, a variety of solid masses irregularly dispersed about him, in which the process of change operates so slowly as not to be perceptible to the senses. In these will be found none of the phenomena which are the signs of life. They have no distinct parts, or *organs*, adapted to particular functions of being; but each fragment of any body is a representative of the whole. Consequently each part produced by subdivision, is independent of all the other parts, and contains all that is necessary to its individual being. These are MINERALS, composing crystals, earths and stones.

In leaving the mineral kingdom we advance to higher forms, in which life is at once manifest. Here we find organs necessary to the fulfillment of certain conditions of being; and if any one of these organs is removed or injured, the whole being, in a greater or less degree, becomes affected. These bodies are mostly fixed in the earth by means of roots; and they exhibit the phenomena of birth, life, growth, decay and death. These are VEGETABLES. Here, then, we find the first grand division of nature into organic and inorganic forms.

By another movement we arrive at still higher conditions of life. We find a great variety of organized beings, in which to the mere vegetative functions are superadded those of voluntary motion, sensation and intelligence. These are ANIMALS. Thus clearly are marked out the three great classes of material forms, which naturalists have defined as the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal kingdoms.

Physiology is THE SCIENCE OF LIFE—its functions—the organs by which they operate—and all the forces, both external and internal, which act upon them. The first process in the study of life, should be to distinguish it philosophically from all that is *not* life. We will then observe some of the essential differences between



organic and inorganic forms. The first and most obvious of these, will be found in the difference of structure and function observable in the two classes.

Minerals consist of purely corporeal masses, of homogeneous structure and the same chemical properties, without the least appearance of individuality in their several parts. Every living body is a system of organs, each of which is necessary to the health and preservation of the whole; but a mineral manifests none of these reciprocal relations. If you break a stone, you will see that it is composed of particles which are all of the same kind. You will perceive also that no one of its parts has any particular office to perform, or any necessary connection with its other parts; but the smallest fragment will be as truly and perfectly a stone, as the largest mass, or the whole.

On the contrary, if you examine an animal you will find nutritive and assimilating organs—organs of locomotion and of the senses—each of which has its own peculiar office, and the loss of which could not be supplied by any one or number of the others. Or if you divide a tree, by cutting it across, you will find, first, a bark of several layers, then several layers of wood, then perhaps a pith; and if you have a microscope you may discover the little cavities, where the proper fluids of the plant are deposited, and ascertain its fibrous and cellular structure. You know, too, that this tree, at certain seasons, exhibits remarkable changes; that it puts forth buds, expands leaves and flowers, and ripens fruit; in short, that it has functions of its own, which are performed through its own inherent vitality.

Another very conspicuous quality of organism consists in *form*. Every living being has a shape peculiar to its species and developed along with its life. Minerals, with the exception of crystals, have no fixed and invariable forms; and in so far as the latter have a determination to specific outlines, they are subject to a law, which may very properly be termed vital, since it acts from an inherent necessity in itself, which, under the same conditions, will invariably produce the same results. But the vitality extends no farther than the tendency to produce form, without introducing any of that reciprocal action, which is a character of organism. Thus if a limb, or any organ whatever, in a plant or animal, is lopped off, or otherwise injured, a general

disturbance of the whole system, more or less painful and dangerous, will be the inevitable consequence. But a complete preservation of its outline, is not an intrinsic necessity in the crystal, since any number of its planes, or angles, may be broken, or otherwise rendered imperfect, and yet its health, or its condition of being, and continuance as a crystal, is not affected by the malformation, in the slightest degree.

On the other hand, plants and animals have forms which always bear a certain and essential relationship to their habits and character; and the shape of each particular organ is modified by its office. Twining plants have slender stalks, and they are furnished with tendrils for climbing. Trees have strong bodies to support the superincumbent weight of branches, and large, powerful roots to fix them in the earth. Birds of flight have forms best calculated for cutting the air, and fish for gliding through the water. Aquatic animals have webbed feet for swimming; and the carnivori strong talons, and beaks or teeth, to seize, hold and devour their prey.

Organic bodies have also a determined *volume*, or there is an average measure of size for every species; while inorganic matter is not subject to this law.

A mineral substance may exist in a solid, liquid, or gaseous form; but it will be either purely gaseous, liquid, or solid, and never presents a combination of these. In living bodies, the liquids and solids are inseparably combined; for they always consist of a cellular, or porous substance, with fluids contained in its vessels or interstices; and by this structure alone could the organization be either developed or maintained.

If any organized substance be submitted to the action of the microscope, it will be seen that the fluids as well as the solids, are composed of minute particles of a spherical or oval shape; and in these globules are probably contained the primeval elements of form, which, in living bodies, is always to be described by curved lines with few sharp angles, and hence is either spherical, elliptical or cylindrical. But as the primitive particles of minerals are angular, so are their forms described by plane surfaces, sharp angles and straight lines.

A mineral may be composed of a single element, or it may be compounded of several elements, united and held together by

chemical and cohesive attraction. An organized body never has less than three, nor more than four of the simple substances or elements, namely, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and azote, or nitrogen.

A mineral has a fixed chemical composition, and is hardly subject to any change; but the whole history of an organized being would present one unbroken series of change. The first manifestation of life consists in motion; this motion continually acts in the decomposition and recomposition of matter, and is preserved so long as life exists. Every development, every sensation, every emotion, and every thought, is the result of some particular combination of the chemical and vital forces, and is accompanied by some change in the secreted fluids or the substance of the brain, so that at no two moments of its life may an organized body be precisely the same.

Minerals are only governed by the mechanical and chemical forces. These exist in all bodies, and through them are wrought all the changes that occur in the physical world. But in plants and animals we find a third power, which is termed the organic, or vital element. Between the organic and chemical forces there is maintained a constant and inveterate warfare. In the latter may be found the very type of the conservative principle. They seem to regard the former as aliens and deserters; and are ever struggling to bring them back into subjection to the first kingdom, from which, like rebellious and unloyal subjects, they have wandered. This conflict consists in the strong affinity which the primary elements of physical nature have for those of living matter.

On the other hand, the vital power resists, by its own innate forces, the action of the chemical. Living bodies are capable of maintaining a certain medium of temperature, which is, to a considerable degree, independent of that of the surrounding air. They also have the power of elaborating, from homogeneous and other substances used as food, tissues and organs, wholly different in structure, composition and properties, all of which are compounded in direct opposition to the established laws of matter.

Living bodies have the power to resist disease, or physical injury: and to understand this process is one of the most important principles in the sanative art, or the power of healing. All



true remedies must be congenial with, and assist the vital power.

Organized beings are affected by external circumstances, or are capable of being excited by them to certain actions, as are manifest in nutrition, growth, and the voluntary motions of animals. They are also capable of reproducing themselves; and thus, through their offspring, of securing the continuance of the species. The growth of living bodies takes place internally, by assimilating foreign substances, and incorporating them with their own; while minerals grow by accretion, or the superposition of foreign particles.

Organized forms have a limited period of being, which is nearly the same in all the individuals of a species. After the attainment of maturity, there is a gradual preparation for the great and final change; until, at length, the vital power, worn out and overcome by the long struggle, yields to its ever watchful antagonist—motion is suspended—life becomes extinct—decomposition takes place; and the body is surrendered to its original elements.

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WHAT IS POETRY?—All that is good, beautiful, or heroic in this our world, is poetry. All that the ideal soul thinks, of an elevating tone and character, is poetry. All the bright spirit's deepest and most intense sentiments, affections, and feelings, are poetry. All that is or ever has been said or achieved by man, worthy of record—all the monuments of thought and action handed down to us from the dim past—are the spirit of the beautiful acting upon and working in man. Poetry may be termed the beautiful, as this is the source or fountain of all living poetry—the palpably and the ideally beautiful—the beautiful in thought and in action.

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MORE pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle around us, are the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

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THE truly wise man will ever cultivate an inquiring and receptive state of mind, and hail with joy the discovery and evolution of every new truth.

## UNFULFILLED.

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

"I have lost the dream of Doing,  
And the other dream of Done."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

I shut my eyes and dream, as in a dream,  
And all the vanished past returns to me ;  
Wave after wave drifts back with murmurous gleam,  
Like the uprising of a mighty sea.

I dwell enraptured on the golden hours  
When, like a bee enamored 'mid rare blooms,  
My heart lay paradised among such flowers  
As hope suns into beauty, through life's glooms.

Like as in olden tales the spurless knight  
Clomb to high honor by proud victories won,  
So life seemed leading to an infinite height  
Through true, pure deeds, that waited to be done.

The glory of aspirations unrepressed  
O'erhung the sunset's ruby, pearl and gold ;  
The idle winds murmured in their unrest  
Of the high aims life's progress should unfold.

And, fired with passionate longings, up the slopes  
Of steep resolves my eager heart did climb,  
And every breath gave birth to regal hopes  
To crown with blessing all the after time.

The dream is changed—and darksome shadows fit  
Athwart the life no greatness hath sublimed—  
The sun creeps from the valley, yet I sit  
Gazing far up at heights I have not climbed.

Oh dwarféd might of purpose unfulfilled—  
Oh proud resolve, that scorned a selfish aim !  
The empty hand, the feeble soul that willed,  
The richness of your prophecy defame !

Large promise of good to listening Heaven we give,  
We toil in shadow while we dream in sun ;  
How great might be the little lives we live,  
Were the premeditate nobleness but won !

Essay once more the sunlit steeps to climb  
Oh soul ! and burst thee from thy wintry sleep ;  
In the Hereafter, the soul's harvest-time,  
Vainly shall they who sowed not, think to reap !

SAN FRANCISCO, 1861.

## Literary Notices and Reviews.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH DISTINGUISHED IN LITERATURE ; Illustrated with portraits on steel : By *Mary Forrest*. New York : Derby & Jackson." For sale by A. Roman & Co., No. 507 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. A very elegant work of over 500 pages, quarto, superbly embossed, gilt and bound. As specimens of Native Literature this is certainly a creditable collection ; though, for so large a book, it contains very little that would represent the highest order of genius. And notwithstanding the title, no less than six of them were, either by birth or education, *Northern Women*, and should be so considered. But are not all these highly gifted minds, *American—OUR COUNTRYWOMEN*? The heart glows, and the hand thrills as it writes, Hope for the good time coming, when there shall be neither North nor South ; but we shall be one undivided band of loving sisters, working harmoniously together for the highest unfolding of a true Womanhood.

Among the most honorable is Mrs. Caroline Gilman, a Boston woman, who comes in the beautiful home spirit with her "Knitting Work"; from which we extract the following pointed stanza :

"*My moralizing knitting work! thy threads most aptly show  
How evenly around life's span our busy threads should go ;  
And if a stitch perchance should drop, as life's frail stitches will,  
How, if we patient take it up, the work may prosper still.*"

The lovely Mrs. Welby, of Louisville, has buds of poesy fresh and redolent and dewy with Nature—some exquisite. But nothing in the whole book comes home to the heart with a truer pathos, than a short poem entitled "October," by Mrs. Chilton, of Illinois—from which we extract the following :

"And the little brook, with its moss-grown rocks,  
It babbles no more its merry song ;  
But its voice is sunk to a low sweet tune,  
That you scarce can hear as it glides along ;  
And the grasshopper sings a doleful lay,  
And the sunflower bows her head to weep ;  
The vine turns red o'er the old stone wall,  
And the butterfly worm has gone to sleep.

"And when October has journeyed on  
Till the frost has silvered his flowing hair,  
The wind-voice wails in a pitiful moan,  
Or shrieks aloud in mad despair.  
And hoarse and deep in the chorus blend  
The trees of the forest their surging roar ;  
While they strew the gems from their crimson crowns,  
Till the brown old earth is covered o'er.

"And then, as if tired with the ceaseless strife,  
The wild wind sinks to a hollow moan,  
As if 'twould grieve for the sorrowing hearts  
Whose dismal wailings are like its own.  
Then the lightsome tread of the squirrel's foot  
On the rustling autumn leaves we hear,  
And the fitful sway of the lifeless grass  
Harshly grates on the listening ear.



"So the winds wail on and scatter the frost.  
 And all day long caws the gloomy crow,  
 And the skies grow dim, and the leaden clouds  
 Look coldly down on the scene below.  
 The earth looks drear, in her mourning clad  
 For the lovely things she has seen decay,  
 And mournful the season is, and sad,  
 When the month of October dies away."

"ASAPH, OR THE CHOIR BOOK; a Collection of Moral Music, Sacred and Secular. Written and published by *Mason Brothers*, 5 and 7 Mercer street, New York." A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

"BANCROFT'S HAND-BOOK ALMANAC for the Pacific States, 1862"—is what no Californian, and especially no new resident, should be without. Among other valuable matter it comprises statistics of every county of the State, and thus would be of essential service to travelers, and persons about locating themselves.

## Winter Fashions.

WE still continue to receive from the well known Fashion Emporium of Mme. Demorest, Patterns of all the Latest Styles of Ladies' and Children's Dress.

### CLOAKS.

Cloaks are worn rather shorter than during the previous season, and are made of velvet, cloth, or silk, as suits the taste and circumstances of the wearer. There are circles and gored circles, full skirts and plain, with sleeves and without; trimmings mostly plain, and the same color as the cloak.

### DRESSES.

Dresses for ordinary wear are invariably gored. Only dresses for parties, with low necks and short sleeves, are allowed full skirts. There are many patterns of gored dresses, some much fuller in the skirts than others, yet all having the charming tight sleeve, than which nothing can be more elegant. The fronts of the dresses are ornamented with the most coquetish yet useful little pockets.

### BONNETS.

The form of the bonnet varies but little from that worn during the summer. It is, however, somewhat more elevated over the forehead, and fits closer to the cheeks. The materials used are chiefly velvets—black and blue being the prevailing colors. A new shade—*bleu azuline*—is the latest novelty, as it certainly is the most beautiful tint extant. Black and white lace, white, black, and *bleu azuline*, fancy ostrich and *saules* feathers, flowers and grapes, are much employed in trimmings. The ribbons are very wide and rich. A speciality of the Parisian *chapeaux* is that the fronts and sides, in many instances, instead of being of the same material as the rest of the hat, are formed of rich lace. This gives a peculiarly light and graceful character to the bonnet. A few of them have full soft crowns, but a majority keep the usual form.

## Editor's Table.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR!—The old year sinks beneath the horizon of time; its events are already matter of history. What the world has gained or lost who can tell? Many brave have fallen battling for the rights of liberty. The last revolution of the great wheel of Progress has brought about mighty events. A powerful nation has arisen, determined to cast off forever the galling chains of Servitude. It is but one event in the great chain of Progress, and it will be accomplished; for that wheel makes no *backward* turns—it is impossible.

Deplorable as is the war in which we now find ourselves as a nation engaged, it is the inevitable result of that Spirit of Progress which will eventually revolutionize the world, and accord to it higher altitude than it has ever before attained. To-day with the might of a giant it wrestles for the liberation of Ethiop's dark children, and amid the fire and smoke of war strikes off the manacles of servitude from the shriveled limbs of the helpless slave. Nor is this all. The same Spirit of Progress still broods over the earth, nor is nor will be satisfied until the dark chains of ignorance and superstition are lifted from the minds of men and women, and the light of Truth shines in upon and illumines their darkened understandings; until, chained down no more by the errors and follies of the past, they realize what it is to be spiritually and morally as well as physically free. Then shall the principles of Humanity have within them a larger growth, and they will from very love of it obey the Golden Rule of doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

We are living in an era marked by important changes in the history of man—changes so vast, that none who think but can realize that these are but the heralds of still greater changes and more important events which will usher in the Meridian Sun of Progressive Splendor, that shall illumine man's pathway upon earth, and lead him to exercise his mind in higher studies and holier pursuits.

The year is dying out. How cold and damp it seems; how dismal the wind sounds, and how cheerless all things are. It is near midnight; but ere the year closes let us sing together Mackellar's beautiful song:

### REMEMBER THE POOR.

Remember the poor!

It fearfully snoweth,

And bitterly bloweth;

Thou couldst not endure

The tempest's wild power,

Through night's dreary hour,

Then pity the poor!

Remember the poor!

The father is lying

In that hovel dying  
 With sickness of heart.  
 No voice cheers his dwelling,  
 A Savior's love telling,  
 Ere life shall depart.

Remember the poor !  
 The widow is sighing,  
 The orphans are crying,  
 Half-starving for bread ;  
 In mercy be speedy  
 To succor the needy—  
 Their helper is dead !

Remember the poor !  
 The baby is sleeping,  
 Its cheeks wet with weeping,  
 On its mother's fond breast ;  
 Whose cough deep and hollow,  
 Foretells she'll soon follow  
 Her husband to rest !

Remember the poor !  
 To him who aid lendeth,  
 Whatever he spendeth  
 The LORD will repay ;  
 And sweet thoughts shall cheer him,  
 And God's love be near him,  
 In his dying day !

GENERAL E. D. BAKER.—Since last we met you there has been a solemn gathering of our citizens. A mournful cortege has borne to their last resting-place the earthly remains of the gallant soldier and statesman, General E. D. Baker. His stirring words of eloquence still vibrate upon memory's harp. His heroic deeds of valor have been recorded by worthier pens than ours, and yet we cannot withhold our tribute of grateful recollection to one of the first patrons of the *Hesperian*, then a semi-monthly paper. "PERSEVERE," said he to us, after we had issued two or three numbers of the paper—"Persevere : you have within yourself the elements of success. The people of California must and will appreciate your efforts. Persevere, and the *Hesperian* will achieve an enviable position in the literature of the Pacific Coast." His words imparted to us strength at that time, and now they come ringing up from the deep vault of the past with all the force of inspired prophecy. He has spoken his last word of encouragement and performed his last act of valor upon earth, and we have given back "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—all that was mortal of General E. D. Baker. But the influence of his heroic example is with us still ; and, as he eloquently said in a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Sacramento, extracts of which were published in the *Hesperian* of June, 1858—

"The admiration of the good and wise of all ages has been especially challenged by those acts of self-devotion and fidelity to conscientious conviction, which, while they may lead to the dungeon and the scaffold, leave behind



them a long train of light and glory. The human mind is so constituted, that it loves to dwell on such examples, and when a man, truly great in heroic devotion to principle, departs from the world, the light of his deeds remains to cheer and exalt thousands of imitators. As the great luminary of day leaves at his setting an arch of purple and of gold, spreading in cloudy majesty all over the western sky, although his visible form is lost behind the distant hills, so the hero who fights his last battle for freedom, the statesman who dies in harness for popular rights, the reformer who braves the wrath of kings or the fury of the people, leaves behind a broad and luminous track, at once an inspiration and a joy, long after he has sunk below the horizon of natural existence, forever.

"The contemplative mind delights to imagine the condition of the good in those realms of joy, where the martyr finds an eternal reward in the presence of the Almighty Judge, and in the society of 'the spirits of the just made perfect.'

"Although we are taught that there are many mansions in that heavenly home, inspiration has not permitted us to know the relation which the great multitude of saints and martyrs may attain in the ranks of the celestial army. But if we dare to lift our imaginations to the upper world, and conceive the state of the great benefactors of their race, who have waded through blood and tears to the scaffold or the tomb, we may delight to dwell upon the thought that they are permitted to look down from the fields of light, and trace in the career of human progression the influence of their example and the fruit of their labors.

"But while we confess such thoughts to be fond and sweet imaginings, and perhaps without express warrant in revelation, of one thing we may be assured, that glorious companionship is not confined to sex, or age, or lineage, or country. All the true benefactors of their race are there—Paul and Socrates, Xavier and Zuinglius. There will be found the princes of the people—David, the warrior monarch—John, the beloved apostle—Luther, the fiery reformer—Fenelon, the mild and gentle teacher. Socrates, as we have seen, believed that he was about to join the chiefs and heroes of the Trojan war. It was not given to him to know that these were but the creatures of poetic genius. We can point with a more assured faith to the long array of prophets, and apostles, and saints, and martyrs—of Christian heroes and philosophic sages, who form the society of that upper world, and find 'an ample heaven and a diviner air.'

"In the ranks of that great hierarchy, as we firmly believe Socrates will be found, it is impossible that the purity of his life and the constancy of his death can be without its "exceeding great reward." Nor is that belief without its influence upon all human life and conduct. It teaches men to love the truth; it encourages them to abide by their convictions, as the first and greatest of human duties; it offers consolation to all those who are "afflicted for the truth;" it stimulates resistance to the wrong and endurance for the right; and above all it teaches the great lesson that the proprieties of human conduct are not to be determined by the immediate result either for sorrow or for joy; the ultimate reward of great and good actions is not to be found in this world only, and often not at all. Yet, though it may be delayed, it is not lost. Even in this world, the martyr of one generation finds appreciation in the generations that succeed him, and enjoys at last an immortal renown here, and immortal life hereafter."

Was this the voice of Inspiration? Did he foresee his own martyrdom? and the renown which yet awaited him? He spoke of Heroes, Statesmen, Martyrs, and knew not that in his own form was embodied the representative of all three.

Who shall say the world has not been the better for his life and his example? While we honor his memory let us not forget the noble tribute of gratitude which he paid to his mother, and that he has left another proof upon record that a great man must needs have a great mother. Butterflies and insects cannot bring forth intelligence and power. Every tribute paid to a great and good man is a tribute direct to woman; for such man never yet lived but owed his greatness to his mother.

Think of this, ye who would have a name to live in the coming time. Ye who prate of woman's *sphere*, and deny to her the advantages of education and intellectual culture; who sneer at the idea of her understanding the anatomy of her own body, and the laws which govern matter: for in this case most truly, "with whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

EXPRESSIONS OF CHILDREN.—We are often instructed as well as amused by the artless expressions of children. The other day a young lad exclaimed rather impatiently in our hearing, "Mother, why does it always rain New Years?" Before the mother had time to reply, a little girl of not more than five summers reverently replied, "Be still—don't you know God is *baptising the New Year?*" What a thought; God is baptising the New Year and sending it forth fresh from his own hand, wet with the consecrated waters of baptism. Oh, childhood! happy in thy simplicity and faith; how many lessons of wisdom might we gather from thy teachings!

This reminds us of another, sent us by a good friend some time since. Gracy and little Xavier, (both about three years of age) while playing with their toys, unfortunately fell out and got into a sad quarrel, contending for their respective rights, in the course of which somebody got bit. A dreadful crying complaint came up in this wise: "Gracy's biting me!" Papa was reading the Evening Bulletin, and without looking off the news, drily remarked, "Well she only got a *piece of a man*." "A piece of a *man!*" ejaculated X., his countenance radiating with an appreciative smile of the ridiculous; and the play went on as pleasantly as usual.

MRS. S. H. YOUNG, M. D.—It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we announce the arrival in our city of this distinguished lady and physician. A graduate of Penn Medical University, Philadelphia, she comes to us bearing from some of the most gifted minds of the East, the highest testimonials of her worth, both as a woman and a physician. Surely a new era is dawning upon Woman in California—an era of hope and peace for ourselves and our little ones. Now our pains and anguish may be assuaged by the gentle, yet intelligent ministrations of one of our own sex—one whom God and nature has peculiarly fitted for the sacred office of ministering to the helpless and the suffering. But a short time since, we announced the arrival of that gifted genius, Fanny Green, and now another noble name is added to the list of Women of the Pacific.

MR. J. W. TUCKER'S JEWELRY STORE.—Montgomery street rejoices in the magnificence and splendor of her stores and works of art. Fine windows, filled with every conceivable variety of goods, meet the eye at every turn. By far exceeding all others of the kind in richness and splendor, is the Jewelry Store of J. W. Tucker. One superb window is literally ablaze with rays of jeweled light; while from the other, equally rich in structure, streams the more subdued and melodious silvery rays. Rich gems—works, both of nature and art—meet the eye in all directions. Children stop and gaze delightedly, and women, as they cast lingering glances, exclaim—

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever”

But what has constituted Mr. Tucker's success? Why has he distanced all competitors in his line of business? and why is his stock now larger and better than any other on the Pacific coast? Why are his counters thronged from morning till night with ready customers, and his windows (ornaments of which San Francisco may well be proud) filled with gems of such rare beauty and exquisite workmanship? It is because, with a thorough knowledge of his business, he unites a disposition to let others live as well as himself. Ever since his advent in California, Mr. Tucker has been a liberal patron of the PRESS—that power which never fails to uphold its supporters and pour back fourfold of the good it receives, into the bosom of him who bestows it. Liberal himself in heart and feeling, he attracts to himself a liberal patronage, and the benefits of that patronage flow back to us again when old dilapidated buildings give place to magnificent structures, and we have, instead of the low hovel and lager-beer saloon, TUCKER'S BUILDING AND TUCKER'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A. ROMAN'S BOOK STORE.—Here may truly be found “a feast of reason and a flow of soul.” Volumes of all descriptions, both grave and gay, are here. Also, rare works of art, with bindings of exquisite beauty, and illustrations of great value.

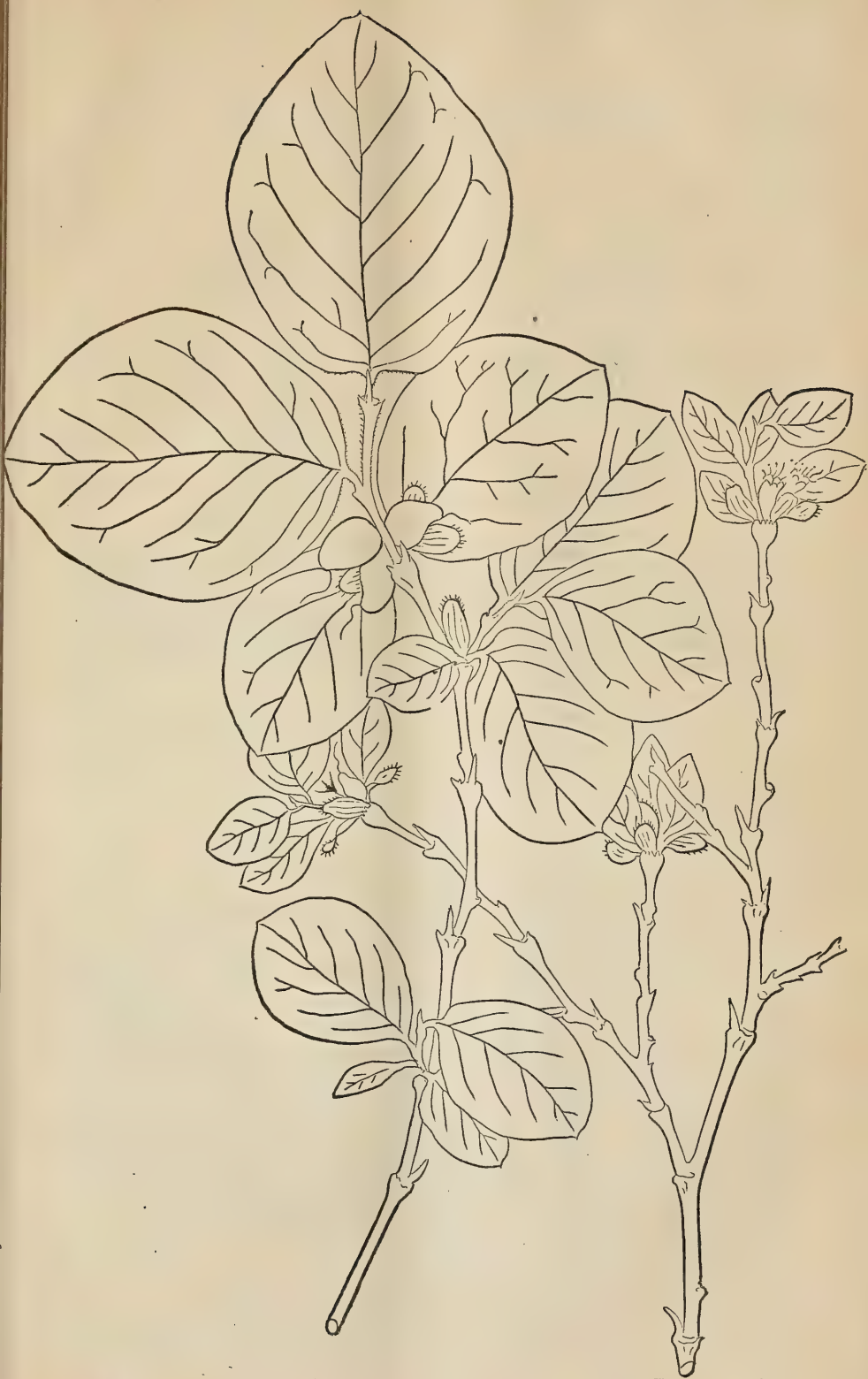
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#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL-SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

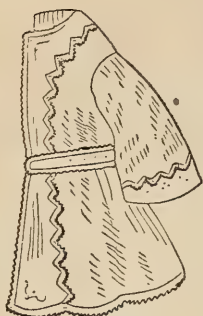
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THE Pattern accompanying this number of the *Hesperian* is a Dress Sleeve, composed of two pieces. The back is considerably wider than the front, and is made to meet the front by laying small box-plaits across the arm, as indicated by the notches in the pattern, the edge being first bound neatly. The lower part of the back of the sleeve has two scallops which lie over the front quite plain, requiring no plaits at the wrist.





THE LITTLE FEATHERWOOD TREE.—(*DIRCA PALUSTRIS*.)



BOY'S COAT.

This is a simple and well-fitting coat for a boy, requiring about four yards and a half of single-width material. It has a plain sack back, belted in with the front, the style of which can be plainly seen, and which is simply ornamented with fancy braid.

The sleeves are loose, and may be finished with a cuff, or trimmed with braid to match the front.



THE EMPRESS SLEEVE

Is laid in three box-plaits at the top, under a cap, which is cut away from the centre, so as to form two points. At the lower part of the sleeve the fullness is taken out in three gores, the seams are then ornamented with rows of double quilling, and crossed by bows of velvet or ribbon. A rather abrupt slope gives style to its appearance, and leaves it plain at the wrist, which is ornamented by a pointed cuff.



IMOGENE.

This cloak is one of the simplest, and yet most elegant, of the new styles. The back is laid in gored plaits, which sweep off into a most graceful semi-circle, and round up over the arm, and forms a sleeve, which does not hide, or crush a rich dress, or under-sleeve. The front is plain, and fastened with handsome buttons in crochet, which are the only ornaments. This cloak requires about three yards of ladies' cloth, or six yards of wide silk.

# THE HESPERIAN.

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VOL. VII.]      FEBRUARY, 1862.      [No. 6.

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## SKETCHES OF THE DREAM-LAND.

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FROM THE DIARY OF A SYBIL.

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I WAS alone, walking in a pleasant and solitary place, on a lovely day in June. The deep, scorching Noon, the most potent of magnetizers, was bending over me, and seemed breathing through the inmost soul ; and yet I slept not ; though from the deep and almost breathless silence, I knew that Earth had yielded herself, a wonted and willing subject, to the ardent-eyed Sun ; for she was slumbering so deeply, that even the small children that fed upon her bosom might hardly be placed in communication with her. I knew not that the influence which I had marked in others was overwhelming me, nor was I sensible of the least drowsiness ; but gradually, even while I gazed, the scene changed.

I remember that there was a little brook that went jumping down the slopes, singing like a happy child, and on the opposite bank stood a fine elm. I was reclining against the stem of a large tulip-tree, in full bloom, and my eyes were continually turning from the splendor of its magnificent flowers to the graceful proportions and drooping branches of the elm, wandering away to the beautiful heart-shaped leaves and pea-green bracts of a linden just beyond, resting at length on the rich and glossy foliage of a magnolia tree yet farther on, whose swelling buds were tipped with a gleam of snowy whiteness. I remember my attention was fixed by one of these which seemed near bursting



into bloom ; and yielding to an unaccountable attraction, I gazed at it until the eyes lost all power of motion. A single white star, radiating lines of fairest light, shone on a ground of deepest blackness ; then all was dark, and a period of complete unconsciousness, or total absorption of the senses doubtless intervened.

With returning consciousness I did not wake ; but I was, as it were, translated into another state. Beauty in all its loveliest features was represented in the landscape that surrounded me. It was as if a painter, while delineating and grouping forms of rarest beauty gathered from the fairest places of the wide earth, had, the moment he finished the picture, and even while he was overwhelmed with the loveliness and magnificence of his conception, beheld it taking a concrete body, and an actual being. It was as if a dream of heaven had been endowed with a real presence. The singing streams, the waving trees, the blooming flowers, and the living waters that mirror the bosom of clearest fountains, which the spirit beholds in blissful perspective, as it is led by angels through the bowers of Paradise, were then first opened to the view, in all the tangible certainty of actual being. As the eye wandered from one enchanting object to another, the soul expanded with the continually growing beauty, as if its nurture and its growth were simultaneous.

The surface of the country was sometimes undulating, then hilly, and in the far view mountainous. Nestling among the hills, or peeping out from the copse, the eye caught glimpses of the sweetest little dells, and the loveliest nooks and valleys, while every tree and shrub was waving welcome, and every clinging tendril, as it was stirred in the soft air, seemed to put itself forth like a fairy hand, and beckon me to approach. The turf where I reclined was not shorn, though the grass was very short, for it seemed to vegetate in the form of a rich green velvet, exquisitely embroidered with the most delicate mosses, and the loveliest flowers, producing a carpet infinitely more beautiful than was ever wrought in the looms of Turkey.

There were trees in every variety of form and foliage, and every stage of life, from the just up-springing germ, to the patriarch of a thousand years. If there is any object in nature I

could be tempted to worship, it is a beautiful tree. I wonder not that the simple African bows down to the Mazamba tree as the familiar idol of his domestic worship. There is a thought of protection, guardianship, in the bending covert of its branches; there is a presence of love in the refreshing coolness of its shade; there is a visible life in the ever-stirring branches, thrilling as if with conscious feeling at the touch of the invisible wind—and these three, protection, love, and life, are attributes of God. Far in advance, then, of him who worships images of wood and stone, or even of gold—though it be coined never so legally—is he who bows down to the all-pervading life, as manifest in trees. When I stand beneath the shadow, and behold the mighty arms, that have grown strong with the storms of centuries, and the lofty head that looks on nought but heaven, and see the mysterious Light, like a spiritual presence, stealing among the leaves, and hear the strong branches stir, and the lighter stems bow themselves, at the coming of the Wind, as if worship were an instinct, there is a feeling of reverence, of awe, comes over me, which no other earthly thing excites; and I blush to think of my fellow-man, with his heaven-born brow bent into the dust—his soul corroded with the mining damps, and the very hands, which are a master-piece of divine mechanism, soiled and polluted in their unremitting search after gold. Let the Groveling of earth consider this, and lift himself up out of the dirt, that he may grow in the erect stature of Man, as he was originally created—in the IMAGE OF GOD.

Mountains succeeded hills, until their blue tops, stretching far away, melted into the horizon; and clouds, white as robes of innocence, sometimes bordered with darkness, sometimes fringed with gold and purple, or amber-colored light, floated in the pure serene—airy palaces of sojourning angels. There is a charm in the mist which envelopes distant mountains that we never find elsewhere. It introduces a barrier where all else were boundless. It excites the curiosity of the soul, inviting it to look beyond; and even when the eye can penetrate no farther, the spirit of discovery is still unsated, and we continue to gaze, as if momentarily expecting that the shadowy veil which curtains the Infinite

will be withdrawn ; until at length it melts in the warm glances of the Spirit-eye, and we soar away into the Boundless—we revel in the full light of the Shadowless.

A fine stream girdled the land with its zone of silver set with brillants ; for the pebbles flashed up from the clear water like living gems. After making a graceful bend the narrowed river went dashing down a precipice through a ledge of rose quartz, whose warm coloring tinged the snow-white spray with a ruddy hue, as it was hurled over the cliff-brow, like those soft snowy vapors that sometimes wreath the forehead of Sunset.

Still farther, on the verge of the horizon, toward the southwest, lay the ocean, mighty, fathomless, chainless—an image of eternity—a material revelation of the Infinite. Close at hand there were bowers decorated with creeping plants, whose flowers were so exquisite, their beauty could only be rivaled by each other, and grottos adorned with the most delicately tinted shells and brilliant fossils, where sister corals twined together their arms of ruby red and pearly white, and the sea-fan waved its purple banners, in soft response to the low chaunt of the ocean breeze. There were brooks, and falls, and fountains, whichever way the eye might turn. Just before me, and girdled with a bower of clematis and eglantine, welled up the waters of a living spring, which, acted on by some internal force, rose into the air, forming a jet of wonderful beauty, that sent the sparkling waters far abroad, until they were diffused in the form of vapor, giving to the whole atmosphere a refreshing coolness.—Condensed again, the water fell into a marble basin, which was sculptured with such peerless forms of grace and beauty, it seemed as if the soul of a Praxiteles must have been elaborated in their production. Busts and statues flashed through delicious openings of the shadowy glen, all wrought to such exquisite proportions of outline, such expression of all that is lovely and beautiful in life and character, as no mortal hand ever chiseled, unless it had first removed the drapery of the Eternal, and drawn deep from the living fountains of the Infinite. The light was not like that of any sun or star ; but it was as if the inner light of being were shining forth, radiating from the centre outward.



I saw no living creature, and knew not that any was near, till I heard a low murmuring, as of a human voice, calling my name in such tones as took the heart captive with their sweetness. I turned quickly; for the voice had a strange power, as if some spirit had spoken through the most musical cadences of the wind, or breathed intelligence into the tenderest harmony of the waters; and as I did so, I caught this sentence: "Behold the first revelation of the divine in nature to the gifted soul."

Just beyond the shadow of the linden where I still reclined, stood a female figure; but whether woman or angel I knew not, so loving, and so holy did she appear. Her garments were lucid as woven light, tinged with the softest hue of rose, and her features were so radiant with the expression of truly developed nature, that my eyes fell blinded; and I could not look upon her.

She drew near, and spoke again. "Sister, shrink not. I come to bless thee. From a little child I have watched over thee, and led thee, until the present time; and now I stand before thee, face revealed to face, and spirit to spirit."

"And thou, beautiful one!" I exclaimed with rapture, "art thou, indeed, the guardian angel who has often blest me in my dreams, and made my waking visions glorious with the light of her sublime countenance! Art thou the Spirit whose utterances I have felt—whose messages have been whispered in the soul?"

She smiled assent: and as she spoke once more, the voice seemed to be filled with a still deeper harmony. As I listened, the senses, one after another, as if at the touch of some lulling and soothing hand, seemed to fall asleep, while the mind gathered strength and activity of which it had not before been conscious, until only itself remained awake.

"Child of earth," she continued, "bathe in the fountain before thee; for not yet art thou fully redeemed from the thrall of the senses, so that the pure spirit may approach thee without shrinking."

With still deepening astonishment I went down into the water, and obeyed. As I re-ascended the bank, she again approached me, and dipping her hand in the neighboring basin, she

bathed my brow, saying, "Mortal, receive the baptism of the Spirit."

I was sensible of transition. My sensations were not, perhaps, entirely without pain; and so intense were they that I could not then analyze, nor can I now describe them. But the instant the water touched my forehead, I became conscious of the presence of Spirits. Numerous beings surrounded me—all lovely—none lovelier than my Spirit-Friend; and the harmony of their voices seemed to fill the air.

"Mortal, or rather *Immortal!*" said my new friend, with a sweet smile, tempered by an expression of pity, "thou wonderest at the forms thou seest, and believest they are all strangers; yet listen. Have not such voices murmured in thy dreams?—and behold, have not such beings glided among the imagery of thy purer visions? Thy senses are asleep, or their obtuseness would cast a shadow on the spirit presence; yet these, and such as these, hover continually around the paths of men; and often the very air that fans the feverish brow, is stirred by the plumage of angels. Were men only true they would be sensible of the presence of pure spirits. But I must speak now of mine errand.—My name is Noema. I preside in that super-radiant sphere where the spirits of the Gifted, who have emerged from this planet, are assembled. I come to introduce thee into my dominions; but first thy strength will be tested. Now, thou must find repose.—Lie down and sleep." I sank on the mossy ground, as if her very words had given impulse to my declining form, and relapsed into unconsciousness.

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THE principle of eternal progression implies eternal imperfection..... What a prospect there is before us? What an infinitude of thought!—what a fathomless ocean of knowledge, yet unsearched, yet unexplored! If we have an Eternity before us—an endless duration of time, in which we are to go forward, learning, exploring, and progressing, our knowledge, consequently, from this point of the vast universe, is exceedingly limited—only just starting as we are on that endless journey.

## THE KISS YOU GAVE ME YESTERDAY.

BY PHILOS.

IN my lonely chamber oft, at night,  
I muse and dream the hours away ;  
And sometimes live in visions bright,—  
And sometimes Care bedims the ray :  
But the loveliest mem'ry of to-night,  
Is the kiss you gave me yesterday.

Though in this life the path be drear,  
Where my faint footsteps hence may stray,  
And you, oh ! never more, may hear  
Of him who sings this soul-felt lay ;  
Fond Memory still will hold most dear,  
The kiss you gave me yesterday.

And oh ! how oft a thrill will dart  
Throughout my breast with magic sway,  
And fondest, dearest joy impart,  
Which Time or Change can ne'er decay,  
When I mind me of your loving heart,  
And the kiss you gave me yesterday.

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THE bigot and the sectarian must be left to follow in the rear. They have ever been on the side of the persecutor ; ever on the side of the strongholds of power. But they cannot, in the nature of things, remain forever stationary. The mighty tide of Truth must bear them slowly, but *irresistibly*, onward. . . Were the world filled with only this class of men, where would have been the wonderful improvements and discoveries of this and by-gone ages ! Where would have been the magnificent steam vessels that adorn the rivers, lakes, and oceans, like “floating palaces ?” Where would have been the dashing locomotive to bear us onward from city to city, and from village to village, with a rapidity transcending the flight of the eagle ? Where the lightning-talking telegraph, flashing intelligence from mind to mind with almost the celerity of thought ? Let the persecution of Galileo, of Hervey, of Mesmer, and the crucifixion of Jesus, answer.



## THE LIFE-PRINCIPLE.

BY PROFESSOR WHIPPLE.

THIS has been a favorite subject of study and discussion in every age of the world. Its mysterious existence—its wonderful and multiform modes of action—its interesting and beautiful phenomena—must very early have arrested the attention of that Spiritual Intelligence, which is ever manifest in the human being; and on these observations the primitive classification by which the three great Kingdoms of Nature have been defined, was founded.

It is my purpose, in the present article, to trace this principle through the early periods of its refinement; whence it will be seen, that the Spiritual Essence is, and ever has been, the single point toward which every element, and every atom, through all the successive gradations of development, has truly and undeviatingly converged, and which every condition, every being, every intelligence, manifesting itself in higher, and still higher spheres, has been elaborated to produce.

As in the beginning, the great Author and Creator of all things, by virtue of his inherent Power, implanted so much of the Life Principle in gross matter as invested it with Motion, so that motion was continually generated, and re-generated, ever taking to itself more complicated forces, ever clothing itself in finer forms, until the mediate species became sufficiently refined to receive the Spiritual Presence—the true Image of God—which, bringing Life and Immortality to light, for the great purpose of education was clothed in the corporeal organism of Man. And thus the End is joined to the Beginning, and the great Life-Circle is made complete.

Let us now go back to that early period, which has been described by the Sacred Historian, in these memorable words.—“The earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” Here, then, was the primitive Chaos. Here was nothing but matter in its grossest forms, which probably existed in a semi-fluid state. But we are told “the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters;” and then were im-

planted the first Principles of Life. A conglomeration, condensation and concretion of masses immediately began; and thus, by a separation of the solid and fluid parts, the great nucleus which constitutes the heart of our globe was formed, and the water was distributed into seas, with their inlets and outlets.—Then were manifest the primitive mineral conditions. By the accession and superposition of particles, or masses, vast and irregular bodies were formed; but no appearance of organism, or even of individuality, was yet attained. Still the Life Principle, even then began to operate. Down, far down in those chaotic depths, it was silently, but not the less surely, working out its problems.

Most writers consider the vital principle as necessarily dependent on Organism—that is, on its connection with a form composed of certain parts, each of which has its specific use and function, and its predetermined relations to the several other parts, and to the whole. Hence they separate chemical from what they term Vital Action. May we not venture to go one step farther back, and pronounce chemical action to be, in itself, a kind of vitality, which belongs primarily to mineral substances? Hence it may be defined as Mineral Life.

Let us now look at some of its higher operations, and we shall see more clearly that the laws by which it acts, are, and must be, vital. One of the most remarkable attributes of Life, is that of clothing itself in specific and determined FORMS. Whenever this invariably occurs, there must be an inherent predetermination of the elements, governed by a fixed law of developement, demanding certain results. Who shall say, then, that the formation of crystals is not governed by a vital law? If it be not so, why is the perfect diamond always rhomboidal, rather than of any other shape? You may seek it beneath the waters of Borneo, or in the mines of Brazil—in the East or in the South—and it will be always so. Collect thousands of specimens, and they will have this precise form, and no other. So with all the innumerable species and varieties of crystal. You may gather them by millions, and every one will have the due number of angles, planes, and truncations, proper to itself—

neither more, nor less; and however irregular, or varied, these may be in regard to each other, in regard to the species they are always the same.

The elements necessary to its condition being given, a sapphire, or a ruby, will be produced, just as certainly, and just as absolutely, as, under its proper atmospheric influence, and earthly relations, a violet, or a rose, will spring from its own germ. If there were no life-principle involved in the case, could this be so? We mean by the life-principle, as here used, that predetermination to certain and fixed results, which demonstrates them to be governed by constant and incontrovertible laws. It is true that the vitality of the mineral, even in its finer forms, exists in more simple conditions than are found accompanying organic life—that its substance is homogeneous, and its structure goes nothing beyond the accumulation of similar particles, within a prescribed outline. Yet this very outline *being* prescribed, determines the question; for why should it be there, and how is it measured, and determined, with such mathematical precision and nicety, but from an inherent necessity in the nature of the crystal? And this inherent necessity of determination, itself, constitutes the vital law, which is easily distinguishable from mere inert material, that may be acted upon directly by any foreign Intelligence, or outward mechanical forces; but it is vitality in its lowest, and simplest condition, being manifest only in the production of Form.

If any one could still have doubt in regard to the truth of this, let him subject any crystal to the minutest subdivisions. Let him, if he will, reduce it to the finest powder. Then let him examine the particles of which the crystal had been composed through a microscope; and what will he find? What but this astounding fact—that every atom is, in all its proportions—in all its planes, truncations, and angles, a perfect crystal?—in short, that the form of the complete work pre-exists in each of its component parts, just as that of the plant sleeps in its own germ. Now, it is very clear that all mineral particles do not produce diamonds, nor yet emeralds, nor yet even common quartz. Hence we see that there must have been, previous to



the formation of any crystal, a preparatory refinement of its materials from gross matter, in order that the elements, themselves, should be fit for use; and that every particular species must have its own special processes, and laws of condensation. Here, then, it is not one law only, but a whole code, or set of laws. Are not these wonderful truths permitted to be shown, that the scoffer should no longer say in his heart, "There is no God;" and that they who would limit the range of his vitalizing influence, should, perforce, acknowledge that the Spirit of God, which is Life, is present, even here!

By another advance we arrive at the first production of Organism, toward which, as we have seen, crystal formations closely converge. As the mineral masses became more condensed and refined, and the surrounding elements more purified, God again breathed forth a more highly vitalizing life-principle; and the Atmosphere awoke; for without this there could be no vegetation, nor any organic life.

We find in the Geological History, that is legibly written on the strata of which our earth is composed, that the first vegetable productions were simple in their structure, and gross in their forms. The cellular texture at first universally prevailed, such as is now seen in those spongy bodies which belong to the lowest tribes of Cryptogamous or flowerless plants, among which are mushrooms and lichens, while the great waters teemed with algæ, or sea-weeds. By the continual operation of the refining process, at length the vascular or fibrous tissue was produced; and then arboracious ferns, and other plants of the same family, covered with their rank growth the wide and desolate marshes. But in the fullness of time, when the common elements were fitted to produce all that is lovely in form—all that is soft and brilliant in coloring—the Rose blushed into being, as if at the full consciousness of her own queenly beauty, and the majestic Lily lifted her peerless head, the symbol of purity and truth.

To the Vegetable Tribe was evermore committed the most important process in nature, that of vitalizing more perfectly what was before comparatively inert—or, in other words, of converting inorganic substances into organic forms. As we rise in

the scale of being, we see a continual effort, as it were, to produce individual character. This does not exist with the crystal; for, with some few exceptions, in point of size or brilliancy, which are observable in very rare and costly specimens, one is like all others of its species; and it is but faintly shadowed forth in the vegetable world. As any one is, so all others of its species, under similar conditions, would be. The healthy Individual is, in all respects, a representation of the Species—and nothing more. The only exception to this law is found in Trees, many of which are so distinguished as to have acquired a kind of individuality; but this, as a general thing, goes no farther than form and size.

As the Crystal foreshadows the Flower, so is the Animal prefigured in the Vegetable. Here we find a nutritive apparatus, which imbibes nourishment—a digestive apparatus, which prepares and assimilates it—a circulating apparatus, by which it is diffused and vitalized—an excreting apparatus, which throws off whatever is hurtful, or unnecessary—and a secreting apparatus, which deposits the remainder in the appropriate cells, and tissues. We find also a skin, which circumscribes and determines the form; and this has layers, and other qualities, precisely corresponding with the animal envelope.

Here the vital principle exists under new and surprising forms, and chemical laws are for the first time arrested, and held in abeyance to the superior Vital Energy. We find the sap ascending, in direct opposition to the law of gravitation; and by the agency of solar light, acting on the green substance of the plant—oxygen liberated at the ordinary temperature of the air, although the most skillful chemist can effect this process only by the help of the most powerful reagents, or by the application of heat equal to that of red-hot iron. We find, also, the living being, whether animal or vegetable, capable of resisting both higher and lower degrees of temperature, than any inert substance can bear, without being acted upon detrimentally, and either scorched, or frozen. Thus, while life exists, the Life-Principle being the highest power, always maintains a successful antagonism against the mere Chemical Forces; and a thousand interesting phenomena may be observed. The Living Plant abstracts from the soil and atmosphere its proper nutriment,

rejecting, or avoiding, what is unnecessary, or pernicious. We find it constantly accommodating itself to new circumstances; nay, we see the mild and esculent Potato, the caustic Arum, the fragrant and healing Mint, the nutritious Corn, and the deadly Cicuta, growing side by side, and drawing from the same soil, and the same atmosphere, principles utterly discordant in themselves—in short, the elements of life, or death. We see, in life, the fluids of the plant separated, and kept distinct, by the finest tissues, the most delicate membranes,—and all the beautiful processes which are essential to the support of organism, going on steadily and harmoniously, but no sooner does a complete interruption of these functions take place, than death ensues—disorganization and decomposition commence—and the whole body is surrendered back to the Chemical Forces—to be once more resolved into the elements of a New Life.

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#### MARY'S VISIT TO THE SEA SHORE.

BY F. C.

THE messengers of ocean broke their white crests on the strand;  
The solemn strains of nature spread their music o'er the land;  
The sea-lion's dismal wailings from their breaker-crested home,  
On the wind's fleet wings were borne, to where Mary stood alone.

The foam stood silent, trembling, as if aw'd by presence grand,  
'Mid shells and sea-weeds scattered by the mysterious hand  
Of God: from the deep chambers of the awful silent sea,  
It trembled and it quivered in adoration lone to thee!

Sublime was nature's worship at thy shrine upon that day;  
God spake the mighty anthems that pealed along thy way.  
By inspiration given, it was thine to wake the strain  
Of the choristers of Heaven, who make music on the main!

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THERE is no moral worth in being swept away by a crowd,  
even toward the best objects.

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ALL virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination. The best books have most beauty.



## POETRY OF WOMAN.

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BY MRS. ELLIS.

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FOR the poetry of her character, woman is chiefly indebted to her capability of feeling, extended beyond the possibility of calculation, by her naturally vivid imagination; yet she unquestionably possesses other mental faculties, by no means inconsiderable in the scale of moral and intelligent beings. Those who, depriving women of her rightful title to intellectual capacity, would consign her wholly to the sphere of passion and affection; and those who, on the opposite side, are perpetually raving about her equality with man, and lamenting over the inferior station in society which she is doomed to fill, are equally prejudiced in their view of the subject, superficial in their reasoning upon it; and absurd in their conclusions. In her intellectual *capacity*, I am inclined to believe that woman is equal to man, but in her intellectual *power* she is greatly his inferior; because, from the succession of unavoidable circumstances which occur to interrupt the train of her thoughts, it is seldom that she is able to concentrate the forces of her mind, and to continue their operations upon one given point, so as to work out any of those splendid results which ensue from the more fixed and determinate designs of man. To woman belong all the minor duties of life; she is therefore incapable of commanding her own time, or even her own thoughts; in her sphere of action, the trifling events of the moment, involving the principles of good and evil, which instantly strike upon her lively and acute perceptions, become of the utmost importance; and each of these duties, with its train of relative considerations, bearing directly upon the delicate fabric of her mind, so organized as to render it liable to the extremes of pain or pleasure, arising out of every occurrence, she is consequently unable so to regulate her feelings, as to leave the course of her intellectual pursuits uninterrupted.

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“Too late” and “no more” are two mournful sisters, children of a sire whose age they never console.

## THEN AND NOW.

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JUST as the old year closes and the new one begins, the time seems propitious to contemplate the progress of California, in all the elements of independent empire.

Let us gather upon the quarter-deck of the noble ship, and look backwards at her wake, ere the closing seas obliterate forever the line of her transit through the waves.

There are many reminiscences connected with her early days, that cannot fail to interest even the most commonplace of our citizens; and no place could be so fittingly chosen to give them perpetuity, as the pages of the *HESPERIAN*.

Here shine the intellectual glories of our State; here breathe in cadences, sweet as the flow of Arno or Avon, of Mincio or Meander, the inspired poets of her mountains and plains; and here in full flight soar her eagles through the airy realms of literature. Sages here record their axioms, and "pure woman virginal" here stores "the honey of her eloquent lip."

Sometimes prophetic gleams dance across our vision, and at others sombre recollections sadden our souls. Anticipations of the future are often indulged in. Let us to-day contemplate the past. Not, however, in sorrow or regret—not mourning that it has gone—but joyful at the steady advance we have made, and thankful to a kind Providence, that has enabled us so skillfully and so rapidly to lay the stupendous foundation of an empire on the Pacific Coast.

It is not the design of this article to deal in things imaginary, or startle the reader by paradox, epigram or antithesis. For once, let us go back to the ground-work of fact, and seek in contemporaneous annals, the elucidation of our theme.

Early in June 1846, a young man with the seeds of a fatal disorder in his system, having been recommended a long sea voyage as a restorative, arrived at what was then known as "Yerba Buena," a small hamlet situated on the south side of San Francisco Bay. He came from the city of New York; and as a compensation to some kind friends, who had provided for his wants

during his long voyage, he promised, on his arrival, to send back for publication in one of the New York Journals, a detailed account of his adventures.

Those letters were faithfully written, but were never received. They have finally fallen into my hands; how? it matters not. Let it suffice for the present to say, that they went first to the Sandwich Islands, and thence, by very many intermediate channels, they have reached the publisher.

It need not be added, that they are transcribed with the strictest fidelity to the originals—not a single word having been interpolated, nor omitted—and even the orthography remaining untouched.

### LETTER I.

Dated thus: "YERBA BUENA, SAN FRANCISCO BAY,

JUNE 10, 1846."

"DEAR SIR,

"There are strange things in this world happening every day, but none to me more so, than that I should find myself in California, and writing a letter to be taken to you by the first overland express—and certainly the longest ever attempted in America. A friend has kindly volunteered to put this into the hands of the gallant Capt. Fremont, who is now encamped on the Sacramento, and about to proceed direct to the U. S. After arduous and dangerous journeys across the Great Desert, from the Salt Lake to the California Mountains, his extensive explorations in California, and northward as far as "Klamet Lake," from whence he has just now returned to the Valley of the Sacramento, he proceeds to the States, though by what route, it is hard to say, as I believe the gallant Captain rarely or never travels where any one has gone before.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Captain Fremont having recruited on the Sacramento, proceeded north on his way to Walla Walla in Oregon, (at least I suppose so, from the route he took), when he was overtaken at the North "Klamet Lake," by an express from the U. S. via Mexico, which caused him to return to the Sacramento Valley and prepare (as I understand he is now preparing) for his return



to the U. S. He is now one year out, having left the U. S. in June last. The gentleman who came from the U. S. with the express to Capt. Fremont is now at the "Yerba Buena," whence I write; and as I have listened to his description of his journey in pursuit of the Captain, and the stirring incidents attending it, I will proceed to give them you in detail.

"He left "Sutter Fort" on the Sacramento, hoping to find Fremont at his camp 20 miles north, on the bank of the same river, but when he got that far the Captain had been gone eight days—go after him he must at all hazards. He accordingly organized a small party, only six in all, with a good guide, who had previously been of Fremont's company in 1844. They proceeded on doing their utmost to gain on him, but the Captain as usual must go where no one ever did before. He turned east over the snow covered mountains, passing up the Sacramento, which here passes through the mountain, rising I believe in "Pitt's Lake." Their route led them into the snow, and they encamped on the summit ridge, with the tall shaft of "St. Joseph," (rising from the top of the range covered with perpetual snow to its base), called a "Snowy Butte," as a near companion for the night.

"They got over the mountains and proceeded north between "Pitt" and "Klamet" lakes. They now entered the Oregon Territory. From the appearance of the camps, Capt. Fremont had left on his trail, he was six days ahead, their provisions were gone, they were living on horse meat, and that would soon be gone, or they must kill those they rode, and go on foot. The guide now proposed to push ahead, and thought he could overtake the Captain, in two days, and in *three* they could return and meet their starving companions. He took one man and went on; knowing the Indians to be bad and treacherous, he kept a bright look out, and yet he narrowly escaped after being chased by a large party for fifteen miles; fortunately their shooting was not heard by a party fishing on "Klamet Lake," (he was riding up the left bank), or he must have been cut off; he got by safe, and as he hoped, by hard riding and without food, he reached Capt. Fremont, the night of the second day.

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\* The original name of Mount Shasta.

"The Captain at once (early the next morning) took a few picked men, and set out on his trail, to meet the little party in his rear. They met on the second day, or fourth after the guide left. The party of four not having made much progress, in consequence of their inability to cross the outlet of "Klamet Lake," until a band of Indians, with a chief at their head, came to them with canoes and ferried them across. They were well armed, but appeared perfectly friendly, giving them salmon to eat. They had been without food for thirty-six hours. They now pushed on in high spirits, and before night joyfully met Capt. Fremont, who came up to them just after they had encamped for the night. A night which will long be remembered by them all, on account of the horrors of a night attack, and the loss of three brave fellows, who died by their sides. But I must give you the particulars. Capt. Fremont with the bearer of his despatches, sat talking to a late hour near midnight, when they lay down to sleep, their men (thirteen) around their horses. They were soon awakened by a scuffle, and saw the two "Delawares" of their Captain employed in a close fight with a body of Indians. One of the Delawares instantly shot away the handle of the attacking Chief's tomahawk, the other snapped his rifle at the breast of the Chief; it missed fire, and the brave Delaware at once fell, with three arrows in his breast, mortally wounded. The Chief soon fell under a shower of bullets from the whole camp, yet he had time to throw from his bow no less than eleven arrows. The Chief had three balls in his body when he fell. The whole camp was up, and the party of attacking Indians fled with the fall of their Chief. They could not pursue them in the dark, but proceeded to examine their camp, when to their horror they found, that the savage foe had stolen upon their camp so quietly as to kill two men (Canadian French) with their tomahawks and arrows, without waking them from sleep, and it was not till the resistance they met with from the brave Delawares, that the camp was aware of their presence. The next day Capt. Fremont buried the brave dead, and rejoined his camp, when preparations were at once made to punish the tribe from whence came this savage attack. He proceeded round the north end of the lake (North Klamet) and ap-

proached their lodge on the fourth day, when his whole command attacked stores of provision, the produce of their salmon spring fishing, and in fair fight killed twenty or more men who made all the resistance they could; but the commander escaped without the loss of a man. They found in the Lodge some articles which the Indians had hastily picked up, when they killed the two Frenchmen. It is to be hoped that this salutary lesson will teach these savages, that they cannot attack with impunity parties of travelers through the country, however small it may appear.

“I understand Capt. Fremont has been attacked by Indians no less than ten times since he left the U. S. Of course he must repel them, and then punish them for the security of less formidable parties of travelers. I believe he has not lost a man in battle, until this night attack, although he had been attacked in a similar way.

“With regard to California, I am of opinion from what I have seen of it, that it does not present such flattering prospects to emigrants from the U. S. as certain persons have led them to believe; most are very much disappointed in the country, not in its climate or soil, although a large proportion of it is only suitable, I think, for grazing cattle or sheep, the same use to which the Roman Catholic Missions applied it, (these Missions are now all in ruins) but because they cannot get a good title to land, not even by purchase. California is under Mexican authority, although only nominal; none but Californians are permitted to hold office, or such men being foreigners by birth, who have become Californians by marrying California women. The California Governor no longer gives grants of land, and many of the titles now held would be lost under a strictly legal government. Nearly all the land in the possession of “Wild Indians” of the great valley of “Tulare”, is held by a few men who own immense tracts, some 10, 20, or 40 leagues. Some have large herds of cattle—10,000 head—others none on these vast tracts. Most of these landed proprietors, were originally the administrators of the Missions in 1830; then the Government of Mexico took the titles from the Church. A few only have titles by purchase. Capt. Sutter, on



the Sacramento, obtained a grant of eleven leagues from the Governor. Since then, he bought out the Russian Fur Co. : to pay them in wheat. In his extensive projects, he has employed men, and paid them high wages in cattle, until he has reduced his stock to less than 200 head. He has an immense crop of wheat growing finely, but the probability is he cannot reap it, as the Indians show a disposition against doing any work for him this year ; and it is even asserted, that Castro is inciting them to destroy the crops of all the foreigners. All the foreigners have left Sutter's Fort, and gone to work for themselves, taking his cattle to pay the amounts due them. He has fifteen hundred acres of wheat growing at this time. There is no doubt that Sutter has greatly aided the emigrants on their coming into the country. All the expenses of living in California are enormous. Everything, except fresh beef and horses, costs four times what it would in the States. This bears hard on the emigrants, who expend nearly their all to get here : in consequence of this, many have turned northward into Oregon, where our government gives them land, and produce is not so high, and their cattle and horses are worth more than they are here. California may be said to be entirely without schools, although there is one at Monterey.

"A large emigration is looked for here this Fall. If so, California cannot long remain under the Mexican flag ; and even now the Legislature of the Department is about to assemble—June 15—and the general opinion is that the country will declare itself independent of Mexico. There is no accountability for anything. The military power, contemptible as it is, (less than 100 men actually under arms), look with contempt on the civil authority—while Castro, the military chief, absorbs the entire revenue of the country, which for 1844 and 1845 was about \$200,000, collected entirely from importations, principally British ships engaged in the "hide trade." The duties collected on importations for the last ten years, have averaged \$85,000 annually ; last year \$135,000, but not over \$60,000 of that can be collected this year."

## LETTER II.

Dated : YERBA BUENA, SAN FRANCISCO BAY,

JUNE 15TH, 1846.

“The debts of California (public), are about \$150,000—the most of which are acknowledged claims for military services. There are but one or two vessels under the Mexican flag trading on the coast. The American ships are the “Barnstable,” and the “Moscow,” (arrived this season) from Boston — cargoes costing at home \$25,000 each—the “Tasso,” “Sterling,” and “Vandalia,” also all of Boston, collecting hides, to proceed home in February next. The three will take about 100,000 hides, the probable this years’ *matanza* killing. The “Vandalia’s” cargo cost in Boston \$37,000, paid duties \$27,000, sold for \$134,000 ; to be paid in hides at \$2 each. In paying the duties, they only pay one-quarter cash, the balance in goods, at from three to four hundred per cent on cost in Boston. I believe the voyages of these ships average from home, thirty months. I am told the owners except one hide for every dollar expended in cost of cargo, ship, wages, and expenses of the voyage. This is the cause of high prices in California—they sell the cargo on credit and collect the proceeds as fast as they can. If the cargo is not all sold, the ship which comes out to relieve, takes balance and debts, and goes on with the trade. The ships are both wholesalers and retailers, selling from twelve and one half cents value to the whole cargo, as they can find safe purchasers. This is done under a general coasting license. The cargoes from Boston consist of a general collection of Yankee notions, American manufactures, of the lowest prices at home. American prints are retailed at 75 cents per yard ; common cottons 50 cents ; Lowell broad cloth, such as I can buy at home for \$2 to \$2 50 the yard, \$12 ; coffee 30 cents per pound, on board ; sugar 25 cents ; brown sugar at the stores on shore is worth even more, and coffee 37½ cents per pound, even when sold for cash ; American flour \$18 the bbl. ; country flour \$16.

“Indeed all the necessaries of life are four, six and eight hundred per cent above prices in New York. Shot retails at 37½

cents per pound ; powder \$3. Emigrants should think of these things. There is little specie in circulation. Hides are to California, what "shin plasters" were in N. Y. in '37 ; only they have a real value. In trade they are worth \$2 each. The killing of one thousand head of cattle by a farmer, produces him about \$8,000 in goods, at the prices above named.

*"California will soon be another El Dorado in her mineral wealth. Mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, sulphur and quicksilver are being found in all directions. But there is no capital nor people yet to work them. Two quicksilver mines of rich ore, yielding 30 per cent. of pure quicksilver, are now in operation—one on the north, the other on the south side of San Francisco Bay. Already 2,000 pounds of quicksilver have been taken from the latter. They are about equal in richness of ore and facilities for working them and exportation. I wish I could send you a specimen of the ore, but that is impossible. Americans have interests in both these mines. No less than 70 denunciations of mines have been made to the Alcalde of San Jose, within the last five months. Pure lead is found, also sulphur—at least, I never saw better from any laboratory at home—these have been taken out the mine of "Sonoma." To the southward, back of the Pueblo de Los Angeles, there is a gold "placer," or washing, which is said to be eighteen leagues square. This cannot be held as a mine by the lands. Any one can go there and wash the sand for gold. I am told that the most lazy Indian can get his twelve reals (\$1 50) per day with ease. Many thousand dollars have been sent in dust already to the U. S. I have only time to refer to these things now ; before I leave the country, I hope to collate many facts regarding the mineral resources of California, for the information of our countrymen. The evidences now are that there is a vast field for mining operations about to open here.*

"The Hudson's Bay Company have sold out their establishment at this place, and are now embarking their people and effects on board the "Vancouver," bound to Columbia River. Messrs. Howard & Mellish, of Boston, supercargoes of ships on the coast here, bought the lands and buildings. Mr. Leidesdorff, the effi-



cient vice-consul of the U.S., has just put up extensive buildings at an expense of \$15,000. He has a valuable contract for supplying the Russian Fur Company with beef, flour, and other provisions.

There is some trade between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands. I am convinced the trade between the Columbia River and the Islands, has been over-estimated at home, from what I see in the papers from the Islands; and I think some of our merchants who have sent out their ships, under the expectation of high freights, will find a very small margin on the return. There is no port in the whole world so difficult and dangerous to enter as the Columbia. The Hudson Bay Company's vessels, with the best of pilots and captains, long familiar with the river, are detained, on an average, six weeks to get in and out. That bar will need buoys, beacons and steam, to make it safe or even passable for commercial purposes."

[To be continued.]

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O, THIS music!—how has it calmed my troubled soul—lulled my care to rest, and carried me upward as on eagles' wings. Visions intensely beautiful has it presented to my spirit's eye. Bowers of ambrosial brightness—flowery islands far away, sleeping in placid glory beneath the mellow tinge of summer's sunset skies—a kindred spirit, whose love has enveloped me as with a mantle, and whose soul spake joy and goodness in the gaze of an all-radiant and ever-eloquent eye—rose-shadows and silvery rivers, and Peace and Harmony, like beautiful doves descending from the world supernal—such have been the visions presented to my view, as I have dwelt entranced under thy soothing and exalting power, O, thrice glorious and ever-blessed Music!

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WE are too apt to criticise in others' conduct that which we would consider unavoidable if placed in their circumstances. Self-love, however, is no small impediment in the way.

## MY SOUL WOULD REVEL 'MID THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY ANNE K. H. FADER.

I miss the dewy grass and shady wildwood,  
Where I have roved, and rested in my glee,  
But were I with them now, as in my childhood,  
They would not, could not, be the same to me.

Old places, scenes, and loves, are changed or changing,  
And I am changing in another clime;  
And Memory to those hallow'd precincts ranging,  
Goes oftener now, as longer grows the time.

And in my soul there is an anxious yearning  
To tread again the old familiar way:  
Sometimes I think it is the Spirit's turning  
To look its last upon Earth's closing day.

What if it is? Life has been somewhat dreary;  
Though far too good for my desert I know.  
And when my being with its load is weary,  
I ask would it be very hard to go?

My soul would revel 'mid the beautiful,  
And shrinks from contact with Earth's grosser things:  
But if it here is pure and dutiful,  
Shall it not quench its thirst at living springs?

My spirit spurns and loathes the coarse surrounding,  
Which Circumstance has thrown about it here;  
And fain would leave it like an eagle bounding  
Through yonder blue, it owns its native sphere!

I do not in my heart despise the lowly,  
However rough, if it is only pure.  
But oh! I fain would go where all is holy;  
Where pain finds ease, and sin-sick souls a cure.

SAN FRANCISCO.

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Benefits are blighted by improvidence; misfortune is blunted by decision and industry.

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WORDS are often signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

## THE PRO-SLAVERY REBELLION.

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THE year 1776 was a year memorable in the history of the world. In that year, the people of the British Colonies of North America, then numbering but three millions of souls, enunciated those solemn truths concerning the unalienable rights of man, and the purposes for which governments were instituted ; which, whatever in the future may be the fate of the American Union, will be the guiding-star of struggling peoples for evermore.

“All men are created equal.”\* Five simple words ; rising to mighty importance, in view of the fact, that they form the basis of a political system—the real “American system.” For the American governmental idea—distinguished from all other ideas of government which have been broached since the Creation—is, the equality of all men before the law ; the absence of all recognition of privileged individuals or classes in the body politic. This idea recognizes the individual man, as superior to all accidents of birth or wealth, and freely accords to him whatever position of trust or responsibility he may have the intelligence and energy to achieve ; regardless of all circumstances save his merit and capability. It is substantially a declaration of the Dignity of Labor, and of the right of the Laborer to choose his place among mankind, subject to no bar other than mental or moral disqualification.

On the American idea of political equality the battles of the Revolution were fought and won—by the people and for the people ; not for the elevation of a class, or the subversion and exchange of a dynasty, but for the political elevation of the *whole people*. For the better security of what was gained at the expense of so much blood and personal sacrifice, the Union was

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\* Not “free and equal,” as many writers—some of high reputation—will insist on having the Declaration read. Jefferson enunciated a self-evident truth : the additional word would indeed make it what it was termed by a Southern member of Congress : a “self-evident lie.”



formed, and finally the Constitution of the United States was ordained and established *by the people*. An almost faultless human work, but the fault was of a vital character.

For, into the great Charter of American Freedom—whose primary object was to give practical effect to the eternal principles of human freedom and political equality—was admitted, by implication, the legal right of some men to hold some other men in bondage. A portion of the States of the Union incorporated the system of chattel slavery into their local governments; in the remainder, either slavery did not exist, or was shortly abolished. And so, under the general government of the Union, free-labor communities have grown up side by side with slave-labor communities; each developing according to its paramount idea.

The governing idea in the development of the free-labor States, has been the true American idea previously spoken of—equality of political rights—the superiority of men to the creations of men. Accordingly, the tendency in those States is to honor the laborer, recognizing in him the main source of the wealth and dignity of the community, and to assist in his permanent elevation by the establishment of public schools, colleges and libraries, and other educational appliances, accessible to the children of the poorest members of the political body. The best methods have not, perhaps, yet been discovered, nor the highest results yet attained; but of the character of these methods, and of the magnitude of these results, let the history of the Free States of the American Union for the last eighty years be the witness. In all material, moral and intellectual advancement, can the world, at large, show their equal?

The Slave-Labor States, on the other hand, have also been advancing, partly upheld by the vigor of their free neighbors, to whom they were bound by the Constitution. But in all points of comparison with the Free-Labor States they show a most lamentably deficient progress. Occupying the choicest portion of the Union, their estate has deteriorated, instead of exhibiting the vast improvement which characterizes the less fertile territories of Freedom. In all the multifarious schemes

actively agitated to increase the sum of human happiness, and advance the general intellectual, moral and physical welfare, the Slave-Labor States have had little share. It would much exceed the limits of this paper to reproduce the immense array of proofs which sustain these assertions. The United States Census and the speeches of Southern public men, together with the columns of the local newspapers of the South, will enable the curious reader to satisfy himself of the habitual moral and intellectual destitution of the mass of whites at the South.

These two systems, growing up under the protection of a common bond, and leading to such widely differing results, have at last come into collision in the field of war. That which was foreseen many years ago, by a few, has come to pass.

Let no man mistake the situation of affairs. The period of this rebellion when our national existence was at issue, is passed. The question is decided in our favor beyond a peradventure; and is outside the pale of argument. With six hundred thousand men in arms upon the land, and a powerful navy afloat, with a profusion of the monetary sinews which are the main springs of military strength, it will take many cohorts of insolent and conceited cockney scribblers for the foreign press to write the United States into a second-rate power. But the root of the rebellion is yet untouched. It is in the natural repugnance of the two systems of labor thus strangely united under one government, that the cause of the rebellion is to be found. The Slave Labor States, when they found that through the operation of natural causes the free labor states were about to assume the control of the General Government, rebelled. And until the system of forced labor, which has caused this great political convulsion, has been put fairly into its place among historical and traditional barbarisms, there can be no insurance against collisions of a similar character. The struggle really is one of general freedom against class privilege—of the system which elevates and refines the laborer against the system which degrades and imbrutes him. It is a struggle to decide whether the American idea of equal political rights shall rule the whole, or be restricted to half the land; and, finally, whether the American people shall have, at the close of their

struggle, a permanent internal peace or constantly recurring wars.

There is but one sure method by which the triumph of the American Idea can be accomplished. *Slavery must die.* It must die, in order that a burden and a curse may not be laid upon our children and our children's children. It must die, in order that the elevating principles which are the real foundation of our Government, may have full scope to work out their practical results in peace, without hindrance from a tolerated antagonism. It is the interest of the free people of the United States, of the free laborers of the whole world, of the slave-holders themselves, that Slavery should die. To-day is freedom's opportunity.

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### JOY AND SORROW.

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BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

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Joy is but a sunny level,  
Bliss a flowery plain ;  
Sorrow is a rugged summit,  
Scaled with tears and pain.

To the flowery meads and valleys  
Balm and peace are given.  
Yet the rugged, mountain summit,  
Lieth nearer Heaven !

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WE need sympathy, and cannot live without it. It is like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," or a fountain by the way-side to the weary wanderer. It is more precious than rubies to the true and loving heart, which yearns for the advent of a happier day, when we may wander on the sunny margins of the soft-flowing rivers, and through the green pastures, with nought to molest or make afraid ; when the sun shall look smilingly out from the golden portals of morning, upon a land where no slave shall clank his chains, nor war-horse tramp the plain ; but where Love shall reign, and Peace and Beauty sit smiling on the mountain-tops !



1862.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER, M. D.

The ponderous gait of time has once more made the circle, and eighteen hundred and sixty-two is born heir to its baptismal rights. Another year has sunk below the horizon of existence; and its successor has stepped upon the horizon of Time. Well, what of it? Ah, much! It is a peculiarly suitable period to arrest our attention, and warn us to meditate on the frightful rapidity of our onward march through this "silk-satin-broadcloth" age. 'Tis here we pause in mid career and dwell upon the momentous fact that day before yesterday we were dancing under the cloudless canopy of childhood's guileless age; yesterday we dined at the apex of manhood's stern reality; and to-day we are waning in the sere and yellow leaf. Oh! Time, thou wondrous solver of human events; thou mighty conquerer of human pride. What a boundless load of human souls thou art ever whirling forward with matchless speed, and landing on Eternity's shore. Thou ever hast and ever will crush the futile plans of man, as the hurricane snaps the brittle pine. How vain are all thy works, O, man; how imperfect, changeable and perishable all thy calculations. Puffed up with a mental conception of self-superiority, we stumble on in all the pride of vain ambition, until a tap at the door warns us that the soul is called upon to change its sphere of existence, totally unprepared for the inevitable transition. Dearest friends, one and all; let us this day make a resolve that from this time on we will so live that when we are called upon to join our friends who have "gone before," we shall not have to lament the unpardonable vanity of having cultivated the material to the exclusion of the spiritual body.

*Petaluma, January 1st, 1862.*

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It is a secret known to few; yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Addison.*

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN OF THE RHINE;  
TO THE BOATMAN, IN CROSSING THAT "RESTLESS WAVE."

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*From the German of Uhrlaud.*

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MANY a year is in its grave  
Since I crossed this restless wave.  
Yet, the summer bright as ever,  
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this frail boat beside,  
Sat two comrades true and tried;  
One, with all the fire of youth,  
One, with all a father's truth.

One, on earth, in silence wrought,  
And his grave in silence sought;  
But the younger, brighter form,  
Passed in battle and in storm.

In this world, as I look back  
On life's dim uncertain track,  
Miss I then the comrades true,  
Snatched by death from mortal view?

No, the links that friendship twined  
Are of spirit, soul-refined.  
Soul-like are those days of yore;  
Let us *walk* in *soul* once more.

Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee:  
Take! I give it willingly.  
For in this boat, unseen by thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

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FEW men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be, therefore, incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Clarendon.*

## Youth's Casket.

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### THE LITTLE LEATHERWOOD TREE: (*DIRCA PALUSTRIS*). AND MY GRANDMA'S OLD CAT.

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BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

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As you were never up at the end of the long lane where the cool shady fountain was, where we, children, used to watch and play with the pretty wavelets, as they went winking and dancing along down towards the green grassy meadow below, you must let me tell you about it.

At the head of this Spring Valley there stood an old Hemlock tree,\* that somehow or other had lost off the upper part of it, and so, to make amends—had shot out myriads of limbs and twigs, until it was fairly dark within even in broad daylight. But homely as the old tree was, it was a snug warm shelter for the squirrels and dear little birds in the cold wintry nights. Perhaps one reason why it was so great a favorite with us, was, because, since the high winds had taken the conceit out of it, it was not very proud, but bent its long limbs quite down to the ground, so that we could climb up and get some nice bows for our guns.

A little way below the great rocks, in the mellow rich soil, grew the little *Leatherwood Tree*, or *Moosewood*, as some people call it—the same that grows here in California just back of Oakland. It puts on airs like a big tree, although it never grows higher than a child's head. You will see by the sketch I have made for you,† how the jointed twigs start off as if they intended to do some great things, but suddenly stop, and taper out at the little end of the horn, forming lateral spines—then they swell again, and take another start—and so on. I have sometimes fancied it was a good deal so with us children.

The bark is smooth, yellowish-brown or cherry colored; the wood soft and yet as flexible and tough as buckskin, and when tied into a hard knot, a strong man cannot break it. The buds

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\* *Abies Canadensis*.

† Page 537.



are wrapped in close silvery satin scales 3 to 5-nerved ; the leaves become pretty large, as you see, for such a little miniature tree. The upper surface has a delicate pale bloom, easily rubbed off by the slightest rude touch—the happy innocent bloom of your heart is just as easily rubbed off;—the underside is a little paler, and is soft as velvet ; it is what is called obegg-form, sometimes almost heart-shaped and broadly pointed, scarcely 3-nerved ; the leaf-stem is very short, and soft-downy. The fairy dinner-horn flowers blow very early so as to wake up the sleepy leaves ; then after the golden trio have enjoyed a few holidays, they at length form three yellow berries about as large as a yellow-bird's egg. We love the dear little tree of our childhood—it makes us young again now ; so fragrant and refreshing is it to breathe the sweet aroma from its boughs—sweet as an infant's breath ! But we must not dwell, for there were hickories and hazels, and a thousand and one others almost as charming.

I was just going to tell you about Kitty too.

When she was young and full of fun she used to play with us in the house, just as other Kittys do. Just then Kitty came in with a sidelong leer and a sudden jerk of the tip of her tail, as much as to say she intended to have a frolicsome time of it before long.

“Now just look here,” said Albert, as he was playing in the parlor ; “when I tickle a newspaper, she jumps right at it—*there!* see *THAT!*—and now the other end, and she jumps at *that*. How funny she comes down with her paw when she leaps up so high ! don't she ? Now see me make her a house with it—there she goes—she runs right under into it. Now you'd better look out ! she's going to play *tiger in a cave*. There she comes ! yes, and held on, and dug me pretty hard that time. *Kitty!* I am not a-going to let you play with that old big bad cat any more—(half to himself repining)—he plays with my Kitty without asking leave—and he runs and jumps right on to her, and learns her rough play ; and *I—dont—like—it*. Now remember Kitty ! I teach you to play with a *soft paw*.” I wish some little people that I know, would learn to play with a *soft paw*—there are some two-legged, as well as four-legged Grimalkins ; kits and cats, girls and boys, so ill-bred and badly behaved, that you really cannot play with them at all—they tear and scratch at such a terrible rate.

"Look!" said Albert, showing his hand, "she did remember—she didn't hurt me—she only *makes believe*, just for fun. O see there! how she makes the paper walk!" Out she pops, and such hopping, skipping, and jumping, and rare racing you seldom see.

Many a hearty laugh have we had at Kit's expense, for she was really very amusing in her antics. Albert and Franky, and Kitty and Katy soon had their play out, as all little parties will—were undressed—said their prayers, (except Kitty), and went to bed. Kitty too lay down by the warm fire, snug on the rug, where

"Lulled to sleep ere long  
By her own humdrum song,"

she enjoyed her little Kitty-cat-naps, with one or both eyes about half open.

Our Kitty, you must know, grew very fast, and we began to think she was big enough now to have some other name besides "Kitty," so we called her "Jenny." One day we were going far away visiting, and little Eddy was to go too; so he brought his Kitty over to our house for Jenny to take charge of, because she was the oldest; and don't you think! she neglected the poor little Kitty—she didn't take the least bit of care of her—don't you think that was *too bad*? I don't think as well of my Jenny now as I did before (so very early did Jen begin to lose her character!) "Ah!" says Albert, with a slow and solemn aversion of the face; "Jenny! you are not as faithful and trusty as 'Old dog Tray.'" (I like good trusty people, and such children as you can always depend upon—don't you?) But for all that we were very affectionate and even indulgent toward's Jenny's failings; and up to this time she was, upon the whole, pretty well behaved. But old Miss Rich didn't think so. One day, she stopped to dine with us, when thoughtless Jen jumped up and took a seat in one of the chairs at a tolerably respectful distance from the table. Miss Rich—who was very stylish and precise in her ideas of propriety, was astonished at such impudence in a cat—stamped her foot, and cried "skat!" and slapped Jenny over the back. O how indignant Albert was! it grieved him to the heart to see poor pussy's soft sleek back pounded for nothing

at all. "It was *cruel* of you, Miss Rich! I'll let you know my Kitty isn't used to be treated that way—mother wouldn't have done so—I take my Kitty down kindly; I don't *beat* her. Now Kitty, you may have my little chair." With Albert's petting, Jenny soon forgot all her woes, and straightway went to singing. "Why Jenny! what are you thinking about? you are not on the rug now; you must not sing at the table—remember your manners!" but Jenny didn't know any better, so you must excuse her. But we hope you will set a better example than an ignorant cat. Said Albert, in a low undertone: "I must not talk now, while Jenny's singing, must I, mamma?" "No," replied his mother, "not if your father and I are talking—always remember that."

Jenny used to go with us up to the Spring, where the little Leatherwood tree grew. She romped along the lane away ahead of us, and then would stop, turn round, and look back to see if we were coming—then off and away she'd scamper in a frolic before we got quite up to her. She loved to go with us for fun and because we helped her to catch mice. "Why that is very strange! how did you do it?" Let me tell you: sometimes when we went through the fields, we saw their holes in the soft ground, and took a stick, and dug along until we came to their nest—out would pop Mr. Mouse, and perhaps the whole family, and quick as wink, Kitty would catch them. Very often she would put her paw in the hole, and pull them out herself. So you see, between playing and mousing, we became very fond of each other's company. However, as Jenny grew up with us, children, I am sorry to say, she finally ceased to play with a soft paw, and began to bite and scratch like a real savage—to be sure, she was a good mouser, as I said before, and she even followed us a long way up the mountain into the woods. About these days her ambition ran high. Listen! Now, just so *sure* as she heard the leaves rustle, her long neck was stretched, peering with fitful and searching glances—fairly wild-like—and if she saw a red or grey squirrel run up a tree, she ran up too as fast as the squirrel could—it was wonderful how she could do it: Master Squirrel was even more amazed at Puss' performances than we were. He would run and jump from limb to limb, and tree to tree, squibbing and sputtering, crying *quit! quit! quit-quit-quit!* but our Jen wasn't the cat to quit when she got started; and she soon



learned to leap as fearless as Master Squirrel ; and could even beat him at his own game ; when down she would come out of the tree, as proud as any other conqueror, with the squirrel in her mouth.

The victory won, Jenny hied homeward—often a long and weary way to lug her booty ; so when she got very tired, she would stop and rest. Her game was not always quite dead, and she was wont to poke fun with her paws at the poor victim—indeed she was very cruel, and indulged a wicked disposition. We were heartily glad whenever they escaped among the rocks and rubbish, stumps or hollow trees, as they frequently did—served her right. How would you like to have an old giant treat you that way ?

In high glee Jenny and we all skipped to the brook to go in swimming. It was a charming shady nook with clean grassy banks, down there at the “old deep hole,” at the root of the sycamore tree—*deep*, to us in those days. But Jenny’s favorite spot was just a little way below, at the shallow ripples ; where the large schools of little red-gills were. Cats, you know, abhor water, although very fond of fish. Jenny too, was in sad dilemma between her love for fish, and dread of a ducking—if her foot happened to slip, and wet it ever so little, she would hold up her paw, and shake it in a very funny way. The shiners, however, were too tempting for puss’ prudence—eager at seeing such a fair chance, in she would pounce, at the risk of strangling—and dripping wet, bear off the delicious prize to the bank.

Alas ! as people lose their innocence, and grow worse, they cease to be useful, and love to be lazy—lazy, good-for-nothing sort of folks ; and finally become *vicious*. So it was likely to be with Jenny ; for she thought it was too hard work to catch rats and mice, squirrels and fishes : I suppose that is why she took to catching snakes and all sorts of reptiles. Its enough to make me crawl all over to think of it. We must, however, make some allowance for Jenny, for she was a *country cat* and had some very outlandish ways of her own ; but Grandma had a great horror of snakes, ever since Uncle Harry played that naughty prank, which frightened her so when she was a young girl. “Well, tell

us about it." In short, then, young Harry, was old Harry's son—a wicked lark of a lad—the terror and vexation of all about him, whose jokes always smacked more of mischief than sport. One day he came in, with a serious errand face on, and enquired for Aurilla—handed her a letter from a dear friend—delighted, she opened it in haste, when out popped a little green snake right up into her face and eyes; she screamed with fright—dropped the letter—ran, and nearly fainted, and fell to the floor. Do you wonder Grandma said, she really wished, if Jenny must catch snakes, she would quit bringing them into the house!—which was a very reasonable request.

"The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest;  
Bad leads to worse, and better tends to best."

So it was with Jenny. The next thing we knew, she was catching the dear little birds. Our kind-hearted Grandma disliked this very much; for she set her heart on the sweet little songsters, and would feed them crumbs to wont them around her door. "Jenny," she remarked, "is getting very, *very* naughty; and I am a good deal alarmed! *My word for it!*" said the old lady, emphatically, "she will soon do something worse, if things go on in this way much longer. If the cruel creature makes war on the little birds, my chickens better look out!"

Time wore on, and old Jen prowled, now about the fields and then around the farm yard; *very sneakingly*, allow me to say, and quite too shy for an honest cat. Her conduct became every day, more and more suspicious, until finally—sure enough! the wicked old brute fell to catching Grandma's chickens!

"What do you think of that—my dog?  
What do you think of that—my cat?"

Indeed! so guilty was the old trollope, that she nearly ran wild. What to do, we didn't know. Some were in favor of loading the old training gun; and so watch for her and shoot her. Grandpa, who was much about the house and barn, quietly moving to and fro, suddenly came upon her one day, in the close granary room: quick as thought, he shut the door behind him, and old Jen could not get out. In short, he cornered her, and

caught her. She tried her old game of scratching and biting, but Grandpa had been an old Revolutionary soldier, and was too resolute, so it was no use. He took her by the nape of the neck and legs, triumphantly to the house. We then brought out our long stout Leatherwood string which we played "horse" with, and tied it around her neck. Then out Grandpa and all hands went to the coop, where the old hen and chickens were; and held her nose up to the slats—the old hen squalled, and all her chicks ran out and hid in the grass, while she made a furious onslaught upon old Jen's eyes and nose. Jen squalled too, but Grandpa held her up to the rack manfully: his spirits seemed to run higher as the contest thickened. Old Jen, you know, could only go it blind, and spit and hiss every time the old hen came down upon her sorely injured countenance. If you had seen my Grandpa, you would have thought he was really fighting his old battles over again; I verily believe he half-enjoyed the fun.

"Ha ha!" said Grandpa, as the old cat called for quarters; "catch chickens, will you! I'll teach you better!" When the old hen's wind or courage faltered, Grandpa would bump her nose against the slats, then madam would rally again for dear life. After all, it was not enough to have her face pecked and scratched by the old hen, but Grandpa insisted it was the best time in the world to switch her back too—he didn't believe in doing things by halves, as he called it. "A tough Leatherwood twig is an excellent remedy for some things, as well as others, *that* I know full well."

We next fastened her in the cellar-way. As Grandma went by to get some breakfast things, there she saw old ugly Jen sitting up on the end of a barrel, with the tough cord around her neck, rolling her two great green owlish eyes at her, fiend-like and brimfull of rage. "R-R-R-R," growled the old cat. It was almost dangerous for any body to go where she was. Perhaps they might be torn all to pieces. She didn't get any sweet milk to drink now, nor any good fresh meat to eat; she didn't deserve to have any thing at all—and she didn't get it either. Meanwhile, old Jen's trial was going on in the court above stairs.



There was no mistake about the evidence ; for time and again of late, we had all seen her lugging off poor chicks from yellow-downy size to almost half grown ; the old hardened criminal began to have an evil eye even on grown up hens. It was gravely urged, that cats confirmed in evil ways, at her age, were seldom or never known to reform ; where does history give any such account ? no such fact is upon record ; no, indeed ! she deserved to be shot, or drowned, or hung. She was already away down in a dismal dark dungeon, with that ominous cord around her neck ; there ! all alone by herself, the livelong day, sadly she sat pondering over her evil ways. Many a one besides old Jen have begun in early life by playing with a cruel paw, and ended their days with a rope around their necks.

Towards evening, Grandma had occasion to pass by where old Jenny was. "Meew," says Jenny, very sorrowfully. Grandma's tender heart yearned with pity for poor forlorn Jenny ; but duty required she should be a little stern in her reproof towards Pussy. "Kitty ! naughty Kitty !" "Meew," answered Kitty, penitently, as much as to say, "I'm sorry, O do let me go !" "Ah, *Kitty, Kitty !* you've *sinned !* that's the reason you are tied up there." "Me-e-e-w !" plaintively rejoined poor humble and beseeching pussy. Grandpa overheard Kitty's confession ; and it pleased him so much, he concluded to relent, so far, at least, as to grant her a few more days of grace. I am happy to add, in conclusion, that Jenny did reform, and became a useful old cat ; and she raised several families of very pretty kittens. It was a wonder ! Forthwith our pet was as highly privileged as any of the family.

Before the pleasant fire she purred with solid comfort, sitting on a rug soft enough for a queen—beside her kind friends—nice little tid-bits to eat, and no care at all. Do you wonder she realized, at last, how much better it was to do right ! What a pity it is, everybody don't learn that, as well as an old cat !

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THE capacity of a falsehood to multiply itself is astonishing. One main lie requires a hundred collateral lies to sustain it.

## LITTLE BOYS !

BY E. R.

WE never walk abroad, either on business or pleasure, but we are detained on the street corners to look at the boys there congregated, or at those hurrying up and down on errands. Many persons complain, and with good cause, no doubt, that the street is no place for boys. Certainly, if we had the responsibility of a boy, we would not feel easy to give him unlimited privilege of the city.

We love to see little Willie, and Charlie, and Freddie, under the supervision of a careful nurse, sunning themselves and their nice velvets and linen cambrics up and down Montgomery street, with plenty of quarters and ten-cent pieces to place them beyond the crucifixion of having to pass all the toy and sweetmeat shops with only empty and covetous hands and stomachs. We like to see these little fellows, because they are strong circumstantial evidence of comfortable and luxurious homes, of doating mamas, and papas whose backs are bent under the weight of plethoric purses; for all these are pleasant things to contemplate. But somehow, Willie's, and Charlie's, and Freddie's beautiful clothes and sunny curls and whitesatin skins, never fill our hearts with tender and yearning sympathy, like the rough garb, the weather beaten complexion and the sturdy bearing of Jack and Dick and Bill; whose mothers, instead of decking their stalwart little persons in purple and fine linen, must be content to see misfortune make shuttlecocks of them, mercilessly driving them to and fro, up and down, for the gratification of her own caprices; and whose father's backs are bending under burdens too, but not of plethoric purses. These little fellows never court attention, and if they accidentally catch your eye resting on them, they become very much confused, and assume a sort of apologetic, hangdog look; but if you throw out the bait of one kind word, they bite at it with the avidity of hungry animals, which they are, poor children, whose hearts are absolutely starving for a few drops of the milk of human kindness, and when you succeed in establishing them a little in their own confidence, their hard freckled faces bloom out into rosy smiles, and they grow as genial and communicative as you could desire. Their feet are often bare

and rugged, and their clothes give ocular demonstration of "premeditated poverty." It was Dr. Johnson who said that a *rent* might be the accident of an hour, but a *patch* was premeditated poverty.

Often these poor fellows call up in our memory painful incidents, which have been handed down to us, of the poverty-stricken childhood of men who have endowed all the succeeding generations with an inheritance, before which the wealth of crowns and kingdoms dwindle into insignificance. Oliver Goldsmith, with his black gown, the badge of servitude in Trinity College, doing menial service, his independent spirit writhing under indignities too cruel for a proud boy to endure ; all, that he might attain the priceless boon of an education. He moved no heart with sympathy and love. His awkward gait, blundering manners, and pitted, ugly features, effectually masked the magician within ; and those whose sport it was to ridicule him, little dreamed that his pen was to be a magic wand, wherewith to touch the hearts of millions yet unborn. And DeQuincy—a houseless orphan, wandering up and down the lonesome streets of London—a prey to hunger, together with the only being in that vast city who responded to the clamor of his desolate spirit for human sympathy, poor Ann, an orphan like himself, a twin sister in misfortune whom he had found a stranger in the street ; whose memory he enshrined in his heart, and whose mysterious loss he still mourned with a sorrow that refused to be comforted in after years, when his board was crowned with plenty and he was surrounded by a devoted family. This poor hungry boy from the streets of London, lived to bequeath to us a legacy worthy of his giant intellect.

There are many others whom we might instance, had we the space, but we hope we have said enough to bespeak for our shabby young friends of San Francisco a little tender regard. Poverty has pushed them into the streets for education, and every gentleman and lady of the place are, in some measure, responsible for the result. Let them remember this, and not play the niggard, when occasion offers, in kind words, a stock of which can easily be kept on hand with no expense. By so doing they "entertain angels unawares."



## Literary Notices and Reviews.

"THE SUTHERLANDS: By the Author of *Rutledge*. One vol., 24mo. New York: Carlton, Publisher." San Francisco: Roman & Co. The issue of another work from the pen of the author of "*Rutledge*," has created quite a fluttering among the numerous readers of that book. We confess to the sin of not having seen more of "*Rutledge*" than the boards and muslin in which its subtle essence, if it had any, was contained; we come, therefore, to pronounce upon "*THE SUTHERLANDS*," entirely unbiassed by any previous acquaintance with the powers of the author.

The plot of "*The Sutherlands*" is sufficiently meagre; and would, in itself, disappoint readers of that peculiar turn of mind, which delights in a complicated and entangled frame-work upon which the story-web is to be woven. Notwithstanding this, and that the main interest is removed from the two persons in whom the reader at first expects it to centre, to be placed upon others, yet the attention never flags, and the power of the story is sustained to the end. But such an end! Of the two persons upon whom the main power of the writer is concentrated, one dies of a broken neck, and the other of a broken heart; while the character next in interest, (a slave-girl of mixed Indian and negro blood), is kicked and dragged to death at the heels of a fiend of a horse belonging to the greater fiend, Ralph Sutherland! Not the ultimate union of Georgy—whom the reader has well-nigh forgotten—with Warren, can soften a particle of the nightmare-like feeling with which the conclusion of "*The Sutherlands*" is reached.

But the ability of the author is unquestionable. Each character is possessed of a marked individuality; there are no stuffed figures in the whole collection. The book is marred by a justification of slavery on Scriptural grounds; but the moral of the story—perhaps unintentionally—affords a strong antidote to any poison which may be derived from this bit of special pleading. As an entirety, the book is true and good.

"TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND, THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY, etc." We have received from Roman & Co., two volumes, in cheap form, containing the above and other stories, by *Charles Dickens*, and other writers of cheap literature. We have not had time to peruse them, but judge them to be, from the known reputation of the authors, sufficiently interesting to wile away a leisure hour pleasantly.

"YOUNG BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; OR, THE RIGHT ROAD THROUGH LIFE: By *Henry Mayhew*: with Illustrations by John Gilbert. One vol., 16mo. New York: Harper & Brothers." San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. A well written book, designed for the perusal of boys; not by any means a "child's own" book, but one which an adult may "read, ponder, and inwardly digest," without dread of mental or moral dyspepsia. From the ocean of

trash with which the youth of America have been deluged, this work looms like an island. The illustrations are excellently executed, while the printing and binding are in good style, and adapt the book for a place in the library or on the table.

“LESSONS IN LIFE: A Series of Familiar Essays: By *Timothy Titcomb*, author of “Letters to the Young,” “Gold Foil,” &c. One vol., 24mo. New York: Chas. Scribner.” San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. A rare book; a book which, open where you will, at once fixes the attention. The Essays are twenty-four in number, upon various subjects, and bear the internal evidence of keen observation, and of the literary ability to make that observation useful to the world.

Opening the book at random, we chanced upon page 48, being part of the Essay upon “Animal Content,” which will serve to illustrate well the matter and manner of the author:—

“Manhood and womanhood have their infancy entirely distinct from the infancy of childhood. The child is born into the world a simple animal life—less helpful than a lamb, or a calf, or a kitten. There is no power in it, and but little of instinct. There is no form of life, bursting caul or shell, that awakes in vital air to such stupid, vacant helplessness, as a baby. It is out of this lump of clay, with its bones only half hardened, and its muscles little more than pulp, and its brain no more intelligent than an uncooked dumpling, that childhood is to be made. And this childhood consists of little more than a well-developed animal organism. Nature keeps the child playing—makes it play in the open air—impels it to bring into free and joyous use all the powers of its little frame—and when that is done, and the procreative faculty has crowned all, the child is born again, and comes into a new infancy—the infancy of manhood and womanhood. Here a new life opens. That which gave satisfaction before, gives satisfaction no longer. Love takes new and deeper channels. Ambition fixes its eye upon other and higher objects. Fresh motives address the soul, and urge it into new enterprises. Great cares and responsibilities settle slowly down upon its shoulders, and it braces itself up to endure them. It apprehends God, and its relations to Him, and to its fellows; it confronts destiny; it arms itself for the conflicts of life; it prepares for the struggle which it knows will issue in a grateful success or a sad disappointment; in short, it grows from man’s infancy into man’s full estate.

“Now the reason why a mother looks with a sigh upon her children, and says that they are seeing the happiest days of their life, is that she has never become a true woman. She has never grown out of the infancy of her womanhood. She has never comprehended what a glorious thing it is to be a woman—she has not comprehended what it is to be a woman at all. What can be that woman’s ideas of life, who thinks and declares that the happiest moments of her experience were those which were filled with the frolic of animal life? If I felt like this, I should wish that my children had been born rabbits, or squirrels, or lambs, or kittens, because they, having enjoyed the pleasures of the animal, will never awake to the woes of another type of life. The real reason why any man sings from the heart, ‘O, would I were a boy again,’ is, that he is ‘stuck’—to use a homely but expressive word—between boyhood and manhood, and, not feeling up to his position, has a very strong disposition to back out of it. \* \* It was Mr. Neal’s loafer that really wished he were a pig; and it is a loafer always who would retire from man’s duties and estate, into the content either of childhood or kittenhood.”

## Editor's Table.

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WITH this number closes the seventh volume of the Hesperian Magazine. Of the past we will not speak, as of that our former pages show sufficient record; and of the future, who can tell? It is customary, we know, to usher in a new volume with a profusion of promises and large prophecies of good. So do our Eastern and European brothers and sisters, and their prophecies are verified by the noble and generous support afforded them. But we know too well that the Hesperian stands as a solitary representative of Periodical Literature in a country so new that muscle is more in demand than mind, and physical strength is reckoned before mental or moral power.

We know, too, that no State in the Union is more capable of yielding a large and generous support to literature and to the sons and daughters of genius, than California. Her bosom is full of golden ore. She has rich men and rich women enough—rich as the world judges—rich in dollars and cents, and houses, and lands, and bank stock—but their names grace no literary societies; they do not stand out as strong columns reared around a literary enterprise, affording in themselves large prophecy of future good, and enabling us to make rich promises for the coming time. No! we say it sadly, no such encouragement is ours. Nor has it been that of those who have preceded us; their names were strangers to the subscription list of the "Pioneer"—a magazine which has never been excelled in the United States. The past history of literature in California affords little in the way of encouragement to the fervor and enthusiasm of the poet or the author. The most exquisite cadences of song are nothing to the uncultivated ear, compared to the silvery echoes of the Almighty Dollar.

In other lands the child of genius is accorded a place, and his mental wares find ready appreciation in the market of mental consumption. But in California, the children of genius, the representatives of literature, everywhere languish; their wares are unmarketable, because the demand is light. *The masses in California are not mental consumers*; and yet California is rich in sons and daughters of genius, to whose mental altitude few in the old world have attained. But where are they? Starving upon the very breast which should sustain them! California is like a wretched mother who gives birth to beautiful children, but whose lank, stunted breast refuses the nourishment necessary to perpetuate that life. Where is Pollock? and others, whose names memory will furnish? Alas! their voices are hushed forever to mortal ear, and on their tablets should be inscribed "Mentally famished"; for their souls reached out with all the aspirations of genius for sympathy, appreciation and support, and were denied ALL.

And where are those who still remain to us? Where is Frank Soulé? Genius and scholar as he is—true to all California interests as he has proved himself for so many years—does he find support while he follows pursuits



congenial to his tastes? or does he, by drudgery of daily toil in occupation distasteful find daily bread?

And where is John R. Ridge? Are the warblings of "Yellow Bird" hushed? has the hand of appreciation been put forth to scatter the seeds of love and encouragement in his path? And so we might ask of scores of names and receive from all such answers, that California might be ashamed to own herself a rich State, while the very lights of her day are fading and dying out by her most criminal neglect. Read the poem in this number, by Annie K. H. Fader, and learn something of the aspirations of the Poet's soul. Place yourself in sympathy with something higher and better than mere worldly wealth—and then with me review the past and say, what would California have been without these gifted souls? Strike from her history at once the names and works of these same unappreciated and hapless children, and what have you left? Nothing—not even a name to live among the nations. Ah, have you yet to learn that the strains of the Poet's song reach farther and last longer than the sound of the anvil's hammer, and that genius and talent have more to do in forming human society and putting the real stamp upon it, than all the wealth in Christendom.

Come then, rich men and women of California, afford a generous support to the feeble efforts of literature on this coast, expend a little of your wealth in the encouragement of native writers and in the support of native literary works. Let there be requisition made immediately upon the talents of all within your domains. Let the pens of Mrs. Clarke and Fader, and Allen, Ridge, Soulé, and hosts of others, no longer remain silent, or snatch a hasty moment, from an interval of daily toil, to breath forth the aspirations of their genius, but give, as other countries do, support to talent, and see what talent will do for you. Reach forth and take the glowing efforts of that gifted child of genius, Rev. T. Starr King, ere they travel all the way from San Francisco to Boston for publication.

Bring to a focus here the living lights of the age and their rays will illuminate and make brilliant all your future.

THE HESPERIAN.—In regard to the Hesperian we have but little to say. We do not believe in boasting, and feel that we have been sufficiently long before the public to be understood if we are ever going to be. We can say confidently, that our list of contributors, will compare favorably with that of any Magazine in the United States—and we are constantly enrolling new and valuable names.

In our next number will commence a series of Articles on the North American Indians, by John R. Ridge. Those who know the capability of the author to treat this subject, will look with interest for each succeeding number of the Magazine.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.—The inactivity which has existed since the defeat of the Union troops at Bull Run—embracing six months of time—is broken by the thunder of artillery, and active war now rages at every impor-

tant point along the vast line, from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, on the coast, and from Maryland to Mississippi in the interior. Now it may be seen that the Government, while apparently idle, has been really most active and energetic, and has accumulated the means to strike a succession of crushing blows, which will prostrate the Rebellion speedily and forever. Everywhere the Union troops are victorious. Jackson, with 25,000 men, is hemmed in between Banks and Lander, with superior forces—the spirits of his men depressed by two partial defeats. Price, in Missouri, is entrapped by the combinations of Halleck, and, whether he fights or retreats, cannot escape destruction. The strong position of Buckner at Bowling Green is turned by the defeat of Zollicoffer and the advance of the victorious Union troops into Tennessee, where they have captured a strong post, freed the adjacent country from rebel domination, and cut off Buckner's line of communication. On the coast the record is equally brilliant. A combined land and naval expedition, commanded by General Burnside, attacked the strong fortifications of the rebels on Roanoke Island, carried them by main force, and destroyed their flotilla. A strong force was then sent to the main land, to press rapidly forward and assail Norfolk in the rear. Every point of military importance on the coast is in the hands of the soldiers of the Union, and by them the interior is menaced, and at the proper time will be controlled. And the main rebel force on the Potomac, with a powerful army in its front, menaced in flank and in rear, and its communications almost severed, will soon, to all appearance, have to choose between a hopeless battle and an ignominious surrender.

But there is even a brighter side to the picture than the record of military successes. As the troops of the Union advance into the heart of the rebel territories, the loyalty of the people, hitherto repressed by armed force, is manifested in cheers for the honored banner of our country, and in offers of men for enlistment; demonstrations, says an officer of one of the gunboats engaged in a reconnoissance of the Tennessee River, “of which it is impossible to doubt the genuineness.” This pleasing fact is confirmed by the rebel press of that section. Several leading journals intimate plainly that “there is really a threatening state of affairs in East Tennessee, growing out of the *idolatrous love* of many of those people for the old Union.” As the arms of our troops are carried farther South, the truth here admitted will be more and more apparent.

In our national policy, an idea has been recently broached, which will, if carried into effect, be productive of consequences which the farthest-reaching intellect cannot grasp. It is proposed to establish a Territorial Government for the rebellious States; thus compelling them to commence their political existence afresh. That such a course would plant the United States Government firmly upon those principles of popular freedom from which it has been partially diverted by the slave interest, is the first idea that presents itself; then, that the possible domination of slavery again in the politics of the nation will be prevented. The idea is one well calculated to take a

strong hold of the popular mind, and reconcile men whose views upon the question of the best method of settling the question of slavery are widely divergent. A full statement of the proposed law will be anxiously waited for. Meantime, advance our banner!

“Southward, ho! Bear on the watchword!

Onward march, as in ancient days,

Till over the traitor's fallen fortress

The Stripes shall stream and the Stars shall blaze!”

INVITATION.—We invite our friends and the public to call and see us at 111 Montgomery Street, where we are prepared to show them an endless variety of Patterns of all the latest styles for Ladies' and Children's Dress; and where may also be found Cloaks and Mantles made after the latest and most approved patterns: also, outside garments for children, as well as aprons, dresses, etc., etc.

Ladies from the interior will find it to their advantage to call and see the late styles before making their purchases elsewhere, as by so doing they can learn the exact quantity of material required for a fashionable garment. No pains will be spared to give all required information to those visiting the city. Call at MRS. F. H. DAY'S FASHION EMPORIUM, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

REAL LACES.—The Ladies of our city and vicinity will be gratified to learn that Messrs. ANDERSON & PROUSERGUE, recently from New York, have opened a magnificent stock of Real Laces, Embroideries, Point Lace Sets, etc., at 111 Montgomery Street. We take pleasure in calling the attention of ladies to this firm, as they are really selling fine laces at less prices than ever before offered in this city; nor do they consider it any trouble to show their goods. Call and examine for yourselves.

REMOVAL.—The business office of the Hesperian Magazine has been removed to 111 Montgomery Street, where all general business will be transacted, subscriptions received, dealers supplied, etc.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FULL SIZED PAPER PATTERN.

Boy's Zouave Jacket; two pieces, front and back: a very pretty and useful pattern.

#### OBITUARY.

DEPARTED this life, at Warren, Illinois, November 14th, 1861, Mr. JAMES WM. WELLS, formerly of Sacramento.

Mr. Wells was a valued contributor to the Hesperian, and has left uncompleted a work on California, which he was preparing for the press. This is the first time that we have been called upon to record the death of a contributor. The shadow of the White Angel has fallen upon us—a brother and a friend has been folded in his embrace, and has been wafted to the radiant shores beyond. This is not the time nor the place to recount the virtues of the deceased. In him the cause of education has lost a zealous friend and advocate. He has gone to his reward:

His pains and sufferings all are o'er—  
His feet now tread the blissful shore.







